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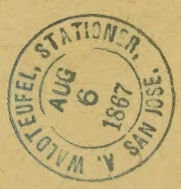

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FOUNDRESS OF THE SISTERS OF MERCY.

LIFE

OF

CATHERINE McAULEY,

FOUNDRESS AND FIRST SUPERIOR OF THE INSTITUTE OF RELIGIOUS SISTERS OF MERCY.

BY A MEMBER OF THE ORDER OF MERCY.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION,

BY

THE VENERABLE RICHARD BAPTIST O'BRIEN,

ARCHDEACON OF LIMERICK, VICAR-GENERAL, ETC.; FORMERLY PROFESSOR OF MORAL THEOLOGY IN ALL-HALLOWS' COLLEGE, DUBLIN.

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Job, xxxi. 18.

"The Foundress was holy, and eminently holy. Her heart overflowed with the charity of Jesus."—RIGHT REV. BISHOP BLAKE.

"God knows I would rather be cold and hungry than that His poor should suffer want."—CATHERINE McAULEY.

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TO

MARY,

THE BRIGHT ROSE OF CHARITY; THE SPOTLESS LILY OF PURITY; THE FRAGRANT VIOLET OF HUMILITY; THE GLORIOUS EXEMPLAR OF RELIGIOUS PERFECTION; THE MOTHER OF MERCY, THE MOTHER OF GOD,

THIS

LIFE OF CATHERINE McAULEY,

THE FIRST SISTER OF MERCY,

IS

AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED.

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PREFACE.

MORE fortunate than the other Foundresses of Religious Institutes in Ireland, Catherine McAuley's memory has been preserved, not only in the traditions of her children, but also by the pen of able and distinguished biographers. The first account of her was published in the *Dublin Review*, by her friend, Very Reverend Miletius Gaffney, Dean of Maynooth College, in 1847. Where he and her other historians disagree, we follow him in preference to any other, because, as her friend and spiritual director, he had abundant opportunities of acquiring accurate information, and was, in several instances, an eye-witness of what he relates. This sketch, however, is very short—about ten pages.

In 1848, a biography was commenced by Mother M. Teresa Wildridge, of the Convent of Mercy, Cork. This lady, whose memory is still held in benediction by the poor of the city in which she passed her short but full Religious career, was equally fitted by her piety and talent to accomplish this useful undertaking. But she was called to a brighter world ere she could complete her task. Very Rev. Dominic Murphy, Dean of the Diocese of Cork, continued her work. His connection with the Order as friend, benefactor, or confessor, gave him ample opportunities of learning facts connected with the Foundress, whom his solid piety and judgment enabled him to appreciate as she deserves. We have been informed that

this learned clergyman delivered a course of lectures on "Foundresses of Active Orders," several of which were devoted to the Foundress of the Order of Mercy, but these, we regret to say, have not been published. For some reason or other, Dean Murphy's "Life" was not published. It contains about fifty pages, and is rather a dissertation on the duties of the Order of Mercy, than a biography of its Foundress.

A short sketch of the Foundress by "a Sister in Limerick," also remains unpublished.

About five years ago, Mother Mary V. Hartnett, of Roscommon, wrote a "Memoir" of the Foundress, "from her own personal knowledge, and the narrations of others." This was published, with a fine Introduction by the present Archdeacon of Limerick. The style is simple and affectionate, occasionally more like a panegyric than a history. Mother McAuley is evidently the writer's ideal of every thing noble, beautiful, and holy. The sweet and gentle spirit of Mother Hartnett, which, indeed, was formed on that of the Foundress, has lately been summoned from this vale of tears. This "Memoir" contains two hundred pages, 12mo. The preceding sketches are partially included in it.

The Authoress of the present "Life," in every other way inferior to the above biographers, has had one advantage over them, that of being able to draw upon more ample sources for the information she has collected; as the narrations of several of the early companions of the Foundress, her letters and other writings, the traditions of the Order, and a Memoir specially written for this work by the godchild of the Foundress. The letters which form the most valuable part of the book, are mostly copied from the originals, now chiefly in possession of Mother M. Frances Warde, whose kindness in permitting us to use them we here gratefully acknowledge. We are

also indebted to this lady for several incidents of the early life of the Foundress.

If, notwithstanding all our efforts to verify each circumstance connected with Catherine McAuley, any inaccuracies be found in this work, they may be easily rectified in a future edition, as the brother of the Foundress and several of her early associates are still living; and should they detect any error, which they will readily do if it exist, they have only to communicate with us.

It is almost unnecessary to add, that in using the word "Blessed" or "Venerable," or applying the term "heroic" to any virtue of which we treat, we do not presume to anticipate the judgment of that Church of which it is our highest privilege to be a member. We use such terms merely as they are ordinarily used with reference to those who are reputed to have died in the odor of sanctity. With the Decree of Urban VIII. before our eyes, we have, perhaps, been over-cautious in this respect, fearful lest in our ignorance we should exceed the proper limits. Yet Very Rev. Dr. O'Brien, as we have lately seen, does not scruple to speak of Catherine McAuley as possessing "heroic sanctity," and as "a person whom we may one day expect to see raised on the Altars of the Church."

CONVENT OF OUR LADY OF MERCY,
St. Louis, Missouri.
Feast of Our Lady of Mercy, 1866.

INTRODUCTION.

By Very Rev. RICHARD BAPTIST O'BRIEN, D. D., etc., etc.

There are many and edifying reasons for publishing the following "Life;" but were there no other than the number of Convents of Mercy now established in every part of the world, the reason would be more than sufficient. Over three thousand religious ladies, attracted by the spirit of Catherine McAuley, now minister to want, and labor to redeem ignorance, in almost every quarter of the globe, and it must be deeply interesting to them to know the life of their Foundress; while that larger number who have partaken of the benefits of her great Institute—those who have long admired, and those who may feel the first movements of grace towards sharing its merits and labors, must necessarily desire to contemplate the model upon which the Sisters of Mercy have been formed. Indeed, such a life will be interesting to every class of Catholics. Almost every reading family has some object of affection among the cloisters of Mercy, or can point to a quiet grave where a sister of their kindred reposes in the convent cemetery; and to read the life of Catherine McAuley is like bringing back and around us the gentle beings whose virtues we trace, while we follow the career of their spiritual Mother, who begot them in Christ Jesus.

But there is something of even more general interest than that referred to, and which would seem to demand the present publication. The manifestations of heroic sanctity which, from time to time, God Almighty inspires and produces, have their objects remote as well as immediate, and are intended to subserve the one as well as the other. In the vigor of Faith, Hope, and Charity the Church lives; and, although the life and beauty of individual perfection may in many cases be like the desert flower, hidden from every eye but that of God and His Heavenly Court, there are many others in which He most

evidently wishes that they should shine forth like "light in the dark place"* of our pilgrimage, for the guidance, encouragement, and hope of the world. They have their allotted place and appointed work in their time or epoch; but, beyond local limits and temporary results, their mission is to the future preaching of the gospel of perfect love, and revealing the embodiment of perfect religious devotion.

And in the life of Catherine McAuley will be found the most striking proofs of heroism of almost every description, united to a prudence which never allowed enthusiasm to control common sense. There will be found a passiveness that looks almost like insensibility, and a firmness unshaken in every trial; a recollection that never slept, and a sweet joy which was never clouded by pain or apprehension. Perhaps no one could be more sensitive, and none more patient. No one could labor more intensely, and no one could, with more equanimity, see the fruits of pain and sacrifice utterly destroyed. She had a soul of the softest feeling, and at the same time a most resolute will. Indulgent and rigorous, exacting and liberal, prodigal when God's glory was concerned, and sparing to a degree, where charity would permit the lessening of individual comfort; tried by every ordeal, physical and moral, and changeless in every vicissitude; overwhelmed with cares and labors, yet never hurried or excited; utilizing not only hours but moments, yet wondering how one so imperfect could accomplish any thing; ever the most diffident, and always the most confident; receiving gifts of Divine bounty with fear and crosses with joy; praising God with gratitude for the one, and looking upon the other as harbingers of coming benediction; the certain calm of one who "knew in whom she trusted" reigned over her whole career, and diffused itself in such serene tranquillity around her death-bed, that, as St. Bernard says of St. Malachy's departure, no one could know which was the repose that stole over God's servant, that of sweet sleep or that of the grave.

Such will the following pages reveal Catherine McAuley to have been; and such she will appear to have become by an instinct, rather than by reasoning or gradual formation—a real child of His covenant who was to establish the offspring of Israel as "universally taught of the Lord." And yet the events of her life may seem common enough. And her moral greatness—what we would in all humility call her heroic sanctity—partook of the nature of these events, as in some manner they should, because ordinary facts will generally be treated

* 11 Pet. i. 19.

in ordinary ways. She was austere to herself, but the full amount of her mortification was buried with her in Christ, and can never be known. Often she contrived to be the only one in the convent who had no cell to rest in, and she was always the only one who had no cessation from toil. The obligation of satisfying the opposing views of ill-tempered patrons, and bearing the ire which punished her for not effecting impossibilities or practising absurdities, naturally fell to her share. With all this the "nominal" meal in the refectory comes to our mind, and the "discipline" so habitual with her that only a day or two before her death she bade it farewell, when wet with her blood she handed it to the sister who waited on her and commanded her to burn it. But all was nothing to her sinless life, her recollection, her sweetness, and that "facility" of performing acts of devotedness above and beyond the ordinary acts of good people, in which Benedict XIV. places heroic virtue. "He who possesses it," says this great pontiff, "works with ease, readiness, and delight above the ordinary measure for a supernatural end; and so without human reasoning, with an abnegation of self, and with an entire subjection of the passions." As we quoted St. Bernard's life of St. Malachy, we may give Bartoli's words regarding Cardinal Bellarmine; for one and the other seem formed on the same model as the foundress of the Order of Mercy. And why should it not be so? Those "who put on the Lord Jesus are one spirit with him," and the spirit governs the deeds. Thus Bartoli speaks of the venerable servant of God of whom we have made mention:

"Many would think they heard a miracle of virtue if we told them that, for seventy-nine years, Cardinal Bellarmine wore a hair shirt, and that his loins were girt with a heavy iron chain, which he wore all his life. But they would not think the same if we told them, what in fact is true, that for seventy-nine years of his life he never stained, by venial sin deliberately committed, the innocence of his baptismal robe; and yet, much less perfection of virtue is required for a man to subjugate and tame his body by fastings, watchings, and bloody scourgings, than in every variety of accidents to keep the affections of his mind so subject to the spirit, as that they never stir—never make themselves felt, or show their life, except only so far as when he pleases. It is not the perfection of virtue that it should be visible or create a stir; the deeper great rivers are, the more silently they flow."

One thing which must strike the most cursory reader of this life, is, how little Catherine herself knew of the mission for which the

Almighty had destined her. Like St. Francis Assisi, St. Dominic, St. Ignatius, and nearly all, if not quite all, the founders of religious orders, she looks the passive instrument of God's love for man, "worked by the Spirit," as the children of God are, and for the beneficent object of becoming the stewardess of celestial bounty to those whom the world passes by. She wishes to build a school for poor girls, and her architect builds a convent; she engages a few ladies to help her, and for convenience' sake, they begin to take a spare meal on the premises. Religion suggests a garb grave as their occupations, and a dark costume is assumed; intercourse begets the name of "Sister," at first playfully applied, and spiritual authority is offended at the usurpation; thus the casually associated little band have insensibly come within the charmed circle of monastic feelings and habits; its spirit has insensibly stolen in among them, and shaped their lives and ordinary practices, until at length they stand on the threshold of the sanctuary, and retrogression or progress becomes a necessity. Happily the step is made forward, and the Church has a new gem in her brilliant diadem.

We behold, here, the full illustration of the words of the Master in Israel: "If the work be from God, you cannot destroy it." Catherine's work was like our Divine Lord and His work: "a sign to be contradicted." She had, as the reader will perceive, the crosses, and conflicts, and misconceptions which wait upon great enterprises; but from all of them the weak woman came forth, radiant with the victories the Divine Spirit deigned to bestow. The simple truth is, that her work was a plant whose growth was in, and of, the Church—which belonged to the special season predetermined by Heaven—and was, therefore, only one of the series of the "Father's planting," which, in mysterious order, grow along the fields of ages, and mark the necessities of mankind, as well as the vigilance and lovingness of God. The same Wisdom which gave a Paul and an Antony to piety, a Benedict to learning, a Bernard to discipline, a Dominic to assailed orthodoxy, a Francis to spiritual life, a Peter Nolasco to philanthropy, a Vincent de Paul to ecclesiastical reform and charity, a Nano Nagle and a De la Salle to the education of the poor—the same gave to Ireland, coming on the famine time, the cholera time, and the days of awful emigration, and Queen's Colleges, and growth of materialism—The Order of Mercy. Refuge was to be needed for our young women, and homes for our orphans, and education for our girls, and angels of God's love for our decaying and dying brothers in hospitals, garrets, and cabins; and just as it always happened, at the proper time—neither

sooner nor later—God spoke, by the presence of the Sisters of Mercy: "I am with you all days even to the consummation of the world." It was quite true for the Foundress, when she congratulated Mother Elizabeth of Limerick: "Gratitude to God" for being made instruments of good, is the only feeling that can ever have place in a rational mind, that contemplates the results of labor and sacrifice as the fruits of God's own husbandry. In no case is there a philosophical proportion between the exertions of religious founders and their wonderful success. "God grant you lively gratitude and profound humility," wrote the Foundress; "then, indeed, you will be a child of benediction." Such is the mere common sense of those who see the truth, as only the clean of heart can behold it.

Herein lies a secret which unhappy dissent can never fathom, and which it wearies itself in vainly describing. Lord Macaulay, speaking of the Church, said truly enough, that never was any "human institution" so worthy of being studied, because no human institution can be compared with the works of God. Having, however, agreed with his readers, that the Church was a "human institution," he commenced to initiate them in the arcana of her indestructibility. He made her power consist principally in her liberality; and declared that had John Wesley belonged to her communion, the Church would have tied a rope around his body, and sent him on her work to the antipodes; she would then conclude by making him a Saint. The English schism, he says, made Wesley a schismatic to itself, because it did not know how to employ his enthusiasm. Another writer places the strength of the Church in her coercive power and activity—declaring that she would long since have fallen by the wear and tear of time, and the intelligence of "the nineteenth century," only for the fictitious strength imparted to her by bigotry. Earl Russel thinks her attractive points are those ceremonies, which exalted intellects like his, call "the mummeries of superstition." Bishop Forbes, and many of the Church of England people, now say on the contrary: "The real sacramental objective presence of our Master in the Sacrament—the duty of adoration and oblation—the obligation to pray for the departed—the belief that all the Saints in Paradise unite in prayer for us on earth—*these things are our essential professions.*"* One says, "confession" is the thing; another, the "monastic orders;" a third thinks "celibacy" the secret; and a fourth places the spring of the Church's life in "infallibility." Each of these doctrines, or all of them, accompanied by

* *Union Review*, March, 1864.

certain ceremonies, will then be adopted by taste or by principle, and the Novatian vainly thinks he has discovered an elixir for sectarian immortality.

But it is vain. The gardening in God's Church is God's. The soil is His; the preparation of the ground and the growth of the tree. In alien land the plant must fade and perish, for the fertilizing dew falls only on the spot which is consecrated by the PROMISE. The people of whom we speak are like northern travellers, who find themselves in the midst of tropical flowers, whose rich hues and majestic proportions fill them with admiration. "Had we only such flowers at home!" they exclaim, and they forthwith begin the work of transplanting. But the labor is useless. The chill bosom of the north was never intended to supply the warm current which is necessary for their life. The frosts nip, and the winds scatter them. They grow healthfully and luxuriantly only at home. The Religious Orders grow up in the Church by a fixed law—betimes they live only their period and make way for others—but spontaneity is their character. The same general objects—God, and the neighbor—but as "the neighbor" is ever changing his needs, the Orders ever change their aspects, or new ones spring up to compliment the exertion of the old. Founders are the hand of God dealing with His Church to the end of time; but "go down to the land which the Lord thy God will show thee," is, it might be said, their only rule. Never was any thing more unfounded than the supposition that "the Church," meaning the executive of Christ's Church, originates Religious Orders. They only spring up in her, and she "dresses and keeps" the garden God has given to her care.

And it may be allowed for a moment to delay the reader while the remark is made, that nothing occurs more frequently than the singular division which Dissenters make between the Church and *herself*. Looking at her operations through all time and in all places, they suppose a kind of Directory in some place not very well defined, and they attribute to this Directory the universal motion in which they behold the members of the Church's organism. An "Order" is instituted? *The Church* adopted that plan to effect such and such purposes. Is a mission undertaken? *The Church* has sent so and so into these distant regions to secure her dominion. Does an institute of peculiar rigor and great labor appear? *The Church* has adopted this new form of appeal to secure her influence. And what appears very wonderful, is, that many intelligent people—people of travel—repeat the phrases of visionary hypotheses to which use has given the privilege of passing without examination.

Probably many would be astonished to hear that there is no such Directory—no board or government inventing religious orders, or organizing severe institutions and laborious congregations. *The Church*—if by the Church is meant the Holy See and the Cardinals at Rome—hear about such things for the first time when they are in life and action. The Sovereign Pontiff gives them their passports to travel, and the stamp of their origin; but he no more makes them, invents them, or plans their objects, than the head of the human body institutes the hand or regulates its powers. They are, every one of them, and all of them combined—the *Church working*—Rome doing her own great part, and imparting to the rest authority and real life. They spring forth from CHARITY, the fruits of the Divine Spirit, claiming their origin from the Most High. Rome judges, but does not create them. Like the ORDER OF MERCY, they spring up unexpectedly, present themselves suddenly, and take their places harmoniously, with only ONE INTELLIGENCE to which they owe their origin. Reflecting minds will see, in the adaptation of means to end, thus observable in the combination of the religious orders directed to one purpose—achieving identical results, and converging from all times and all places, though all apparently coming from the ever-varying impulses of the human heart—a harmony of man's liberty and God's eternal designs, such as only Omnipotence could accomplish. In fact, all these functions which persons outside the Church perceive in ceaseless action everywhere, are, *all of them*, the Church working; and to speak of the Church employing them, or instituting them, is to say something which has no meaning; or to say: "Oh, see that man's hands and feet! certainly his head made them; for they act in perfect unison with it." It would be easy to explain it all by saying that God made the members, and gave them a HEAD to govern them; but that explanation would never answer for people who must see things according to their preconceived views, and who, if they have said a man is his own father, will insist that every other fact must square with their supposition.

How beautiful is the consistent love and mercy of the good God displayed towards the poor! All the blessings Religion promises to sufferings are shadowed forth in the devotion she always displays to the wretched. The outcasts of the world's pride—who seem an offence to its enjoyments and intellect—the ignorant and the pauperized—they are just the persons for whom Christ reserves whatever is most precious to His affection, by His graces and their good-will. Just as if to prove His PRESENCE, and the wonderful "virtue which

went forth from Him," He selects the children reared in luxury and shaded from the view of sorrow, and makes them servants of a class from whom even poverty would often fly with horror. We see nature thus transformed or exalted, mortality divested of its clay, the last in life's race march first by Divine love; and we behold the perpetuation of that celestial economy, which sought the fallen woman at Jacob's well, and watched the funeral coming out from Nain, to give the dead son to the mother, "who was a widow." We learn the real meaning of "love one another as I have loved you," and can no longer understand the principle which makes imprisonment in a workhouse the condition and exponent of Christian love.

Let it be again repeated, that religious orders grow out of the roots of faith, hope, and charity, always alive in the Church. They may take different forms, because the necessities of the world will always vary with the condition of the human family, and the objects to be attained by charity will always vary with them. One thing, however, is invariable, and that is, that the stamp of their origin is ever, not only on the works done, but, by a blessed providence, on those who do them.

Not only in the case of Catherine, but in that of nearly all her associates and followers, the individuals and their occupations were the least likely in the world to be combined. Education, tastes, habits, prejudices, and one would say, even capacity, were opposed to the selection of a state in life like that which the Sister of Mercy seeks so ardently. The poverty in which she lives can be known only to those who will not reveal it, and the labor she performs is a marvel to those who know her best, and even to herself. The brief repose—the lengthened devotions—the spare diet, and even the hot school for hours of a day, are not so much in themselves; but the sickness, distress, filth, stupidity, insensibility, and even obduracy, to which they become daily handmaids, are things with which it requires an effort of the mind to connect the joyous, radiant young creature who is the sunshine of home and the pride of her parents. And when you think of the way in which she has been brought up—the tender care of home—the hardly less anxious attention of the boarding-school—the worship youth, beauty, and good means obtain, if they do not inspire—the very vanity inseparable from adulation, and even the consciousness of right and claim to these things according to the world's code—they all remove the individual so far from the scenes and sorrows to which we have referred, that you find such persons among them, as you find the sick made suddenly whole, or the sinful sud-

denly converted. It is not nature. It cannot be nature. And when to all this you add, perhaps grace's greatest triumph—that while the child of God works away, no one sees the sacrifice—there is no word of wonder at her chivalry, or praise of her heroism, or pity for her suffering; but all her toilsome life she "plods her weary way," going where she is sent, not knowing what she is to do next—praying, reading, teaching, and reposing, by no taste or will of her own, but all by unquestioning obedience—you find no difficulty in pronouncing the old judgment: "The finger of God is here."

It is easy, comparatively, to go forth amid such scenes for a day or two in the month or week; though for ten or twenty years you will find few to do so. You are *free* to go or to stay—and that does something for pride and selfishness. You have your own home on your return in the evening, and the contrast makes domestic enjoyment even more happy. You have your friends to meet and your lamentations to indulge in, and the long story of your experience to narrate—and all these do a great deal for poor humanity. But a far different thing is the "Sister's" life. The long day's wearing toil—the sealed silence on her return—the never-ceasing duty calling her still to some engagement—and then the lonely cell and her own soul. These are the things that make the life of a religious impossible to selfishness, and created and sustained only by grace.

The writer has seen some instances of the heroism of which he speaks, and which comes only from the Former and Fashioner of hearts and resolutions. He has seen them in the cholera hospitals, where his own duties called him the days and nights of 1849, and he has met them at the fever-sheds in '46, '47, and '48. It was not the exertion, though such exertion wore out many a strong energy; nor the patience and devotion, for both one and the other seem to be the normal growth of gentle souls; but it was the changeless, sleepless, conquerless activity, the miraculous kind of omnipresence of these young, fair daughters of the faith, during the whole time, day and night. Come when you would and go where you pleased, you found them there still. And you saw, or imagined you saw, the same person everywhere; the same sweet, contented, happy look and bearing that spoke of heaven within and around them. How they could address themselves so continuously to the wretched, surprised one.

The poor sinner was softened when they spoke of God, and suffering relaxed half its grasp as the Sister of Mercy held the cross before the glazing eyes of anguish. It need not be observed that many Protestants were converted by the grace of their very looks, for they

never spoke of controversy. One case was amusing enough. It occurred during the visitation of 1849:

"Well," said a hospital officer to an English seaman, who appeared to be rapidly sinking, "well, friend, what minister will you have?"

"Minister, eh?"

"Yes, what minister?"

"Well, I'm sure I don't know. I say!"

"Well?"

"Do you see that tall black 'un there?"

"Yes, that is Sister Mary—one of the nuns."

"Oh, well, then, I will have her minister. She works —— hard I know, and I h'ard she doesn't get no pay."

The poor fellow had afterwards better motives for entering the Church, and "the tall black 'un" closed his eyes.

Of a truth, only God's power in God's Church reveals such resources in the heart of woman.

Nothing demonstrates the rapidity with which Christian morality shares, in Protestant communions, the fate of Christian dogma, more than the relations which subsist between property and pauperism. It was thought by the early reformers that personal judgment which regulated the nature and extent of belief, would never usurp the direction and specification of moral principles. Habit had fixed them, and the public conscience appeared their guardian. But only a brief period was necessary to show that the independence which defied all teaching in the matter of faith, renounced all guidance in the matter of practice, and that no higher sanction of moral law any longer existed than public taste and private safety. Men did precisely what they pleased, and restrained their impulses only in the presence of shame or danger.

And the results of the principle, or want of principle, here indicated, were found in the altered condition and position of the poor. The kind fellowship that took them by the hand, and that sunny joy which in the presence of sympathy beamed in the face of patient want, were found no longer. The rich looked at the poor askant, and the poor bent their brows as wealth passed by, and made them feel the contempt of pride and high station. The classes separated one from another like castes, and began to reckon each other as natural enemies, and the seeds of ever-growing repulsion were widely sown. It is not to be said, of course, that this was universally the case, but only generally, and quite sufficiently to render such a state of things a characteristic of our time.

Workhouses are among the ideas which sprang out of the new condition of society; and they sprang out of a double feeling, or a treble feeling it may be. They were a safety to governments; they removed want from the presence of competence; and they supplied the place of voluntary alms, which were no longer found available.

It is no part of the purpose of this Introduction to make national contrasts, or to laud foreign philanthropy; yet it is worth remarking that the workhouse system is entirely a Protestant idea. Catholic countries may be good, bad, or indifferent, but it is certain that sorrow and want find sympathy and sufficient assistance in brotherly love, and that perpetual imprisonment and the rupture of all feeling are not a condition necessary to avoid starvation. Why should it be so? Political or social economy? Assuredly, Christianity must be wiser than modern socialism, which finds the principles of religion inconvenient or transforms them by misinterpretation.

What is this thing which Christianity calls LOVE? Modern philosophy has, in many things, found the Scriptures behind modern progress, but fearfully in advance of it in the notion of the relations of mankind. And modern philosophy accordingly takes as much Christianity as comes up to the mark of modern wisdom, leaving the rest as a monument of what is called ancient civilization, now extinct. LOVE is one of the objects of Christian precept which serves to enlighten the dull history of the middle ages, and which is dignified with the white garment of Herod in these days of industry and political science.

It is not too much to say that the LOVE of the Gospel—illustrated by the life that animates the Gospel—is found only where the Church has sway. If we never saw the sacrifice of LOVE, "greater than which no man hath;" and never heard the precept of LOVE—"love one another as I have loved you;" or never had known the interpretation of LOVE, as the Acts of the Apostles, the Epistles of Sts. James and John, have preserved it for our edification, we certainly could judge without serious difficulty that LOVE did not mean indifference, hostility, contempt, shutting out suffering from our eyes that its agonies may not disturb us, and incarcerating poverty perpetually that we may not be offended by its rags. No; LOVE has feeling, action, anxiety, watchfulness, an ardent curiosity to discern necessity, and an ardent impulse to relieve pain. It does not confine itself to feeding and clothing its object, and locking it up within stone walls, to curse its fate and brood over human injustice; but it seeks, cares, consoles, and cheers distress, more by the unpurchasable sympathy of a compassionate heart than by measureless contributions of money, which are hardly valued by

those who give or receive. The apostle gave his gloss upon the view of our Lord Jesus Christ when he said: "We ought to die for the brethren."

The Church at all times felt and demonstrated her feeling, that the poor were emphatically Jesus Christ: "As long as you have not done so to one of these little ones, you have not done it to me!" Thus "all things were in common" in the early days of her history, when the echo of Christ's injunctions were still in the ear of the disciples. And far down in the ages, until we feel the presence of the laws in our traditions and habits, the episcopal treasury was the excess above the necessities of affluence, to which all the poor had an irresistible right. We understand at once how it was that temporal necessities became the signal for Christian devotion, and even the manacle of the slave was freely shared or assumed when Christian LOVE contemplated the slavery from which LOVE divine had rescued it.

The Sisters of Mercy, sitting by the beds of the plague-stricken, their light forms flitting up and down the hospitals during the cholera-time —mingling with the dying on the battle-fields of the East, or hanging over beds of pain and disease at Scutari and Balaklava—are sometimes miracles in the eyes of earnest Protestants, and not unfrequently an illustration of the "wonderful power the Church of Rome has over its votaries." To one who views the picture in the light of the "Crucified," there is nothing seen but successorship to those who gloried in the Cross of our Lord Jesus, and who heard His voice calling them to the holy mountain: "Go, sell what ye have—give it to the poor, FOLLOW ME, and you will have treasure in heaven."

The writer remembers the cholera of 1832, and had the happiness of spending some nights in a cholera hospital. It was in early summer-time, and life and death came in awful contrast when countless coffins moved along the roads and across the country, amid the fresh verdure and blooming flowers of June. There was a complete paralysis of hope; and many sank down beside the plague-stricken, whose fears poisoned the current of life, rather than the disease which smote their neighbors so suddenly and fearfully.

At that time a young lady of nineteen assumed the direction of the nurses in a Southern hospital. Educated, attractive, noble in her bearing, dignified in her address and manners—it was a charming study to watch her as she passed from bed to bed, from ward to ward—not with the cloud of saddening sorrow, but with the smile of heaven-hope in her face. For every one she had a kind word, and her look was even more eloquent in consoling the wretched than her language.

Even in their direst extremity, the sufferers felt the balm of new consolation when that young girl stood by their side. To some of the medical men she was a phenomenon—particularly to Protestants—who more than once exclaimed to the writer: "What a singular taste that young lady must have!" They could hardly understand what is meant by the constraining love that wastes itself and rejoices while it pines—that transformed the heart of St Francis Xavier into a paradise, and made the cholera hospital a heaven for the child of sacrifice. The girl of nineteen of that day is now a Sister of Mercy; and has, in many a place and many a heart, reproduced, by God's goodness to her, the ideal which then filled her young soul. No curious eye shall discover the daughter of benediction, whose greatest grace is the mantle of humility, with which, in all her days, she has been able to conceal the gifts of God.

The purposes the Almighty has to serve, require virtues equal to their holiness and their magnitude. And when Catherine McAuley was chosen to be the medium of salvation—of applying the divine mercy to so many in religion and out of it—we find her graces equal to her mission. Was there ever a creature more unselfish—who lived more entirely by faith, hope, and love? And do we not see in the special nature of the lights God vouchsafed to her, that wonderful illumination of soul which reflects the near Saviour, by communion and indwelling?

It is happy for us who pursue her through the brief and full career God permitted unto her, that even so much remains to illustrate her exalted views of spiritual life and holy charity. From the letters which have been preserved, we may easily see what a treasure the Church in general should possess, if a collection of her writings could be obtained. The communications to Kingstown, Carlow, Limerick, &c.,—pointing out the connection human efforts have with the work of God, and the way to employ trials, contradictions, and sufferings, in order to give them their place in the economy of God's government,—are beautiful expositions of the thoughts of an interior soul, and indicate a virtue quite kindred to that of the great Saints of the Church. To such a one nothing comes amiss. Every success was the good Father's mercy to the poor and to the Sisters; and every bitter trial was sent only to purify our thoughts and stimulate our exertions, while, if received with humility, it was the sure forerunner of some singular blessing. Such an interior is, of course, the effect of the grace of Heaven, and the true reflection of the perfect will of God. It is the victory which conquers the world, which is given into the hands

of Christ's servants; and a new proof of His dear love for the poor and forlorn, in whose cause He works such wonders.

It will be remembered that Catherine had been reared among Protestants, and that some members of her own family had apostatized from the Church. Hence her early days were only partially enlightened, and were also deprived of the aids to knowledge and sanctity which thousands of Catholics possess in such abundance. Thus she continued nearly to the hour that beheld her in possession of wealth, and moved by that insatiable spirit for helping want and ignorance, that was the writing of God in the pages of her great destiny. Then, what men would call an accident, made her a novice at George's Hill; and eighteen months were given to religious training. Such was her whole schooling, one might say, in the science she was to teach as a mistress—in the difficult up-hill path of perfection, where she was to become a guide. And so it was with regard to the government of others. She had known little or no theory of it; yet hundreds of hearts were to be swayed by her, and hundreds of dispositions to be ruled, and the energies of hundreds directed, while every variety of difficulty and trial was to be encountered in all kinds of character, and arising from every kind of position. Her enlightenment and her prudence—her never-wavering faith, hope, and humility—led her steadily to the successful results we enjoy. Her letters will be read with interest, and will attest these observations to be facts. She had no "vain fear or superfluous solicitude;" and as she did all for God, who governs all, she accepted disappointment with the same readiness as success—perhaps indeed with more pleasure, because of the humiliation that came with it.

Speaking of St. Teresa, Benedict XIV. quotes from the process of her canonization: "The Auditors of the Rota, in their report on the virtues of this saint, have proved the heroism of her life from the fact that she placed her hope and love in God Himself as the end, but in all created goods only as the means necessary or conducive towards obtaining eternal good; that she hoped in God with all her heart, with full security and without any doubt or hesitation, but with a firmness which excluded all vain fear and superfluous solicitude; that she flew to Him alone in every necessity and danger, by humble prayers and persevering supplications, with all the trustfulness of her soul, and that in Him and for Him, she hoped for and achieved most difficult things, namely, the reform of her order, although she was a woman, poor, in bad health, and destitute of all human aid, although she was impeded by powerful obstacles, and dangers were hanging over her."

Every word here spoken will be found justified if we apply the passage to the subject of these pages. And what renders such coincidence of virtue the more singular is, that the facts which the Sacred Congregation of the Rota describes as an evidence of the heroic virtue of St. Teresa, come out in those of Mother McAuley's life with a facility which makes the language of the Rota only like a deduction from the pages now given to the public.

Benedict XIV. says again, quoting from the process of canonization: "The entrance of St. Aloysius Gonzaga into the Society of Jesus was rightly accounted among his heroic acts of hope by the Auditors of the Rota; for he, cheerfully resigning the marquisate of Castiglione, which was afterwards made a principality, and putting aside the pleasures and delights of this world, embraced the aforesaid institute."

Certainly, we may conclude as much of Catherine McAuley's surrender of the world. She was extremely well fitted by nature to take what is called "a high place in society;" and her talents had had an education sufficient to give them a striking development. In fortune and prospects, she was far in advance of the Catholics of her position in our day. They were then fewer, more prominent, and singular enough, far more courted than at present. The truth is, that both high and middle class Catholics, towards the close of the eighteenth century and in the beginning of the nineteenth, were among the objects of Protestant patronage, and could not be esteemed the objects of Protestant jealousy. The land belonged to a section of its people, and they were satisfied to be liberal and even kind, so long as their ascendancy was unquestioned. When, however, the advances of true political principles began to threaten their supremacy, they gathered more closely together; and when law, prosperity, and education began to raise the old race to the same platform with themselves, the "odi profanum vulgus"* principle began to prevail, and the "arceo," of course, succeeded.

Catherine McAuley, then, had all the temptations which youth, beauty, fortune, and rare ability encountered, particularly when whirled along by a handsome carriage and four. How humbled and edified we feel when we turn to the poor Nun in her ill-furnished cell, with her broken wrist, and lonely nights all unattended; and how plainly we see the ennobling grace of God in the only complaint which

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* "I hate that ignorant rabble, and command them to stand off."—*Hor. Car.* lib. 3, od. 1.

escaped her when the death-cough seized her, and made her nights so gloomy—"I so disturb the poor Sisters!"

The separation from the world, however, was not the only triumph which God gave Catherine McAuley over flesh and blood, for she was evidently so identified with God that, like the blessed Teresa, "she so loved God for Himself alone, that she burned with desire for the glory of God Almighty, and labored in the highest degree for its increase, as well in the reform and propagation of her order, as in the admirable doctrines she left us in her writings, and in all her actions and heroic virtues."

Towards the end of this volume, an obituary of the Foundress, by the writer, then connected with education in Nova Scotia, informs the reader of an acquaintance with Catherine McAuley, dating nearly thirty years ago. If ever there was a time when the originator of a great institute is particularly attached to the work, it is when first obstacles have been overcome, and diffusive life shows the wide reign and range the system is about to enjoy. There before the eyes is the success—and just in its vigor too—when hope can picture nothing too great to be achieved, and experience inspires a confidence before, perhaps, not particularly reliant. Afterwards, when the work looks finished, and the machinery is moved by other hands, and other minds have made their own of its success, interest and effort may rule in imperfect souls, but every thing natural and supernatural binds one to the old arena at such a period as that to which we refer. It was just at such a time the writer encountered Mother McAuley, and just at such a time she wished to join him in a mission of charity to Nova Scotia.

Reverend Mother was a person never to be forgotten. Her face, look, bearing, and conversation are just as fresh to-day, after so many years, as they were the evening of the day alluded to in the obituary

The full, steady, blue eyes, so full of light, and yet not dazzling—

> "Her spirit sits aloof and high,
> But glances from her tender eye,
> In sweetness droopingly;—

The fresh, autumnal bloom of the cheek, pure and transparent from the paradise of heavenly thoughts in which she lived; the smile, so recollected, yet so gentle, that at once won heart and confidence; and the bearing and conversation, in which an easy dignity and wonderful facility of expression combined to make her conversation something which her auditor had not known before, and has not since encountered.

"But, Reverend Mother, how could you think of leaving your great Institute, and burying yourself in a poor province?"

"We have plenty of Sisters more than able to supply my place," she replied, "and I may be fit for the rough work to be encountered in a new region. Try me. When I was young I often heard, 'Go to Nova Scotia,' said to some one who was importunate, or incredulous, or something else. Perhaps I may be fortunate enough to 'go to Nova Scotia.'"

"Time must be taken, Reverend Mother. The soil must be prepared, or no growth can be expected. Were you to go now, yourself and the Sisters who might accompany you, would, in all likelihood, be the first and last Nuns in Halifax. Vocations must come from an advanced state of religion and education."

It would be difficult to picture her smile of incredulity and her gentle movement of the head as she replied:

"Ah, Father, you mistake. You have often seen a recruiting party come into a town or city. No one appeared anxious to become a soldier. The men who enlisted were not seen; or if seen, no one, not even themselves, dreamed of their putting on the red coat. But the drum, and fife, and cockade, aroused new thoughts, new hopes, and new projects, and the recruiting party is soon followed by a new supply for the ranks. Make the experiment!"

How the writer had the courage to refuse, it is very hard indeed to explain. Of course, it would be necessary to obtain the consent of the Archbishop; but at any rate, the writer had the weakness to fear the experiment, and he lost such a light and guide of life as is twice offered to very few clergymen. The whole scene and circumstance would be of little importance unless in the life of a holy personage, whom we may hope at some time to see placed upon our altars. In this regard, a word or even a look, may well be deemed a treasure, and the conversation above set down is therefore repeated almost word for word, as far as memory permits it—and memory in this case is not likely to fail.

Without paying any compliment which the relations of this volume with the Order would render importune, it may be said that the history of the Sisters of Mercy has been like a continuation of the life of the Foundress, multiplied. We see her everywhere and in every thing—the image of her work in all the image and feeling of the Sisterhood. It is not too much to say that the following life will do much to deepen the lines of resemblance between the various Convents of the Order, by impressing the rising generation of young Religious

with the exact views and special virtues of their Foundress. In fact, the book will, and ought to be, read as a hand-book of the novitiate. There is no such power of perpetuity in a religious body as that derived from identity of object and operation; firstly, because *that* gives to each convent a force, strength, and stability equal to the moral influence of *all;* but, secondly, and more particularly, because *deviations, from the views of the founders of religious orders, are ordinarily deviations from the will of God*, by which the founder has been inspired. "Reforms" and "Restorations," thereafter, are the symbols of weakness, and they are also proofs that the Holy Church pronounces sentence on the first change.

The life of Catherine McAuley will have another claim upon the Order and the public—that it is a history of the Sisters of Mercy. The gradual development—the foundation first intended only for the poor of Dublin—the establishment in Kingstown, Carlow, and Tullamore—the taking possession of the ancient Convent in Limerick city—the opening of Bermondsey and Birmingham and all the rest, will supply to the Order, to the public, and to the families of the devoted Religious, a reference in times to come, by which the germs shall be traced of a work educational, philanthropic, and religious, that already fills the mind of the world. Without this history, too, Reverend Mother could no more be seen than an unknown historical character alone in a picture. We contemplate her in the multitude of her occupations, never changing temper or temperament: always in her place, in chapel, choir, and cell, and always fully occupied by matters that would take her away from such duties: ever and ever consulted, interrupted, importuned, now by the scruples of a novice, again by the complaints of a tradesman, but always the same; needing money, and not knowing where to look for it; advice, and having no one to give it; needing rest and quiet,—ever impossible; but all the time the light of a happy heart in her smile, and of unshaken confidence in her calm, mild eyes. The history of the Order is as necessary, to know and appreciate Reverend Mother, as the events of his career are, to become acquainted with a warrior or statesman. Mere description is nearly useless for such a purpose.

And the same may be said of another feature in this book—the interior life of a convent. The perturbation of poor Sister Mary Teresa, the "cell regulator," when all the cells had been filled, and "two new Sisters" were announced to have arrived; the running to Reverend Mother to know where they are to sleep; and the answer, so full of sweet content and quiet joy, and so contagious, too, are all of

them tintings which bring out the great features of the character we want to study. And so of the countless journeys hither and thither, and the teeming consolations which made "the sun shine almost too brightly," because the soul was so full of light. The begging of prayers for such a house and such an object; the conversations at the death-bed of a Sister dear to her, and the call to the parlor to receive a cup of bitterness from pride—which repaid itself for helping her by offending her—and the imperturbable calmness with which she bore it; the supplying of the little ribbons and bits of silk to the sweet Sister whose last days were soothed by the hope of supplying "a poor hawker's basket" coming on the festival of our Patron Saint; the charming lessons on "reserve," humility, and hope; in a word, the life of Christ in her, and her wonderful communication to the nuns of the singleness of purpose, self-sacrifice, and prayerfulness, which made all the actions of her children the operations of the indwelling spirit of Jesus—are simply and affectionately brought out in these pages, and they give us a view of the Foundress of the Order of Mercy, which the Catholic Church, and many a one in the Protestant communions, will value.

A list of the Convents of Mercy throughout the world is added at the end of the work, and an obituary of the nuns. The convents will be found to number over two hundred, and the "Children of Benediction," who gained their lives by losing them, over three hundred. During thirty years, between endowments and the surplus dowries* of their children, the fathers of the Irish race have expended *seven hundred thousand pounds for the poor and ignorant, through this Order alone, and given their children's lives besides.* For it will be recollected that in Ireland, etc., the interest of her inheritance must support every lady who becomes a Sister of Mercy.

What Catherine McAuley was can never be entirely known unless to God, and her character and praise are in her mission and its fruits. She was established by God "to go forth and bear fruit; and that her fruit should remain,"† the Gabriel of a new message, and the Raphael of new blessings to the world and the poor. What God may intend to reveal cannot be foreseen, and what He has revealed in her regard is not entirely known; but it cannot surprise any one, if the title of this little book at some future period shall be changed by the command of Heaven, and the aureola of sanctity surround its pages. Further the writer, at this present time, dares not go—not because facts are want-

* Excess of dowry above £500. † John, xvi. 16.

ing, but because prudence is supposed to forbid. He begs leave to conclude this too lengthy introduction* by lines which, for the sake of the subject, ought not to be allowed to sink into oblivion:

LINES ON THE DEATH OF REV. MOTHER CATHERINE McAULEY.

She has passed away forever, but the sunlight of her brow
Still brightens o'er the lonely home that weeps in sorrow now:
Though the lips we loved are silent, still the pleading voice we hear,
And the soft, low tones of melody fall sweetly on our ear.
She has faded! but the fragrance of her gentle virtues yet
Wafts memories of the sanctified we never can forget;
And the gleaming of her glorious robe—the radiance of her crown,
From her throne of bliss in heaven are still beaming brightly down.

Yes, sainted Mother Catherine, in the fulness of thy love,
Thou art with us, though thy spirit dwells beatified above:
Thou art near us in thy children, who work for us day by day,
When they dry the tear of anguish from the orphan's cheek away;
And they whisper words of comfort to the heart bowed down with grief,
And to nakedness and hunger bring the tidings of relief;
And they lift from off the mourner's heart awhile its load of care,
And, with words of faith and hope, they chase the demon of despair.

And when sitting by the lonely hearth, they speak of Him who died,
And they place the child of wretchedness by gentle Mary's side!
When they see the tear-drop glisten on the cheek of aged crime,
Bringing back once more the blessings of a sinless, happy time;
When they watch the wearied spirit wing its parting flight away,
And they soothe the mourner's weeping o'er the cold and senseless clay;
When they teach the young to follow in the footsteps He has trod,
And then kneel down to offer all these works of love to God;—

Oh! 'tis in that hour that gratitude no tongue can ever tell,
And the peace no words can ever speak, draw round us like a spell;
And then humbly gazing heavenward, with eyes of faith, we see
How our blessed Lord is helping all who serve Him faithfully.
And those so faithful, who are they?—they are with you everywhere—
In the hospital, the prison, in the homes of sin and care;
And bright angels hover near to guard them where they stay,
For the light of Mercy guides them, Sister-angels, on their way! †

* The above Introduction was written by the Venerable Archdeacon O'Brien, D. D., etc., who, as friend, benefactor, or spiritual director, has been connected with the Order of Mercy for about thirty years.

† The above lines were written in 1841, by Miss Elizabeth R——, of Carlow,—a young lady who was for some time in the novitiate under Mother McAuley, but was obliged to leave on account of ill-health.

LIFE OF CATHERINE McAULEY.

CHAPTER I.

Woman in the Church.—"The devout sex."—General characteristics of Catherine McAuley.

WOMEN ministered to Jesus when Pharisees scoffed at Him; she followed Jesus when Apostles fled: as sinless and as penitent, she stood by Him in the hour of his ignominy: last at the cross, she was first at the sepulchre; and, at the very dawn of Christianity, if excluded from the higher functions of the Apostleship, she is ever ready to perform the works of mercy in the infant Church, and to "wash the feet of the Saints." In every subsequent age, the sex which the Church styles "the devout" has proved, in numerous instances, that physical weakness does not necessarily imply spiritual inferiority; and of this the subject of these pages will give additional and illustrious proof.

But in the whole range of Christian biography it would not be easy to find a life so replete with beautiful and interesting incidents of the most opposite nature. We shall see Catherine McAuley, now as almost a beggar, again as heiress of immense wealth. Reared among Protestants whom she loved with deep affection, yet openly professing the persecuted creed they so scornfully ignored. Prejudiced to an almost insuperable extent against conventual life, yet gathering around her in rigid monastic discipline a galaxy of the noble, the gifted, and the beautiful. Casting away wealth as if it were an encumbrance, yet refusing to loan the trifling sum of

five pounds to a titled lady. Now clothed in purple and fine linen ; again weeping and praying for hours before her Calvary. To-day she refuses a high matrimonial alliance ; ere midnight she is handed from sentinel to sentinel on the military road. To-day she is waited on by the most illustrious ecclesiastics in the three kingdoms ; to-morrow she describes herself as hiding from the sheriff. Now she almost sinks beneath the weight of her heavy crosses ; and again she complains that "the sun shone too brightly," because her soul was flooded with supernatural light. Capable of explaining, with superhuman eloquence, the deep things of asceticism, yet ever seeking to instruct the most ignorant in the rudiments of Christianity. Overwhelmed with the most distracting business, yet ever placid and recollected. Rigorous to self to a degree which God alone can know, yet tenderly compassionate to all others. Astute as a diplomatist, yet simple as a little child. Conferring favors as if the recipient obliged her by accepting them, yet never receiving the smallest without gratitude. We shall see her as a dependent on the bounty of her friends, as the fondled idol of a luxurious home, as the kind nurse of her adopted parents, as the youthful mother of all the poor in her vicinity, as the friend of several of the great personages of her time, as the Foundress of a new religious Institute, and the exemplar and support of its members. Now she kneels to implore protection for a poor girl in danger, and again she enters the abode of sin, to snatch from a fate immeasurably worse than death, one whose beauty is about to become her curse. She courageously upbraids a great lawyer who would sully the fair fame of her protégée ; and years after, he acknowledges that her very look reclaimed him, and that the remembrance of it was his safeguard through life.

Catherine was sensitive as a mimosa, yet brave as a royal oak ; gifted with a high degree of the wit and humor peculiar to her country-people, yet incapable of wounding the most sensitive, or displeasing the most fastidious ; prudent in the loftiest sense of the word, yet ever ready to listen with respect to the opinions of others ; habitually gay, yet never losing that *retenue* so strongly recommended by the old spiritualists, and which we can hardly express in English. Familiar with the hidden weaknesses of her

spiritual children, yet conscious only of their nobler qualities. Losing by death, or otherwise, every one she held dear, yet in old age continuing to build up her Institute with all the ardor of youth. Magnificent in her conceptions, yet scrupulous in their least details. Gifted with an intellect of the highest order, yet capable of inspiring mediocre, or even low capacities, to do great things for God. Able to wield the pen with the grace of a Sevigné and the wisdom of a Maintenon, yet not above directing seamstresses or presiding in a laundry. Polite as a Chesterfield, yet without a particle of human respect: bland as a courtier, yet choosing to wear out her life among beggars: vigorous of constitution, yet able to sympathize with the weakly. Gracious, benign, beloved, and revered, she was capable of impressing the most spiritual men of her time with exalted ideas of her sanctity. Like Queen Esther, she could make the most of her beauty when occasion required; like Nano Nagle, she glories in being the slave of the poor; like St. Vincent, she is indefatigable in action; like St. Teresa, she is assiduous in contemplation; like St. Francis of Sales, she is the essence of meekness. A poet by nature, yet the most practical woman of her age; a Superior, but ever seeking to obey; possessing almost absolute authority, but using it only to lessen the labors of others and increase her own. Genial, tender, and compassionate, none could regard her with indifference, none could approach her and not carry away some impress of her goodness. And all her rare and magnificent endowments she turned to one object—the glory, the sole glory, the greater glory of God!

Her community is reduced to one professed, and her novices grieve almost as they do who have no hope; but the day of bereavement she emphatically styles "*the day the Lord hath made.*" "If all Christians," says she, "are bound to receive afflictions with resignation, *we* should surely receive them with gratitude and joy." Like Rachel, she mourns for her children; but she does not refuse to be comforted, for she delights in forming a "community in heaven." From childhood, not even an enemy could charge her with a fault; and when she was censured, it was for virtue too sublime for even the good to appreciate.

The sanctity of every servant of God is unlike that of all others.

In many things they all agree, in some they all differ. Charity alone makes the Saint ; there is no other road to high or low sanctity. But each practises this virtue in a peculiar fashion ; and hence with perfect propriety the Church may sing of every one of her confessors : "There was none found like *this one* for observing the law." But charity was the grand characteristic of Catherine ; it clothed her like a garment ; she appeared to practise it without effort. In this virtue, at least, she possessed that "facility" which Benedict XIV. ascribes to heroic sanctity. Urged by love, she gave herself and all she possessed, without any reserve, to God ; and she deemed the honor of serving Him in His poor, more than a sufficient reward for her immense and unceasing labor. She had given "the whole substance of her house for love, and she despised it all as nothing."

Such is the grand whole which presents itself in luxuriant beauty to the biographer ; such are the great outlines of the character whose history these pages will record. At first sight it strikes us as a vision of things too good for earth ; and doubt might well mingle with our admiration, did not "her works remain to praise her in the gate."

Beautiful as an Arabian tale, few lives can surpass this in romantic incident. No painter would mingle lights and shades so daringly on his canvas ; no musician would scatter his *lentos* and *allegros* in such reckless profusion ; no novelist would outrage probability by exhibiting his heroine under aspects so varied ; no poet would admit ingredients so diverse into his epic ; and here, as in so many other instances, the feeble, flickering flame of the most highly wrought fiction, pales before the calm, steady light of truth.

CHAPTER II.

Dublin.—Baggot-street House, 1827.—Era of the Emancipation.—Opening of the year 1787.—Apostasy of Lord Dunboyne.—Birth of Catherine.—Difference of statements as to the year of her birth.—An Eastern tradition.—Religious state of Ireland in the 18th century.—"*Ite, Missa Est.*"—Extract from Görres.—A tragedy.—The Earl of Chesterfield, viceroy.—He permits the reopening of some old Catholic churches.—Attempts to open schools.—Nano Nagle.—Princess Louise.

DUBLIN, the far-famed and beautiful metropolis of the Emerald Isle, lies pictured in our mind's eyes, with its magnificent Churches, its noble institutions for the relief of every species of human misery, its colleges, its schools, its spacious streets, its flowery suburbs ; and the picture is one whose beauty Time, the great destroyer, will rather enhance than diminish. Well may the scattered children of Erin be proud of the lovely capital of their native land ! Well may the poor emigrants, who crowd the decks of vessels destined to bear them from their poor but happy homes, weep to leave a country, which, viewed from the sea at any point, seems a fairyland of beauty ! Should they catch their last glimpse of Erin from Dublin Bay, how enchanting the scene ! Whether the gray mists of morning steep the sleeping city ; or the full blaze of noontide gild its numerous domes, villas, and palatial residences ; or the mellow light of evening bathes, as in a flood of tenderness, beauties soon to become invisible to their tearful eyes, and far from their loving hearts ;—the view of Dublin is exquisitely lovely. But there is a deeper cause for tears. They leave behind, perhaps, parents who reared them, brothers and sisters that love them, the friends of their youth, the companions of their riper years. Will they ever meet such friends, such companions, again ? Can any country become more sacred to them than that which contains beneath its green sward the crumbling bones of their sainted forefathers ?

Now, if the reader should have a small portion of that innate facility for *guessing*, so highly developed in the thrifty denizens of New England, it will be superfluous to say that we are about to take him to Dublin. Busy Imagination will gladly lend her wings for the excursion. But our destination is not to its miniature palaces, nor yet to admire the "frozen music" of its architectural grandeurs; neither do we purpose to wander among its eloquent ruins, and trace in its shattered marbles the glories of happier days. There is one spot dearer to us than all these. You will find it towards the end of Lower Baggot-street, on the southern side of the city. Here, a large house, quite detached from the neighboring buildings, will at once attract your attention. That is the cradle of the Order of Mercy. Go back in thought to the year 1827. The noble pile has been just erected. Enter. Behold the saintly Foundress surrounded by a small but devoted band, who, guided by her example rather than her words, astonish all by the heroism of their virtues. When our readers shall have become familiar with the history of Catherine and her associates, the zeal with which they sought out and relieved mental and bodily suffering, the virtues of their interior lives, and the wonderful things they effected for God's glory, they may well exclaim: "There were giants on the earth in those days." There was certainly *one* giant, if we may judge of her prowess by the magnitude of the work which the Divine aid enabled her to accomplish in the Church.

A more auspicious era than 1827 could scarcely be selected for the establishment of a Catholic Institute. It was just before Emancipation was wrung from the fears of the British Government, notwithstanding the rash, unchristian oath of the Bishop of Osnaburg.* The Catholics of Ireland were united as one man, and obstinately determined to conquer or die in the strife for religious liberty The Catholic Association was in the zenith of its fame; its honored walls echoed the soul-stirring eloquence of O'Connell, and the gifted Shiel was gathering in a noble cause his most glorious laurels. The enthusiasm of this period has seldom been surpassed in any country. It was indeed a fitting epoch to

* Frederick, Duke of York, heir presumptive to the crown.

inaugurate in the capital the Institute of Mercy, which, like the leafy branches of a magnificent tree, has since spread itself over the world, affording food and shelter to thousands.

But we must go back forty years further. The year 1787 opened gloomily on the Irish Church. Dr. Butler, Bishop of Cork, exchanged his mitre for an earldom, and his apostasy was esteemed a greater calamity than the enactment of ten new penal laws; a calamity for which his repentance some years later seemed but a poor reparation. Before the end of that year, however, a child was born, who was destined to win back hundreds to the One Fold, to remove the prejudices of thousands, and even to establish in the fine Catholic city, whose shepherd had just proved himself a hireling, a convent whose members might bring more glory to the Church than this sad defection had robbed her of.

Catherine Elizabeth McAuley was born on the Feast of St. Michael, September 29, 1787, at Stormanstown House, County Dublin.* Her parents, James and Eleanor McAuley, were both of ancient and respectable Catholic families, nor were her ancestors all undistinguished in the annals of her country. Yet poor is the glory to be gathered on the field, or at the council board, compared with that which has cast its aureola around Catherine; and if her race were destined to terminate with her, the star of her family had set with more than meridian splendor. She was the first of three children that blessed the happy union of her parents.

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* Catherine's godchild, still living, gives the date of her birth 1794, while her friend, Very Rev. Dean Gaffney, whom M. Mary V. Hartnett has copied, gives it 1778. Her brother, Dr. James McAuley, told the Sisters at the time of her death, that she had just attained her fifty-fourth year; consequently she was born in 1787. It is curious that M. V. Hartnett should describe her as young and beautiful when she became an heiress, when, according to her chronology, she was then forty-four. Now beauty is seldom retained to so advanced an age, and youth never. Dr. O'Brien had an interview with her in 1838, of which his memory is so tenacious that he says, "the look, bearing, and conversation, are still as fresh in his mind as the day the interview took place." Yet, "the full, steady, blue eye, so full of light, and the fresh bloom of the pure, transparent cheek," which the venerable Archdeacon so happily describes, could scarcely belong to a woman of sixty. It will be seen that 1778 and 1787 are composed of the same figures, and one might be easily written or printed in mistake for the other.

An Eastern tradition relates that when the holy infant Mary appeared to bless the declining years of St. Joachim and St. Anne, the former, little anticipating the glorious destiny to be fulfilled in his fair child, the peerless and immaculate Virgin, regretted that he had not become the father of a son ; but St. Anne comforted him by relating a vision she had had, indicative of her child's future greatness. We know not whether the pious father of our little Catherine entertained similar thoughts with reference to his new-born babe, but we do know, that had he been able to penetrate the veil of futurity, had he been vouchsafed a glimpse of the work she was destined to accomplish, had he beheld the virgins that would follow in her train, had he seen her spiritual children, numerous as the stars of heaven, rise up and call her blessed, he would have pressed his fragile infant to his manly bosom with feelings akin to reverence, and, in the fulness of his heart, thanked God for having made him the happy father of such a child !

As every age leaves its impress, more or less, on those it ushers into being, we shall here pause to consider the religious state of Ireland during the eighteenth century.

This century opened with the barbarous penal code in full force. The condition of the people in general was more deplorable than any thing we can imagine at this distant period. Degradation resulted from continual persecution, ignorance of religion from dearth of pastors, and literary destitution from want of schools ; for Ireland, which in bygone days had provided founders and professors for the greatest universities in Europe, did not now possess one Catholic school. The people knew only Jesus Christ and Him crucified. They regarded their Faith as the one thing necessary, and they kept it through evil report and good, though its bright light was, in many instances, obscured by ignorance and superstition, natural consequences of the cruel *régime* to which they were unhappily subjected. Many of the best families preferred the inconveniences of exile to the dangers and penalties of living at home, but the poor, who had no other resource, clung to their wretched country, buoyed up, perhaps, with the hope of better times.

What a sad contrast to the picture Görres has left us of Ireland

in the Ages of Faith : "Monasteries and schools flourished on all sides : and as the former were distinguished for their austere discipline and ascetic piety, so the latter were conspicuous for their cultivation of science. While the flames of war were blazing around her, the Green Isle enjoyed the sweets of repose. When we look into the ecclesiastical life of this people, we are tempted to believe that some potent spirits had transported over the sea the cells of the valley of the Nile, with all their hermits, its monasteries with all their inmates, and had settled them down in the Western Isle ;—an isle which, in the lapse of three centuries, gave eight hundred and fifty saints to the Church ; won over to Christianity the north of Britain, and soon after, a large portion of the yet pagan Germany ; and, while it devoted the utmost attention to the sciences, cultivated with especial care the mystical contemplation in her religious communities, as well as in the saints whom they produced."

But in the eighteenth century, Catholicity seemed crushed beyond all hope of resuscitation. Yet as often as the Church has been "doomed to death," so often has she proved that she is "fated not to die." The profane wits of the Revolution had shouted "*Ite, Missa Est*," after their fugitive monarch, but they were mistaken. Even while they uttered their ribald jests, the unspotted Victim, the clean oblation, the Lamb that taketh away the sins of the world, was offered to the Father, in the upper chamber of many a house, in many a well-guarded "Mass-field," where the blue heavens formed the canopy, and the tangled branches of trees were as the vaulted roof of the Cathedral. The fragrant incense no longer wafted its wreaths heavenward, but the sighs of contrite hearts ascended thither ; the glorious ritual of Rome was no longer triumphantly chanted, but it was still whispered in secret by a faithful generation ; the pomp and pageantry of the ancient faith were no longer witnessed in those sublime edifices which that faith alone could raise, but a Church that had grown and waxed strong in dungeons and catacombs, could be at no loss for places in which to celebrate her tremendous mysteries.

Many a heathen tyrant had desired to glorify his reign, by exterminating the very name of Christianity in the world-wide domain

of ancient Rome. Maximin even boasted that he had seen this victory achieved. Yet some who had heard his vain boast, lived to see Christianity commence, on the seven hills of imperial Rome, her eternal reign destined to extend to realms the most ambitious of the Cæsars never dreamt of. And though the "Gentiles raged, and the people devised vain things, and the kings of the earth stood up against the Lord and against His Christ," and the best blood in many lands has been shed and is still being shed, no human power can prevail against the indestructible Church, and *Missa Est* will never be true otherwise than as that Church understands it.

Thus Catherine's father could remember the time when a chief-justice declared that "the laws did not presume a papist to exist in the kingdom of Ireland;" but let the persecution cease for a while, remove the pressure of the penal laws, and the Church will be seen to rise phœnix-like from her ashes, immortal in her youth, but venerable in her antiquity; transcendent in her beauty, though she wears the stigmata of persecution; without spot or wrinkle, though the world and hell have done their worst upon her; the beauteous Bride of the Lamb, ever adorned and ever adorning herself to meet her Spouse in heaven!

The first gleam of hope that burst upon the persecuted race, was the result of a tragic event which occurred in 1745, and which Catherine's father well remembered. On St. Patrick's day, a courageous priest having ventured to celebrate Mass in a large store in Cook-street, Dublin, the people assembled in immense crowds to assist at the Holy Sacrifice. Mothers held up their little ones to gaze on the rude altar; every one must see the priest, every one must hear his voice. It is St. Patrick's day, and all are eager to confess the faith which St. Patrick preached to their ancestors. But no house could contain such multitudes; the building gave way; many were maimed and bruised, and the officiating priest, with nine of his flock, became martyrs on the spot! Shocked at this tragedy, the Earl of Chesterfield, then viceroy, moved by pity rather than by a sense of justice, *connived* at the reopening of a few old Catholic chapels. These remained unnoticed for years, their respective congregations quietly but steadily increasing. Po-

litical reasons, not the least of which was the success of the American Revolution, moved the Government to make a few "concessions to His Majesty's Catholic subjects," and gave rise to hopes not fully realized till 1829, when the barbarous code that would have disgraced even a Nero, was *almost* entirely wiped from the statute-book.

While, however, the penal laws were still in full force, a school was opened in Cork by the devoted Nano Nagle, the reviver of education and monasticism in Ireland. And here it may not be out of place to give the reader a glance at the history of that illustrious woman. Born in 1728, of an ancient family which had remained true to the faith through all the horrors of persecution, she was, while still a child, sent to France to acquire an education suitable to her rank. Noble Irish families then moved in the highest French society, and Miss Nagle, gifted as she was with beauty and talent, had no sooner completed her studies than she plunged into the vortex of fashionable life with all the ardor of her impetuous nature. The star wherever she appeared, she shone with peculiar lustre at the brilliant Court of Louis XV. Indeed, her pious mother sometimes wept over the frivolity of her beautiful daughter; but her father was not the only one who protested that "after all there was something good in poor Honorie." The world never completely dried up her heart, and amid all her levity she still retained one good quality, which is never the only good one in the soul that possesses it—compassion for the poor. Ere she had completed her twentieth year, an occurrence seemingly accidental changed the whole tenor of her life; and to her fidelity to grace on that occasion is due the salvation of innumerable souls. Returning one morning from a ball, she observed a group of poor people at the gate of a church, waiting for admission, that they might consecrate to the Author of their being the actions of the day, and beg His blessing through the merits of the Divine Victim then about to be offered up. A mingled feeling of shame and sorrow stole upon her as she contrasted their humble, fervent piety, with the illusions of the scene from which she had recently passed, and grace touched her heart with such powerful effect, that from a fine, fashionable lady, she became a meek and humble follower of

the Cross. Hence we find her no more in the salons of Paris; her future home is the dingy schoolroom, where half by stealth she contrives to assemble poor children, or the dismal garrets and half-entombed cellars, where the sick and the destitute wasted away uncared for and unknown. Her director, Rev. Father Doran, an Irish Jesuit, approved of her design of devoting her life and her wealth to the education of the poor in her native land.

To advance this object, she tried to prevail on some French Ursulines to accompany her to Ireland; but their superiors being unwilling to allow them to risk their lives in the cause, she was obliged to wait until some Irish ladies whom she had induced to make their novitiate at Dieppe, were ready to undertake the perilous enterprise of restoring monastic discipline in that land of persecution. Meanwhile she built in Cork a convent for their reception—the first erected in Ireland since the Reformation.

Little did the French Ursulines who refused to aid Miss Nagle imagine, that a few years later, when all the convents of their own country would be abandoned and their inmates exiled or guillotined, their Irish Sisters would be firmly established in the land *they* deemed so insecure; and the penal laws repealed or fallen into desuetude, they would be able to open their hearts and homes to many unfortunate *emigrées*,* especially those of their own Order.

On their homeward journey, the Irish Ursulines enjoyed the hospitality of the Royal Abbey of St. Denis, in which the Princess Louise Marie, daughter of Louis XV. and Marie of Poland, was then a novice. This high-born lady, who had cheerfully exchanged the gorgeous robes of a daughter of France for the coarse serge of a poor Carmelite, treated the Irish Religious with peculiar kindness, assured them of frequent remembrance in her prayers, and when she learned the object of their dangerous mission, enthusiastically exclaimed: "Oh that I could accompany you! Your des-

* Mesdames de St. Jean White, Ste. Hélène de Kavanagh, Keatinge, Bastia, Cinquemars, &c. The number of Irish names found among the French aristocracy, may be partly accounted for by the fact that many of the Irish who exiled themselves with the Stuarts, 1689, never returned to their native land. Their descendants continued to share the Chateau St. Germain with the Scotch and English exiles, long after the death of Maria Beatrix, its last royal inmate.

tiny is glorious indeed. Happy shall I be, if I obtain a place at your feet in heaven !"

This amiable princess was of a singularly bright and happy disposition. She bore the rigors of her penitential life with serenity, or rather with joy. "Cheerfulness," she would often say, "is the best gilding for the rough pill of mortification." In the almost insuperable difficulties of their new home, the Irish religious were animated by the remembrance of the virtues of the royal Carmelite who had shown herself so courteous to them, and so friendly to their country.

In 1777, Nano Nagle founded the Presentation Order for the education of poor children *only ;* but, though venerated as Foundress by the Ursuline and Presentation Nuns of Ireland, she never assumed the habit of either Institute. She loved too well the desolate homes of the poor and sick, and the example of Him whose feet were wearied in seeking the lost sheep of the house of Israel, to allow herself the comparative ease of a cloistered home. Or rather, such was not her vocation.

Concluding a notice of this great woman, whom they justly style "the precursor of the numerous establishments for religious and literary training now so extensively diffused through Ireland," the Christian Brothers say :

"Without detracting in the least from the brilliant reputation of the gifted Felicia Hemans, or the more masculine genius of him who has penetrated the abyss of the heavens and trod the milky way, or the rare talents and practical wisdom of our own countrywoman who has written so ably on the duties and moralities of social life, we venture to assert that the records of the three kingdoms cannot produce, in ancient or modern times, a female who has achieved more for the cause of education and religion, and proved a greater benefactress to the poor, than this lady, whose only monument is the institutions which she raised."

How just is this observation ! For what are the sublime achievements of a Hemans, a Herschel, or a Somerville, compared to the feat she performs who rescues from ruin or perdition the meanest among her fellow-creatures ? And how many of these did Nano Nagle rescue !

Among the poor, in the southern districts of Cork, traditions of Nano Nagle are not yet extinct. The aged crone will tell of a tall, stately figure, wrapped in a long dark mantle, who glided, spectre-like, from cellar to attic, to assist the sick. Her step was firm, but almost noiseless, and she usually carried a lantern to guide her through the darkness, gas not having been yet invented. The children who met her on these missions of mercy would gaze with awe on the mysterious figure. It would not be easy to persuade them that she was a mortal like themselves.

Nano Nagle sleeps among the poor she loved so well; a modest tomb marks the sacred spot in which her remains repose.

A life-size portrait of this truly valiant woman may be seen at the celebrated Ursuline Convent, Blackrock, Cork. She is represented seated in her dingy schoolroom, surrounded by ragged children, whose eyes are fixed on their benefactress with affection and veneration. Though prematurely old, her placid face bears traces of the beauty that charmed thousands in the gayest city of Europe. The complexion is very fair, the features soft, and the mild, intelligent blue eyes beam with maternal love on her wretched pupils. A homely muslin cap conceals the noble head, and the figure is almost hidden in the folds of a large black shawl. The portrait would indicate a woman of sixty-five or seventy, though the original was only fifty-six at the time of her death.

The new Orders had not made much progress when they received a terrible shock in the apostasy of Dr. Butler, Bishop of Cork. He had arranged to officiate at the profession of an Ursuline on the 23d of January, 1787, but instead of keeping his appointment, he wrote a hurried apology, and sent his vicar-general in his stead. Next day he was Lord Dunboyne. The celebrant at a profession is obliged to celebrate Mass. Perhaps the unhappy man, whose mind was fully made up as to his future course, shrank from adding a sacrilegious Mass to the catalogue of his crimes. There is scarcely any conscience so seared that it has not some tender spot. Nothing could exceed the grief this apostasy caused; and when, later on, the erring shepherd was brought back by a faithful sheep (his own servant), his bitter tears of penitence and his almost royal munificence, were deemed but a poor reparation for the scandal he had given.

In one sense, he was no loss to the new convents. He had thrown obstacles in Miss Nagle's way, but he never gave her any assistance or encouragement. Noticing this, Very Rev. Dominie Murphy says :* "Those who knew him best were not surprised at his fall. He never gave any assistance to the efforts made to promote education in his diocese, though his episcopal station, no less than his imperative obligation of providing for the spiritual welfare of his people, should have enlisted his warmest co-operation." May God have received the repentance of this unfortunate prelate, who certainly did not satisfy before his fellow-creatures for his sins. But God is more merciful than man.

Most of the particulars here recorded, concerning the first Orders established in Ireland for educational purposes, in modern times, might, a few years since, have been heard from an eye-witness, Mother Aloysia Moylan, the first who joined the Ursulines after their arrival in Cork. She had known Miss Nagle in France, but being of a delicate constitution, her friends could not for a long time be persuaded to permit her to enter religion. A life of seclusion agreed better with her than they anticipated ; being professed in 1774, she survived that event seventy-two years ! Her brother Francis,† called in Miss Nagle's correspondence "The Abbé Moylan," was raised to the See of Kerry in 1775, and translated to that of Cork after the secession of Dr. Butler.‡ He was a warm friend to the new Orders.

Though it was not generally known that the ladies who were stealthily gathering pupils in the suburbs of Cork were nuns, it was often warmly debated whether their efforts ought not to be suppressed. For the reader will remember that the laws which made it felony for the Irish Catholic to teach or to learn were still unrepealed, and that whether the Irish got learning at home or abroad they got it *illegally*. For several years the religious dared

* In his "Memoir of Nano Nagle," published in the Dublin Review, and in a separate form.

† Her other brother, General Stephen Moylan, was aide-de-camp to Washington, commander of "Moylan's Dragoons," &c., in the Revolutionary Army.

‡ Dr. Butler, better known as Lord Dunboyne, is sometimes confounded with his namesake and contemporary, Most Rev. James Butler, Archbishop of Cashel, author of Butler's Catechism, &c.

not assume their distinctive religious dress, and they were, day and night, in preparation for martyrdom. The corporation talked of seizing their property, but enough could not be found on the premises to tempt their cupidity. On one occasion, a mob was actually organized to accomplish the chivalrous feat of setting a few pious ladies, and some orphans whom they sought to protect, adrift on the world. But a member of the corporation, who had humanity enough to be ashamed of such work, dissuaded his brethren from molesting "a few old women who agree to take their tea together, and pray a little after their own fashion." He added a very conclusive argument: "If we annoy them too much, they'll take away their riches and spend them elsewhere, and this will not serve our trade."

We hear a great deal about the march of intellect, but which party gave greater evidence of common sense and humanity—not to speak of religious toleration—the Orangemen of the last quarter of the past century, who refrained from molesting an institution erected in defiance of existing laws, or the enlightened Yankees of Massachusetts, who, under a Constitution that guarantees religious toleration, burned, in 1832, a convent which was built without infringing on any law?

Nano Nagle, Mary Catherine Dawson, Aloysia Ball, Marianne Aikenhead, and Catherine McAuley, form the small but illustrious band of modern Irish foundresses. Physically and intellectually, these five women could hardly be surpassed; spiritually, we must look for their counterparts in the Lives of the Saints. We have lingered longer than we intended over the first, and we leave the subject almost with regret. We look at her once more, in the bloom of youth and beauty; we see her a sportive child in her paternal home on the romantic banks of the Blackwater; we follow her to sunny France, which she loved so well. We hear her charms sung by many a poet in the land where the age of the great Louis had only just terminated. Brave generals and astute statesmen seek the honor of her hand, and her heart seems to desire nothing higher than the entrancing delights of Parisian life. Yet, no sooner has God spoken one little word in her heart, than she quits all, and chooses a life compared with

which the gridiron of Lawrence, or the wheel of Catherine, seems a joyous thing. For what can be more intolerable to courtly refinement than a life spent in continual contact with the semi-barbarian poor, whom ignorance and oppression had almost brutalized? Merely to enter the cloister had not been so much, when ladies of noble and even royal blood deemed it an honor to forsake all things for Christ. But look at her, persevering day after day for thirty-six years, in her weary, thankless toil; look at her poor garments, the meagre fare, her ulcerated feet;* look at her risking her life hourly in her missions of charity; hooted by the rabble, insulted by the faction then in power, living amid scenes from which the natural delicacy of her sex, refined by high breeding, must have instinctively shrunk, and counting it all as little for heaven and nothing for God, and you may well ask: "How did she do it?" Natural benevolence never did so much in any one instance, though it can do a great deal. Only one thing could accomplish it—Grace: the charity of Christ pressed her, and she willingly became an outcast for her brethren.

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* Her feet were found in such a condition after death, that physicians marvelled how she could have managed to stand on them; and yet she never spoke of the intense pain they must have caused her, or even lessened her labors on account of it.

CHAPTER III.

James McAuley, Esq.—His zeal for instructing children.—Little Catherine Eleanor McAuley.—Domestic altercations.—Death of Mr. McAuley.—Responsibility of parents.—Ghosts in Stormanstown House.—Its inmates remove to Dublin.—Madame St. George.—Mrs. McAuley's early training, and its consequences.—Her judicious mode of governing children.—Catherine on "good manners."—Death of her mother.—Its influence on Catherine.—The contrast between the deaths of the mother and daughter.—Catherine's zeal for preparing children for Confirmation.

The owner of Stormanstown House was worthy to be the father of such a woman as Catherine McAuley.* He was a pious Catholic, kind and indulgent in his family, charitable to the poor, and a gentleman in the highest sense of the word. Though Catherine was hardly seven when she had the misfortune to lose him, his virtues had made an indelible impression on her tender mind, and the remembrance of him kept alive in her heart during the many dark years that followed his death, the dying embers of the faith. Among other pious practices, he used on Sundays and holidays to collect all the poor in the vicinity of Stormanstown, and instruct them in their religion. In those days it would not be easy to overrate the utility of this laudable custom. If the instruction of the poor is at all times a great work of mercy, what must it be in those real "dark ages," when there were few clergy and no institutions to promote it?

Little Catherine often witnessed his zealous discharge of this self-appointed but most meritorious duty. She was a beautiful, gentle child, with soft blue eyes and golden hair; even then she

* To the very end of her life, Catherine testified the deepest veneration for her father's memory. On one occasion, her brother-in-law asked her to modernize a little the orthography of her name—thus, *Macauley*. "How could I think," she replied, "of spelling my name otherwise than my revered father spelt it?"

evinced the germs of the charity and amiability so characteristic of her maturer years. Her disposition was very affectionate, and singularly unselfish. A little before her death she wrote : "One in my position cannot think of pleasing herself ; my pleasure must consist in endeavoring to please all." But her whole life was guided by that beautiful maxim. Often she would follow her father to his favorite occupation. With wonderment depicted on her childish face, she would listen to him expounding to the poor those beautiful truths which alone can sweeten the bitterness of poverty. Young as she then was, she never could forget his zeal and piety, and when she lost him, veneration for his memory grew with her growth and strengthened with her strength. Truly, the remembrance of their virtues is the most precious inheritance parents can leave to their children, whose immortal souls will one day be demanded at their hands. This legacy, if no other, was the birth-right of Catherine.

Mrs. McAuley was a lady of great personal attractions, a highly cultivated mind, and almost angelic sweetness of disposition. Loving fashionable society, which she was well fitted to adorn, she mingled with ardor in the gayeties of Dublin. Like some of the gifted women of the last century, whose beauty and amiability made them idols in their respective circles, she does not seem to have been imbued with much religious sentiment. Her moral character was irreproachable, and her gentleness and kindness secured her many warm friends. Mr. McAuley's singular taste for "vulgar associations" was to her a source of much annoyance ; and when the blind, the lame, and the destitute, who assembled on his invitation, withdrew, the amiability which, under other circumstances, seemed part of her nature, gave place to something not quite so attractive. "How is this, sir!" she would exclaim : "must my house become a receptacle for every beggar and cripple in the country ? It is, certainly, very unsuitable for a gentleman in your position to continue these absurdities. I don't know how you can employ yourself with these low, ignorant creatures."

The fair mistress of Stormanstown House was very liberal of these remonstrances ; so much so, that though she saw they had no effect, she usually eased her mind by administering one, at least

once a week. But proud as Mr. McAuley was of his accomplished wife, and freely as he yeilded to her in all things, lawful or indifferent, yet, when she sought to betray him into a dereliction of duty or principle, he quietly but decidedly showed her that he was master of his own house. Nor did he think it at all "unsuitable" for a gentleman in any "position" to devote some leisure hours to the instruction of those whom tyranny of the worst species had consigned to the most deplorable ignorance, and whose immortal souls, made in the image of the Deity, were ransomed with the precious blood of an incarnate God. Catherine distinctly remembered these little altercations, which occasionally disturbed the peace of a family, otherwise living in perfect harmony ; and child as she was, she could see that her father, though the quieter of the disputants, had the best of the argument.

In 1794, James McAuley passed to the reward promised to those "who instruct many unto justice." Unexpectedly stricken down in the prime of manhood, he was not unprepared to meet death's summons. He had been a faithful steward. His time, his talents, his wealth, had, as far as was compatible with justice to his own family, been devoted to the poor. His genuine uprightness, his extraordinary good sense, and his unwearied charity, had won for him the respect which virtue excites in friend and foe. The poor mourned him as a benefactor whose place in their regard could not easily be filled ; and well they might, for men like him are not common.

Under God, the virtues of Catherine were due to the influence her father's example exercised on her early years. From him she imbibed that devotion to the poor, that zeal for instructing, that respect for the Catholic faith which continued with her under very adverse circumstances. Hence, also, sprang the zeal with which she cautioned parents to train up their children in the way in which they should go, and the grief with which she saw that the majority of parents neglect this sacred duty. For, if a just God smote His high-priest, Heli, for negligence in the training of his children, it cannot be expected that He will excuse those who exhibit similar neglect under the Christian dispensation. What does it signify to leave to children immense wealth, if they are

destitute of the riches necessary to secure their salvation? Of what use are magnificent town and country residences, if the inner dwellings of their hearts be not sanctified by God's holy presence? In a word, what will it profit them to gain the whole world, if they lose their immortal souls? Did parents reflect on their awful responsibility, they would strive to ornament the minds of their children without detriment to their souls; they would be more anxious to leave them the precious inheritance of a Christian education than the riches of Dives. For wealth, without virtue, is rather a curse than a blessing; it only enables its possessor to plunge more deeply into every vice, and gratify every sinful inclination. Far from following the example of Mr. McAuley, some parents not only give their children bad example at home, but refuse to intrust them to those who would teach them to live on earth in a manner that will not unfit them for heaven; and who, while they disdain not a single art or science which might be useful or agreeable in after-life, never lose sight of the one thing necessary.

Mr. McAuley's children were too young to realize the extent of the loss they sustained by his death, but his widowed partner felt it in its full force. Her pecuniary affairs soon becoming unsettled, her friends advised her to sell Stormanstown House and remove to Dublin. She resolved to follow this counsel, which, indeed, accorded with her inclination. But, as if to add to her trouble, the "House" was slow in finding a purchaser. A report that it was haunted having been circulated, people suddenly remembered that in "the troubled times" a murder had been committed in the garden; the servants, of course, began to hear voices and footsteps in "the witching hour of night," and the poor lady, who was a little superstitiously affected, hurried, with her little ones, to the capital. Whether these appalling nocturnal disturbances arose from natural, *un*natural, or *super*natural causes, we do not pretend to say; but nothing of the kind tormented the inmates of the ancient mansion during the life of its late master. After some time, however, a tenant presented himself who boldly proclaimed that he cared not for ghosts or goblins; and the old homestead passed from the McAuleys, never to return to their possession. Some twenty-years later, when Catherine became an heiress, her

brother often urged her to repurchase it, and, no doubt, she would naturally like to do so, but she invariably replied that she regareded herself as steward, not as owner, of the wealth she had just inherited.

There were two houses in Queen-street belonging to the widow and her orphans, one of which was repaired and fitted up for their use. Mrs. McAuley soon found that real estate, in her hands, at least, was a very precarious source of revenue; and, through some cause or other, her income became considerably curtailed Among her friends was a Mrs. St. George, widow of an officer in the British army, who was very amiable, of a literary turn of mind, and quite remarkable for the grace and elegance of her manners. So dear did she become to the McAuley family, that they were guided entirely by her advice. She particularly attracted the children, and by ignoring Catholicity as a vulgarity, she soon almost extinguished in their young hearts the feeble rays of faith which their mother had neglected to improve. She persuaded their weak, sickly parent to give them a latitude somewhat premature in these early days, by allowing them to do what they pleased with reference to religion. The consequence was, that Catherine, who, through respect for her father's memory, refused to attend Protestant assemblies, "grew up without fixed religious principles,"* while James and Mary laid the foundation of their future Protestantism. Eleanor McAuley's conduct in this respect was but a consequence of her own early training. Like too many at the present time, those intrusted with her education considered religion a mere superfluity. There is much excuse for her in the fact, that there were not any Catholic schools when she was young, and her opportunities even of hearing Mass were few and far between. Nothing was omitted that could render her brilliant and accomplished, while she was reared in shameful ignorance of the dogmas of her faith. Probably her husband made efforts to remedy this, but we fear he did not find a very docile pupil in his beautiful wife. Not deterred by the considera-

* We quote the words of V. R. Dean Gaffney, who was Catherine's confessor for some time.

tion that her own brother had just apostatized, she allowed Mrs. St. George to persuade her to place her son in a military academy. Admitted as a Protestant, for otherwise he could not be received, he profited so well by the instructions he got, that he became, as we shall subsequently see, most bigoted and intolerant. Probably the college authorities bestowed extra attention on this brand snatched from the fires of Popery, and certainly their labor in this instance was not lost.

Mrs. McAuley, however careless about the religious culture of her children, was by no means indifferent to their moral training. In after-life, Catherine often reverted to the judicious method her mother employed to correct their faults, but she deeply regretted that it was deficient in so essential an element as instruction in the religion which she and they were supposed to profess. When any of them disobeyed her, she would say: "Now, my child, you have disobeyed me, and if I were the only party offended I should say nothing. But in displeasing me you have also displeased God, who commands you to honor your parents. I must then punish you, till you acknowledge your fault and ask God's forgiveness." The young delinquent was then separated from the rest of the family till the appointed reparation was made. She taught them to speak the truth on all occasions, to avoid the least dissimulation, and to treat others as they wished to be treated themselves. In every thing pertaining to their moral and mental culture, not even the famous mother of the Gracchi was more strict and exacting. Like the same noble pagan, her "children were her jewels;" in them she found comfort during the weary years that followed her husband's death. The ease and elegance of manner which rendered Mary so fascinating, and which, when united to piety, became Catherine's most potent auxiliary in promoting the salvation of souls, were, doubtless, the result of this early training. Hence, too, arose, perhaps, the high value which the Foundress of the Order of Mercy placed on kind, engaging manners. "A religious," she would say, "should be a perfect gentlewoman. Persons consecrated to God in an Order which labors for the salvation of souls, ought to be the most attractive people in the world, that their influence being boundless in their respective offices, they may be so

many magnets to attract all with whom they converse to Jesus Christ, their Spouse and Saviour."

At every period of her life, Catherine was a scrupulous observer of those small, sweet courtesies upon which so much happiness depends. She frequently impressed on the Sisters the importance of attending to the manners of children, servants, and all under their care. Apart from their religious instruction, she considered the formation of their manners to be of first consequence. Indeed, she never separated it from religion ; for good manners were, in her eyes, only the graceful expression of charity ; and any thing like rudeness was hateful to her, because it was so opposed to the sweetness of Jesus. Her distinguished countryman, Edmund Burke, well says : "Manners are of more importance than laws. The law can touch only here and there, now and then. But manners are what soothe or vex, corrupt or purify, exalt or debase, barbarize or refine, by a constant, steady, uniform insensible process, like that of the air we breathe. According to their quality they aid morals, they supply them, or they totally destroy them." If this be only partially true, the reader will admit the wisdom Catherine displayed in requiring her religious to pay so much attention to their own manners, and to the manners of all under their charge.

When Catherine was about eleven years of age she lost her accomplished mother, a loss of which she never could speak without the deepest emotion. Something mysterious and awful overhung this death-bed, which, as connected with her mother, she shuddered to recall. It was the remorse of the dying woman for what it was now too late to remedy. She could not get back her precious son, whose salvation she had risked for temporal aggrandizement; and her young and lovely Mary had thus early become indifferent to the faith of her fathers. Now death was approaching, it was evident that he could not be cheated out of his prey, and in the clear light of eternity which was already beginning to dawn on the unfaithful Christian, all things appeared in their true colors. What were beauty, and wealth, and talent, and admiration to her then ? In a few moments she would be before the judgment-seat of God, to answer to Him for the three precious souls He had confided to her care, to give an account of her stewardship ; and if she pleaded

ignorance, it could hardly be invincible ignorance. No wonder that the priest, who was stealthily introduced into the dying chamber, found it difficult to reassure the disconsolate mother; and the stupor of death having compelled him to hasten in the administration of the sacred rites, he found that she was gone ere any arrangements could be effected regarding the children still with her. This was the darkest spot in Catherine's retentive memory. When asked the full particulars of this terrible scene, she appeared too distressed to be able to speak; and when the Sisters perceived it caused her such bitter emotion, they refrained from making any further allusion to it.

It was, perhaps, this death-scene that imprinted on Catherine an intense fear of death, or rather of God, who can make the hour of death His hour of retribution, even when He pardons the guilt of the sins He punishes; and the result of this filial fear was the sinless life, which the venerable Archdeacon of Limerick considers more surprising than all the great works she effected for the glory of God.

What a contrast between the death of the mother and the death of the daughter! The one looks back on a life of worldliness and neglect of the first duty of a Catholic mother, and already seems to realize that "it is a dreadful thing to fall into the hands of the living God," uncertain whether He will receive her late, but bitter repentance: the other, who had spent her life in preparing for her last passage, is surprised to find its approach so sweet and gentle, and when asked whether she still feared it, answers, almost with her last breath: "Oh, if I knew death could be so sweet, I had never feared it so much."

Catherine was always assiduous in assisting the dying. In reciting the prayers for a soul departing, she was greatly consoled by these words: "For though she sinned, she retained a true faith in thee, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;" and she was ever most grateful to God that if her mother neglected to practise the Catholic religion, she always resisted the sophistries of those who would make her renounce it. She was never weary of impressing those whom she instructed, with the general rule: "As we live, so shall we die." Did our destiny rest solely with God, it would

surely be a happy one : did it rest with our enemy, it would surely be a miserable one. But it rests partly with ourselves. "He that made you without your concurrence, will not save you without your co-operation." The sure road to a happy death is a holy life. "Live in such a manner that death, however sudden, may not find you unprovided." Then will God, who is our first beginning, graciously become our last end.

Mother Mary V. Hartnett, in her memoir of Catherine,* says, that when quite a child, Catherine received Confirmation in Arran Quay Church ; but we do not find this circumstance recorded elsewhere. Most Rev. Dr. Troy might, in consequence of the dangers with which she was surrounded, overlook her youth and want of instruction, and administer the Sacrament as a preservative ; and certainly nothing less than a powerful grace could, in the temptations and trials of after years, preserve in her that love of the Catholic faith which she never lost. Certain it is, that to the end of her life she was most solicitous to have children well prepared and instructed for Confirmation, and she even inserted in her Rule a clause to that effect ; perhaps in gratitude for the immense graces of which it had been the medium in her own case.

Her intense appreciation of the gift of faith made her prize the glorious Sacrament whose office it is to rouse and fortify that faith in the Christian heart. She would detail its effects on the Apostles, contrasting the craven fear which, before the descent of

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* If it seems to any of our readers that we enter too much into detail, or record what seems to them of little importance, they will excuse us when they remember that there are thousands of readers, and will probably yet be hundreds of thousands, in the Order of Mercy alone, with whom nothing concerning the Foundress can be considered too trivial for record. But, as we have written this work not for religious alone, but for persons who live in the world, and as Catherine McAuley passed forty years of her life in the world, and in society, we have, in order that the work may do more good by having much general interest, related many things which we would suppress if we wrote for religious alone. We desire that many who would not read other pious biographies, may be attracted to read this, for we feel certain that no one can be brought into communion with the sweet and gentle being we have so imperfectly portrayed, without becoming better and holier, for Mother McAuley remains after death what she was in life—an apostle and an evangelist ; an apostle bringing souls to Christ—an evangelist painting Christ to men.

the Holy Ghost, made them deny their Lord or fly from Him, with the glorious courage with which, after that event, they preached Christ crucified, and rejoiced in being found worthy to suffer for His name. She would expatiate on the long and fervent preparation of the Apostles, and even the Immaculate Mother of God, made for the reception of the Divine Spirit, impressing on the minds of her hearers, that as Confirmation can be received sacramentally only once, they should not only prepare by a good confession, but also try in some manner to imitate the solitude and prayer of the first receivers of the Holy Spirit ; nor would she fail to suggest the dreadful consequences of an unworthy participation of this great Sacrament,—putting the terrible alternative before the little ones in language not unlike that used in the simple strain of a "Sister Poet :"

"But would it not be over-sad,
If, by some hidden sin,
I missed the sevenfold tide of grace
The Holy Ghost will bring ?
And if the sign, the awful sign,
Upon my soul should be
A mark to bring God's judgment down
With surer stroke on me !"

CHAPTER IV.

Surgeon Conway.—Catherine and Mary removed from all Catholic influence.—The two Cathedrals of Dublin.—Amiability of Catherine.—She essays to write Latin exercises.—The pedagogue.—Catherine's religious difficulties.—Her esteem for her Protestant friends.—Her theological and historical studies.—Surgeon Conway's financial reverse.—Catherine's cheerfulness under affliction.—She is adopted by the wealthy owner of Coolock House.—Dean Lubé.—Very Rev. Dr. Betagh.

AFTER Mrs. McAuley's death, her children, now orphans indeed, were placed under the care of their nearest friend, Surgeon Conway,* a relative of their mother's. He had them removed to his own house, and undertook the responsibility of their education In this gentleman they found a kind father ; he treated them as his own children, and Catherine at least could never forget his considerate kindness. Had he not thus given her a home, his own child and grandchildren had perhaps wanted one, as we shall see in the sequel, so true is it that even in this world charity seldom loses its reward.

The surgeon was a rigid Protestant. It would be considered a vulgarity and a species of disloyalty to mention Catholicity in his fashionable and well-regulated mansion. Had not Catherine been early familiarized with the persecuted creed of her ancestors, she might have reached maturity without becoming aware that it was still professed by the great majority of her country people, or even that it existed in her native land, so skilfully did her guardian keep his wards aloof from every thing calculated to remind them of the

* The property of these children was sold and the proceeds vested for their use in the Apothecaries' Hall, Mary-street, Dublin. Connected with this establishment was a Mr. Armstrong, a relative of Mrs. McAuley's, in whose family Catherine lived for some time, but we cannot now find at what period of her girlhood. She always spoke of Mr. Armstrong as a very kind man, but most bigoted.

faith of their parents. She was not acquainted with a single Catholic, and she might have walked through the city without recognizing a Catholic church. The sweet tones of the Mass or Vesper bell never fell on her ears ; the glorious Cathedral, with "its silent finger pointing up to heaven," never gladdened her eyes. In those days bells and steeples were allowed only in connection with the "Church by law established." The Catholic chapels were in the most obscure parts ; nor dare they venture any ornament, save the modest cross, the beacon of hope to fallen man. Of the two Cathedrals* of Dublin, neither was in the possession of the religion that raised it. Near St. Patrick's she might have seen the well in which the great apostle baptized a native prince, and the cave in which he said Mass ; but on entering that ancient fane, she would at once perceive that the unspotted Sacrifice was no longer offered there, though the grim-looking Irish Saints, that refuse to come out of their niches, are not the only tokens the old Cathedral bears of the religion which faithful generations practised within its walls for ten or eleven centuries.

Although Catherine could not be induced by threats or promises to join in Protestant worship, she soon endeared herself to every member of the surgeon's family. Her unvarying kindness and gentleness, her efforts to promote the happiness of others, and her exquisite considerateness, could not but win affection and esteem. She was, indeed, a creature "made to be loved." Mary, who, like her mother, was of a most amiable disposition, was fond of dress and amusement, but Catherine never cared for these things. The

* Dublin is singular in possessing two Cathedrals. St. Patrick's was used in time of peace, and Christ Church, without the walls, in time of war. The latter has obtained a melancholy celebrity. From its pulpit the doctrines of the Reformation were first promulgated in Ireland, the preacher being George Brown, an English apostate friar. Here, too, he outraged popular feeling by breaking that time-honored crozier with which tradition asserted that St. Patrick drove the reptiles out of Ireland, a relic known by the beautiful name of "The Staff of Jesus" (Baculum Christi).

In St. Patrick's harangued that wittiest and most eccentric of Irishmen, Dean Swift. In the densely populated districts near the Cathedral, he is still called, by way of eminence, "The Dean ;" and the descendants of the poor people, whose liberties he did not a little to restore, delight in maintaining that he died a Catholic. Catherine's father might have seen and known him.

greatest trouble of her childhood arose from the pain she once unconsciously inflicted on her sister, by inadvertently mentioning to her mother some fault of pride that haughty little lady had committed. Mrs. McAuley, having investigated the matter, judged this fault so serious that, in punishment of it, she locked Mary in a dark room, in which, by some ingenious contrivance, flames were represented, to give the fair prisoner some idea of the flames to which pride may conduct handsome people who will not be good. Poor Catherine was inconsolable. She followed the poor child through the scene of terror and disgrace, hovering round her like a guardian spirit, and yet ashamed, because of what she deemed her own unkindness, to look her sister in the face.

James, before he improved into the precise gentleman he afterwards became, was a wild, reckless youth. Besides his English and mathematical studies, he began Latin very young, as is customary in Ireland. But having a propensity for play in a higher degree than most other boys, his Horace generally remained unmolested in his satchel, his translation was forgotten, and his exercise unwritten. The pedagogues of the olden times, however, were not men to be trifled with. They were not accustomed to spoil the child by sparing the rod ; hence poor James often fell in for very impolite glances of his master's awful eye, and what he deemed still more disagreeable, an unmannerly application of the same gentleman's ferule. Under such unquestionably distressing circumstances he would apply to his sweet sister for consolation, which he invariably received, with a friendly promise of saving him from similar indignities in future by interrupting his play when it was time to study. But the thoughtless boy was always interrupted in vain ; before evening came, the wounds of the morning, if not entirely healed, were entirely forgotten, and he preferred risking the dreadful consequences he knew to be inevitable, to subtracting ten minutes from his favorite diversions. Catherine sometimes wept in the evening at the thought of the castigation to be inflicted on her graceless brother in the morning ; and though he generally arrived home with the marks of martyrdom about him, classics and the rod had no place in his mind till the dreadful morning came again. She would coax and entreat, she even

offered to bear him company at the dull work, and sometimes wrote the exercises herself, to give him an example, a step which met with his unqualified approbation. But even this was not a specific. Though naturally acute and talented, she could not write Latin exercises by mere inspiration, and the verbs and declensions of that beautiful language were not only Latin but Greek to her, as James learned to his cost. For, one day having gathered up the result of her labors, he strode to school with a firm and independent step, and on being asked for his exercises showed up hers. The teacher, who soon saw that they were not his pupil's writing, dissembled this, and punished him for her mistakes as if they had been his own.

From childhood Catherine had not received any religious instruction, but the veneration in which she held her father excited her to love the faith he gloried in professing. She clung to the very name of Catholic with a strange tenacity, though, circumstanced as she was, it may be regarded as little short of miraculous that any Catholic feeling remained in her. Serious and acute beyond her years, despising the frivolities of the world, and caring little even for its harmless amusements, the state of her soul was often a subject of deep uneasiness to her. She was not a Protestant, nor could she with propriety be called a Catholic. She carefully practised the moral counsels of her beloved mother, but she felt that this was not enough. Good works must be enlivened by faith that worketh by charity. As she advanced in age she grew daily more alive to the insecurity of her spiritual position. When she heard the Catholic faith attacked she was obliged to be silent, for she could not give reasons for the hope that lingered in her. Her sister and brother made no difficulty of adopting their guardian's creed, while she was out of harmony with all her friends. Many a time such questions as the following presented themselves to her mind: "What, if after all, the surgeon's religion is the true one? Am I, who scarcely know any thing of religion, a better judge of right and wrong than he? Why do I not embrace his creed, and put an end to my own unhappiness? There would then be no disagreement between my friends and myself, while now I grieve them and torment myself."

Her friends, from whom her uneasiness could not be concealed, sought adroitly to work upon her feelings, and induce her to attend some Protestant place of worship, but this she firmly declared she would never do till she was convinced of the truth of the Protestant religion.

One thing which would naturally have much influence in attaching her to the Protestant persuasion was, the high moral virtue she saw practised by her Protestant friends. There was not one of them whom she did not esteem. She had found them generous, warm-hearted, and sympathizing, and she ever appreciated them as persons of sterling worth, whose bigotry arose from misunderstanding and injudicious reading, rather than from any desire to insult or injure those whom they regarded as scarcely better than pagans. Not one of them seemed capable of an unkind act; and if there were Protestants of an opposite character, such were not among the associates of Catherine McAuley. As St. Gregory, struck with the beauty and goodness expressed in the fair faces of the Saxon youths he saw exposed in the Roman slave-market, exclaimed, "They would not be *Angles* but *Angels*, if they knew the true God;" so Catherine, in a similar spirit, often said that nothing but the true faith seemed wanting to the perfection of her early friends. However, it is but right to add, that she was quite ingenious in observing and magnifying the good qualities of all with whom she came in contact; this was, perhaps, the most beautiful point of her very beautiful character.

Prevented from consulting any Catholic priest, for on this point her guardian was inflexible, she resolved to strive by prayer and study to find out the right way. Her powerful mind told her that every sect could not indeed be the Church of Christ, which her Bible described as *one*. Naturally studious, she carefully perused the works of eminent Protestant divines, with which her present home was well stocked. If she asked, with the sable eunuch of Queen Candace, "How can I understand what I read unless some one show me?" her zealous guardian, who was no mean proficient in these high studies, was instantly at her side to volunteer his explanations; and she seemed, as she afterwards said, to be on the road to Protestantism. But conviction would not come, for hers

was not a mind to be ultimately duped by the specious logic of error. The Apostles had a divine mission : which of the so-called reformers could lay claim to the same ? To be sure, they did not pretend to *establish*, they merely *reformed ;* but what reformation could that Church require with which Christ promised to remain till the consummation of the world ? Individuals may err in any position, for men are not angels, but it seemed to her like blasphemy to assert that the gates of hell could prevail against the whole Church in spite of the solemn promises of Jesus Christ. She was told that many things in the doctrines of the Catholic Church were hard to be believed ; but is it not precisely herein that the merit of faith consists ? If every article were so palpable as to admit of mathematical demonstration, there could be no liberty of rejection, and consequently no merit for reception. We do not call it faith to believe that the sun gives light and heat, for this it would be madness to deny. Whatever comes to her on the authority of Christ, speaking through His Church, she is ready to believe, no matter how repugnant it may appear to natural reason. Alluding to her struggles at this period, her learned and pious friend, Dean Gaffney,* writes : " The more she read, for she had a strong and vigorous understanding, the more she thought and studied, the stronger did her doubts become. The earthly and interested motives in which Protestantism had its origin ; the violence, contradictions, and mutual dissensions of its authors ; the want of those salutary ordinances which her own heart told her were necessary for her spiritual improvement, demonstrated most convincingly that the spirit which produced the so-called Reformation, and which animated the first reformers, could not have been the Spirit of God. Whatever inclination she had to become a Protestant utterly died away within her during the progress of inquiry."

Catherine's knowledge of history, a study in which she delighted, was a powerful auxiliary in keeping her in the fold from which she was in such danger of wandering. Certainly, if a tree is to be judged by its fruits, the Reformation had produced any thing but

* Sketch of the Life of Catherine McAuley. Dublin Review, 1847.

desirable fruits in the British empire. In individuals it was sometime even less fortunate. Take, as an instance, the very man who had most to do with its introduction. Look at Henry VIII. as a Catholic. Brave, polite, handsome, and accomplished, the friend of More, Fisher, and Erasmus, renowned through Europe for his learning, he wins from the highest earthly tribunal a title,* of which the deepest theologian might be proud. If three queens once knelt at his feet to implore clemency for the unfortunate apprentices, they did not at least rise without obtaining what they sought. If he had strong passions (and who can deny that?), he could be controlled by some means, or combination of means, natural or supernatural. But look at him after his secession from Rome, and what human being can read his history without feeling that humanity and Christianity are equally disgraced in this "Royal Bluebeard?" Rude, hard-hearted, and unpitying—obstinate, despotic, and revengeful—he spurns the noblest woman of her age, the daughter of Isabella the Catholic, when, for sake of her unhappy child, she casts herself at the tyrant's feet to ask only justice. Well did he know that it was no vulgar ambition that spurred on Katherine of Aragon to this extraordinary humiliation. Well did he know, without hearing it from her hallowed lips, that she "would rather be a poor beggar, with a good conscience, than queen of the universe and at enmity with God." But his heart was callous and his conscience seared; the pure devotion of this excellent being was lost upon him. The pleading blue eye of the frail young Catherine, and the thin gray locks of the rigidly virtuous mother of Cardinal Pole, the butchered Margaret of Salisbury, were equally powerless to move his stony heart to pity. As a Catholic, he compares favorably enough with many a prince before and after his time, but as severed and excommunicated from the Catholic Church, he displays himself a monster, a compound of beast and demon, from whom all things Christian and human have well-nigh departed, whose very presence defiled our planet, and whose memory makes us shudder. The study of his history alone, painful as it must ever be, even to fallen nature, has brought many a one to the true

* "Defender of the Faith."

Church. Even in the first fervor of the Reformation, its kings, as Henry VIII.; its divines, as Cranmer; its martyrs, as those of Mr. Fox, who were so often found in the body after martyrdom, and were so ready to purchase their lives by recantation; its virgins, as Queen Elizabeth; its matrons, as Anna Boleyn and Jane Seymour, bear but a poor comparison with Constantine and Theodosius, with Polycarp and Chrysostom, with Agnes and Felicitas and Monica, and so many thousands of the ancient Christians.

But Catherine's historical and theological studies were disagreeably interrupted. Surgeon Conway's affairs became so much embarrassed that he was soon on the brink of ruin. His family were actually starving. After fasting a whole day, she considered a little bread in the evening a luxury, and the bare boards became her nightly couch. Her cheerfulness never forsook her, and in after-life she used often say that she took her rest as contentedly on the hard floor as when lying on down and surrounded with luxuries. Hence she concluded that people are much better able to bear hardships in God's service than they generally imagine, and that happiness does not consist in temporal comforts, since many are very happy in the midst of poverty. Trials which in prospect seem unendurable, are not so very dreadful when we view them closely, for our good God always sends the grace with the cross. She would sometimes allude to the sorrows of her early years, drawing motives of instruction and gratitude to God from every occurrence, and teaching her children to make useful and cheering reflections on the disastrous events of this passing life. She had such a talent, or rather a grace, for consoling the afflicted, and encouraging them to bear up manfully under their sorrows, that she was often styled an angel of consolation. Indeed, nothing ever seemed to come amiss to her; with the eyes of her soul she saw God and His beautiful angels arranging and directing every thing. Her greatest trial arose from the fact that during her whole life, "the tomb," as she expressed it, "seemed never to be closed in her regard;" but even in this case she did not mourn as they do who have no hope, and she felt if she saw not, that—

"There are angels to watch by the graves we love,
And when we are kneeling near them,
They whisper our hearts of the God above,
Who knows His own time to cheer them!"

Catherine had grown up so rapidly, and had such a formed character, that she was taken to be much older than she really was.* She was hardly sixteen when she had several opportunities of repairing her shattered fortunes by forming an eligible matrimonial alliance, but nothing could induce her to accept an offer of that nature.

After some time, Surgeon Conway's prospects improved, but he never entirely regained his former position. Catherine was a Catholic from conviction, but it was some time before she found herself a child of that mighty mother, the Catholic and Apostolic Church, for whose propagation she was destined to effect such great things. She contrived to become acquainted with the Very Rev. Dean Lubé, of St. James', who consoled and encouraged her. Very Rev. Dr. Betagh, whose learning and piety then reflected lustre on the Irish Church, also fortified and instructed her. But God was pleased to defer her open profession of the faith till it involved greater sacrifice. She had now little to risk, but we shall soon find her practising her religion when she felt that such a course would make her homeless and friendless, and quench the first gleam of good fortune which had gladdened her heart for years.

About the period of her interior conflict, a lady and gentleman, distantly connected with her mother, returned to Ireland after a long residence in India. They purchased Coolock House and demesne, near the village of Coolock, a few miles north of Dublin, where they lived, according to their taste, rather retiredly. Visiting the physician in whose family Catherine resided, they were so struck with her gentle, attractive appearance that they desired a more intimate acquaintance; and finding that she was endowed with

* In mature life she was taken to be much younger than she was. This was owing to the extreme fairness of her complexion. Her godchild speaks of her as being "very young" when she became an heiress, though she was then past thirty.

remarkable good sense and cheerfulness, they became so warmly attached to her that they could not bear to be deprived of her society for a day. Finally, they offered to adopt her. The advantages of such a proposal were too evident to admit of its rejection, and towards the end of 1803, she was transferred to her new and beautiful home, where she soon became the idolized child of her adopted parents. Her affectionate heart was almost torn by this all but total separation from the kind friends of her youth, but in time her loneliness wore off, and she was not only contented but happy in Coolock House.

CHAPTER V.

Catherine instructed by Very Rev. Dr. Murray.—Mr. Callahan.—His portrait.—Mrs. Callahan.—Her generosity.—An unfortunate alliance.—Another.—A death-bed.—Catherine's godchild, Teresa.—Importance of prayer and deliberation before choosing a state in life.

NO sooner was Catherine quietly domiciled with her new friends than her interior anxiety, which had been partially suspended by the novelty and distraction of her position, became more violent than ever. The Catholic works loaned her by her clerical friends she read, slowly and prayerfully, but circumstanced as she was, she scarcely knew how to proceed. Temptations to shake her resolution were not wanting, and she suffered a mental conflict, grievous beyond description, but, by the grace of God, she determined to follow the dictates of her conscience at every risk. Framing some excuse for going to town alone, she left her carriage at the door of a milliner's shop in Sackville-street, where she had made a few purchases, and hurried to a Catholic chapel in the vicinity. Trembling, and almost breathless, she begged a few moments' interview with a priest, and Rev. Dr. Murray, afterwards archbishop, promptly appeared. He received her most cordially, removed her remaining difficulties, and instructed her for confession, inviting her to repeat her visit whenever she could. She punctually followed his advice, but it was not until after she had received the bread of the strong in the Holy Communion, that she felt courage to make her parents aware that she was determined to live and die in the Holy Catholic Church.

Mr. Callahan was a man of erudition and energy, whose pursuits were chiefly of a scientific nature, and he continued in old age to study his favorite branches with all the ardor of youth. In religious matters he does not appear to have taken much interest, rarely attending any place of worship; but, according to Catherine's

account, his character was without a blemish. Though his disposition was remarkably cheerful, his conversation was never light or frivolous. In appearance he was very prepossessing ; his head Guido would gladly have painted ; in his countenance gravity, intelligence, benevolence, and suavity were happily blended. A fine portrait of this noble gentleman used to hang in one of the parlors of Baggot-street House, which struck the late archbishop so much that he desired Miss McAuley to keep it there—a rare privilege for the likeness of a secular in a convent. His Grace was quite an adept in judging character by the countenance—seldom an infallible index—but in this instance he was not mistaken. One could scarcely look at this picture without admiring the venerable face, which seems to smile on the canvass. The deference and attention Mr. Callahan invariably evinced towards his amiable consort, proved that time, if it robbed her of the charms that first attracted him, had but increased his affectionate regard.

Mrs. Callahan was very gentle and amiable. Her health, impaired by a long residence in India, was such as to make her a valetudinarian and an invalid by turns. She bore her little troubles with tolerable patience, was kind and considerate to all around her, and regarded her husband with mingled feelings of admiration and respect. Born among the Friends, or Quakers, she rarely attended their meetings, contenting herself with mere moral goodness, in which she certainly excelled. In fact, but one thing seemed wanting to the perfection of this worthy pair ; alas, that it should be so essential a thing ; for, "without faith, it is impossible to please God." Catherine grieved to see them, like the Centurion of the Acts, practising virtue without the supernatural motives which make it glorious to God and meritorious to man. It was her constant prayer that, like the same Centurion, their alms and virtues might, through the petitions of the poor, one day merit for them the inestimable blessings to which the Catholic Church admits her children. The following incident will suffice to show that Mrs. Callahan was no common-place person.

A young man, to whom Mr. Callahan had shown much kindness, proved his gratitude by trying to sow dissensions in the family. Baffled in this benevolent project, he resolved to wreak his ven-

geance on Mrs. Callahan. He sent her anonymous letters, full of cutting allusions to her early domestic afflictions, and highly outrageous to her feelings. Some time elapsed before Catherine could soothe the poor lady, so bitterly did she resent these insults. A few weeks after, the mother of this gentleman waited on Mrs. Callahan to ask a favor for her son. When she retired, the ancient mistress of Coolock wept and sobbed bitterly, for excessive sensitiveness of disposition had been her cross through life. At length she called Catherine, and said :

" Mrs. M —— called to inform me that her son has been offered a commission, provided he can pay at once three hundred pounds.* Such an opportunity may not occur again, and she desires that I should prevail on Mr. Callahan to give the money."

" Well," said Catherine, gently, " you will surely do so ?"

" What !" exclaimed the agitated lady, " can I be expected to exert my influence in favor of one who has maliciously endeavored to deprive me of my husband's esteem ?"

Then taking the letters from her desk, she exclaimed :

" Were I to read these, no solicitation could prevail on me to serve him. He has wounded my feelings without any provocation, but I will not imitate his baseness."

Throwing the slanderous papers in the fire, and stifling the remembrance of the bitter tears they cost her, she proceeded to the library, and pleaded successfully with Mr. Callahan for the money.

Confounded by such generosity, the young ensign could not bring himself to enter her presence, but commissioned his mother, who knew nothing of the anonymous letters, to thank his benefactress for him. Mrs. Callahan, however, had so completely forgiven him, that the past seemed utterly obliterated from her memory ; yet he had offended her in a manner that few women forgive, and fewer still forget. Catherine, too, acted nobly in this matter, for the gentleman being distantly related to Mr. Callahan, she was not ignorant that jealousy of her position in the family had been one of his motives for insulting the lady of Coolock, though that lady,

* A commission in the British army costs about five hundred pounds.

with characteristic delicacy, concealed this part of the affair from her adopted child.

Besides Catherine, another young lady, a connection of Mr. Callahan's, usually resided at Coolock, who in disposition and taste presented a striking contrast to her. Her gay, thoughtless life annoyed Mr. Callahan very much, and he paid the enormous accounts of her milliners and dressmakers with a very bad grace; but Mrs. Callahan always excused her on the plea of youth and inexperience. She finally contracted an engagement with a young gentleman to whom her guardian had many objections, though he was unable, "handsomely," to forbid his visits. On the wedding-day, as the carriage, which had for its precious freight the newly-wedded pair, wound slowly down the avenue, Mr. Callahan looked sadly on the bride, who had given him so much uneasiness. "Poor thing, poor thing!" he sighed, "her troubles are all before her; her present bliss will not last long." However, he gave her a bridal gift of two thousand pounds, while Mrs. Callahan, who had supplied the *trousseau*, presented her with a handsomely furnished house. Before the tour was over, Mr. P. gratified his bride by assuring her that he would not have thought of her except as Mr. Callahan's heiress; and that he would greatly prefer a sensible person like Miss McAuley, "whom," said he, "I certainly should have espoused had I not considered you more likely to become an heiress." Supremely precious as this young gentleman esteemed himself, it is quite certain that Catherine would, or actually did, answer such a magnanimous proposal by a negative.

Ere long it was discovered that Mr. P. was a confirmed gambler. Being manager of a bank, in the course of a few years he broke trust, and finally absconded with a considerable sum. The last time his wife saw him was in a convict-ship; nor could she hope to see him again, for he was transported for life. Poor Mary would gladly retrace her steps were it possible, but she had to suffer the consequences of her early wilfulness. There was one friend who sympathized with her, relieved her wants, and assisted her to rear her fatherless children. That friend was Catherine McAuley.

A few years after Catherine's removal to Coolock, the dearest

of her friends, Dr. Conway's only daughter, almost broke her father's heart by clandestinely uniting herself to a handsome bookseller in —— street. When the aged man heard this, he laughed and cried alternately, like a maniac. The first ebullitions of his rage subsided, he assured himself of the truth of his frail daughter's flight, with all its attendant circumstances, and then quietly knelt down and invoked the most fearful maledictions on her devoted head. Every curse he uttered fell with terrific vengeance on his unfilial child; but God, who delights in drawing good out of evil, turned her heart perfectly to Himself. No one in her former sphere would recognize her, save one, who pitied her while she remembered that if the step were censurable it was also irrevocable. Mr. B. soon lost the obliging manners which first attracted his wife; growing moody and passionate, he inflicted on her many a superfluous unkindness, and frequently asked her what *he* could expect from one who had treated her old father so disgracefully. Catherine was her consoling angel under these cruel circumstances. Finding that despair had taken complete possession of her, she entreated her to pray for grace to sustain these terrible trials. Grateful to her only friend, the unhappy wife felt that the religion which inspired such compassion for one whose own father had spurned her must indeed be the true one, she asked to be instructed in Catholic dogmas, and was soon received into the Church, of which her husband also was a member. From that time her grief lost much of its bitterness. Yet the awful weight of her father's malediction pressed sorely on her breaking heart. Her beauty soon gave place to an expression of sadness touching in the extreme, and she began to decline very perceptibly. One day Catherine found her unusually sad. She said that there was a strange feeling at her heart which seemed to be the forerunner of death, and that she would gladly quit a life in which she experienced so much misery, were it not for her children, especially the babe of which she was expecting to become the mother. Her friend begged her to remove all anxiety on that point, assuring her that they would never want while she possessed means to assist them. The lady thanked Catherine; and, grateful to God for all his mercies, especially for having brought her to the true faith, she

prayed aloud for friends and enemies, and offered her sufferings anew in union with those of Jesus Christ. In this holy exercise hours passed by unheeded. From the shades of evening till morning's dawn she prayed on, unconscious of the presence of those around her. Next day she received the last sacraments, after which she spoke no more. Fixing her eyes tenderly on her newborn child, and full of trust in Him who has promised to be a father to the orphan, she calmly expired. Miss McAuley became godmother to the little one, and formally adopted her. This death occurred in 1819. Of the four children that survived Mrs. B., her son died young; her daughter, Catherine, became a Dominican nun; Antoinette and Teresa became Sisters of Mercy. The three sisters are still living (1866).

These examples of her early friends made Catherine anxious to warn others of the danger of rushing blindly into irrevocable engagements. Hence she would teach them the necessity of imploring God's guidance in the choice of a state of life. If, when we act in conformity to what we believe to be the will of God, and are guided by those who have our real interest at heart,—if, after all possible precautions, we still have trials to endure, and we certainly shall, it will be comparatively easy to bear them. But if we bring these troubles on ourselves, if our friends see in them only the consequences of our own pride and disobedience, we shall neither have comfort within nor sympathy without. Of the many who ruin their earthly happiness by one false step, few, like Mrs. B., make of their domestic afflictions a ladder by which to reach heaven, or seek to indemnify themselves for the neglect and unkindness of creatures by devoting themselves unreservedly to their Creator.

CHAPTER VI.

Dr. James McAuley.—Dr. William McAuley.—Table-talk.—Catherine's considerateness for converts.—Bigotry usually the result of early training.—Catherine's life at Coolock.—Her trials.—Her zeal for the poor.—Her views on the importance of the education of women of the lower classes.

JAMES McAULEY had, as we have already stated, entered a Military Academy, where in course of time he graduated with honor; and when his study of army tactics and the surgical branches of *Materia Medica* was completed, he became surgeon and staff-officer, served several campaigns under Sir Arthur Wellesley, afterwards Duke of Wellington; and having helped to gain the day the French so bravely contested at Waterloo, retired from the army, and practised as physician in Dublin. He was a most bigoted Protestant, and in politics was just such another Irishman as his commander-in-chief, if, indeed, his sympathies were not with the "Peep-o'-day Boys," or Orangemen. Mary, while very young, married Dr. William McAuley, a physician of some eminence. James and Catherine often met at their sister's, on which occasions there was generally a little wrangling about religion. The doctors would descant eloquently on the idolatrous practices of Rome, the corruption of the Romish clergy, and other topics equally disagreeable to Catholic ears, but Catherine usually remained silent. Sometimes Mary, who would not willingly pain even a Papist, remonstrated with the gentlemen for saying what must be disagreeable to their dear sister. This, of course, drew an apology from the brothers. They forgot that Kittie was a Catholic,—a fact of which, by their own account, they were generally oblivious. When the scoffing at what she held so sacred was at its height, she would sometimes say: "Now, James and William, you are discussing a subject of which you know but little. If you would patiently listen to an explanation of Catholic dogmas, you might perhaps revere

them as I do." Whatever they said, she never evinced the least annoyance, hoping that their ignorance excused them, and willing to give them an example of Christian forbearance.

Dr. William McAuley was diametrically opposed to every thing Catholic—the very term, Roman, was odious to him; bigotry in the highest degree was the peculiar feature of his character. The benevolence evinced for mankind in general by Caligula, when he wished that the whole human race had but one neck, that he might exterminate them at a blow, was reserved by Dr. William for Catholics in particular. He used to boast that he never, during his whole life, left any thing undone that could injure Catholicity, wherever he had the smallest power or influence; and he thought this was the most praiseworthy feature in his whole conduct—his chief title to heaven.

Thus, from those nearest and dearest to her, had Catherine continually to suffer; but God blessed and fortified this youthful confessor.

All her life she had the greatest sympathy for converts, for none knew better than she the rank prejudice in which Protestants were then reared; nor would she give much credit to Catholics, who had been differently brought up, for showing in their regard the greatest forbearance. What these gentlemen did, she considered to be done in ignorance; and whether that ignorance was invincible or inexcusable, has long since been decided by an unerring tribunal. "Condemn not, and you shall not be condemned," said our Lord; and if this divine prohibition had never been uttered, a little reflection should make us slow to condemn. For, how stands the case between my friend, who is a bigot, and myself, who am not? I was born a Catholic. I was early instructed in the sublime truths of the ancient faith, and trained to the practice of the duties it imposes. My parents did not omit to inform me that there were many who knew not God, many who refused to submit to the Church He established, many who belonged in name to that Church, but disgraced it by their lives. But they told me, too, that I must discern between the error and the erring, between sin and the sinner; and that, while bound to hate the first, I was equally bound to love the second. Charity, they said, was the

essence of Christianity; without it there was no true religion, for *only* "he that loveth his neighbor hath fulfilled the law;" and they admonished me to win back the straying by every possible means, especially by prayer and good example. And if, after all this, I am, or know that I ought to be, charitable, can I deserve very much praise?

But how has it been with my friend? He was born—no matter in what sect. He was early taught that there was one set of people on earth whom it would be a good work to exterminate. They were idolaters, they encouraged men to break God's laws, and then pretended to forgive them for money; they revelled in every crime, and those who tolerated their wickedness were accessory to their guilt. He was told how angry God was with Saul for sparing the king of a wicked race, and how the holy prophet Samuel cut in pieces the guilty Agag. Many similar instances were given, which we will be excused from recapitulating, and all came, perhaps, from a fond mother's lips; and who could doubt any thing from such a source? Well, this child grew up intolerant and bigoted; but could it possibly be otherwise?

From the period of Catherine's open practice of the Catholic faith till her happy death, she seemed to live but for the glory of God and the salvation of souls. Mr. and Mrs. Callahan, though they loved her too well to discard her for following her convictions, had been much better pleased if she had kept to the creed of her relatives, or even renounced every creed; and if they did not openly coerce her, they did little to check the petty annoyances to which she was daily subjected. Several of the professional men of Dublin were frequent guests at Coolock House, and she had but too many opportunities of hearing them discuss what *they* called Catholic doctrines: such as the idolatry of the Mass; the supreme worship paid to the Virgin; the despotism of the Romish Church; the selling of indulgences. Once, in the midst of a very animated discussion, Mr. Callahan challenged her to defend her position as a Catholic. She quietly showed that if abuses occurred, it was in spite of the commands of the Church and not because of them, and gave the company a concise explanation of her creed. Mr. Callahan was not a little surprised to hear her give such good

reasons for the faith that was in her ; and though a little ashamed of being puzzled by so young a girl, paid a handsome compliment to her controversial abilities, and did not attack her principles again. But the state of religion, at home and abroad, during the first thirty years of Catherine's life, was such, that it would not be easy to banish religious topics from any table.

At home, the excitement was sometimes intense. One party agitating Emancipation in every direction, another violently opposing it, and not a few remaining neutral. Politically, the country was in a very unsettled state ; and Orange disturbances in the North, and tithe slaughters in the South, were more than sufficient to keep up the excitement on all sides. The guests at Coolock used to declare that every murder and robbery committed, from Cape Clear to the Giant's Causeway, inclusively, were incited by the priests ; and that as long as there were men to give an ignorant peasantry license to commit crimes, the country could never be happy or prosperous. Catherine was often surprised to observe the one-sided views her friends took of every occurrence bearing a religious aspect. For instance, during the insurrections at the close of the last century, suppressed at the cost of a hundred thousand lives, it happened that *one* Protestant church was demolished. This fact they were never weary of lamenting, while the *sixty-five* Catholic chapels that were burned or demolished in Leinster alone, seemed entirely to escape their observation. The pitch-caps, and other barbarous modes of torture inflicted on an inoffensive peasantry on the most trivial pretexts, appeared to excite no sympathy ; while if an Orangeman got a scratch in a fray, their blood was instantly up. The fact that a few priests, finding their little mountain chapels burned, and seeing their flocks assemble in the open air, many of them bearing tokens but too eloquent of the torture they had endured, volunteered the opinion that it would be better to die in a fair field than to be tortured to death in so savage a manner, excited the execration of the visitors at Coolock ; while they ignored the fact that all the Irish bishops, and nearly all the clergy, used their best influence to prevent an insurrection, the results of which they could not but foresee.

Abroad, the everlasting Church had passed through strange

vicissitudes. Catholicity had been all but annihilated in the fairest realms of Europe. Priests and religious had been nearly exterminated by banishment or the guillotine ; the royal blood of descendants of St. Louis had dyed the pavements of Paris ; one Pope had died a martyr in a foreign land ; he was thought to be the last of the Popes. Yet he had a successor, but that successor had languished for eight years in captivity. Had Pius VII. been thus treated by an heretical or schismatical power, it would not be surprising ; but the sacrilegious hands that arrested the Vicar of Christ belonged to His Most Christian Majesty, the Eldest Son of the Church. A king of Rome was born, but he never reigned ; and from the hour when Napoleon stretched forth his imperial arm against the feeble old man that crowned him, his star waned, and in a few years, set in total darkness on the lonely rock of St. Helena.

If, in these events, as they succeeded each other, there was much to excite alarm in them and others, there was also something to excite hope in the breasts of people naturally sanguine, and who have, as a general rule, the happy quality of looking at the brightest side of every thing. But those with whom Catherine was obliged to associate, always saw every occurrence from one peculiar point of view.

The conversations Catherine was obliged to listen to were exceedingly painful to her ; so much so, that she often said she would a great deal rather absent herself from dinner than be forced to listen to them. To a very dear friend of hers, Mrs. Counsellor Dearing, she sometimes remarked that it was strange how gentlemen, otherwise so estimable, continually bore false witness against their neighbors the Catholics ; adding, that however erudite these members of the Dublin bar and faculty were in other respects, they were shamefully ignorant of the doctrines they took such pleasure in misrepresenting. Mrs. Dearing entirely agreed with her ; and when next the "monstrous state of things" became the topic, she gently suggested that there was one Catholic present.

Catherine was much pained, too, by the difficulty she found in attending to her duties as a Catholic. A rainy Sunday is by no

means uncommon in Ireland—that land of sunshine and tears—and her friends expected she would stay at home on such occasions. But she knew she was obliged, under pain of mortal sin, to assist at Mass on Sundays and holydays, and nothing could prevent her, except what the Church recognized as a lawful hindrance, and a shower of rain was not of this class. Once, Mr. Callahan peremptorily ordered her to remain within. She sweetly replied that she regretted she could not obey him. He objected that it would be cruel to men and horses to send them out in such weather; to which she responded that she could wrap herself up warmly and walk. This he would not permit. He was evidently annoyed at her "positiveness;" but she carried her point, and had the happiness of seeing the Catholic servants at Mass, too. Mildly but firmly, she showed her friends that she was determined to obey every precept of the Church, and they soon perceived that it was useless to throw obstacles in her way. She regretted deeply that she could not assist daily at the Holy Sacrifice, and approach the sacraments as often as she desired; but this was absolutely impossible. Though in the midst of Protestants, she rigorously observed the fasts and abstinence prescribed by the Church, and others suggested by her own devotion. In Lent and Advent she abstained from wine and other delicacies, which she always managed to do without attracting observation. From childhood, she never tasted food or drink of any kind from Holy Thursday till Easter Saturday,—a practice she retained till her death. She used, in after-life, to say that fasting and abstinence were but one thing at Coolock, for her friends never thought of having fasting-fare prepared for her—an omission which seems unaccountable in such kind people. "I was ashamed to take more vegetables than usual," she would add, "lest it should be perceived that I ate nothing else."

Mr. and Mrs. Callahan were so decidedly opposed to every thing Catholic, that they would not allow a crucifix or pious picture in the house; but her ingenuity supplied the deficiency—the panels of the doors which formed a cross, or the branches of trees which took the same holy form, sufficed to remind her of Jesus crucified Much of her time was occupied with reading and studies of a serious nature. She was very fond of history, but before many years

elapsed, she, like the great St. Austin, grew weary of every book in which the name of Jesus Christ was not mentioned. When alone, or, as she thought, unobserved, her lips seemed to move continually in prayer. When a child, she had copied, in a rude kind of type, the Psalter of Jesus, a beautiful prayer, to which she was so devoted, that, when a Sister of Mercy, she placed it among the daily devotions for Lent, at which holy season it is always said after Vespers. Till she grew up, it was the only Catholic prayer she could gain access to, and she was in the habit of saying portions of it during the day, even when she walked through the streets. The following passage she delighted to dwell on :

"O Jesus, make me always remember Thy blessed example, through how much pain and how little pleasure Thou didst press on to a bitter death."

The Universal Prayer was likewise a favorite, and she often repeated, impressively, that beautiful petition near its close :

"Discover to me, dear Lord, the nothingness of this world, the greatness of heaven, the shortness of time, and the length of eternity."

This prayer she recommends the Sisters to use at some one of their daily visits to the Blessed Sacrament, as that made after lecture. The Act of Reparation to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and prayers commemorative of the sorrows of Mary, also, were among her daily devotions.

Thus, laboring to make her own heart the sanctuary of God, she was no less zealous to draw others to His service. The Catholic servants she carefully instructed and prepared for the sacraments, and all the poor children of the village she used to assemble at the gate-house on Sundays and festivals. Aware that every Catholic arrived at the use of reason is bound to know the principal mysteries of religion,—as the existence of one God, the Blessed Trinity, the Incarnation, and Death and Resurrection of our Saviour, future states of reward and punishment,—she always commenced with these essentials. This she considered so necessary, that in the second, third, and fourth chapters of her Rule, she ordained that the Sisters teach them not only to the poor children whom they instruct, but also, if necessary, to the sick whom they

visit, and the distressed women whom they protect. Her zeal as a catechist was wonderful. Those who once heard her instructing could never forget the unction and earnestness with which she spoke. By her genial kindness she obtained an influence over her pupils which had a beneficial effect on their after-lives.

No one applied to her in vain for sympathy, relief, or instruction. If she had not large alms to bestow, she did not at least withhold her mite. There are things the poor prize more highly than gold, though they cost the donor nothing; among these are the kind word, the gentle, compassionate look, and the patient hearing of their sorrows. Every one can do much to alleviate misery and increase happiness. If we have not wealth to share with the indigent, can we not pour the precious balm of sympathy into the crushed and sorrowful heart? If we cannot break bread to the poor, or clothe the naked, can we not fill their hungry souls with good things, and teach them, by a patient endurance of their privations, to cover themselves with merit before God? If each did a little towards increasing human happiness, the world would be far better than it is, for "Mercy blesseth him that gives and him that takes."

Sometimes Catherine represented to her parents the distress that came under her observation, and they never failed to assist her to relieve it. Sometimes she would deprive herself of a fashionable article of dress, to bestow the price of it on the indigent. Of this period of her life, her friend, Dean Gaffney,* writes: "Every one who had distress to be relieved, affliction to be mitigated, troubles to be encountered, came to her, and to the best of her ability she advised them what to do. Her zeal made her a missionary in her district. In these works of charity and usefulness she continued several years, during which she was rendering herself each day dearer and dearer to her adopted parents. . . . She was ever indefatigable in her exertions to relieve the wants of the poor."

Catherine had a special attraction for instructing servants, because she knew that they are exposed to many temptations, and have it in their power to effect much good. Her zeal in this re-

* In his sketch already quoted.

spect never abated, and when God inspired her to found a new Institute for His glory and the honor of His Blessed Mother, she made the protection of this class of persons its peculiar feature. A striking passage of her Rule shows how dear this object was to her heart :

"The Sisters shall feel convinced that no work of charity can be more productive of good to society, or more conducive to the happiness of the poor, than the *careful instruction of women ;* since, whatever be the station they are destined to fill, their example and advice will always possess influence, and wherever a religious woman presides, peace and good order are generally to be found."

Every one will recognize the wisdom of this short sentence :

"Educate the mothers of your people," said the brilliant authoress to Napoleon, when he inquired how he could best promote the interests of France. But, because the mothers, by the usages of society or other causes, are obliged often to absent themselves from their children, Catherine would add : "Instruct the nurses and waiting-maids too." Certain it is, that the strongest impressions we are capable of receiving are generally made during the first seven years of our lives. Now, for that period, the care of all children, from the prince to the beggar, devolves on women—whether mothers, nurses, or teachers. How important, then, that these impressions should be such as to enable us to live well ! How many children have been rendered docile and obedient by the judicious training of a pious nurse ! How many, too, ere reason dawned on their young minds, contracted from a similar source bad habits, which all the careful management and holy influence brought to bear upon their after-lives, have been powerless to eradicate !

CHAPTER VII.

A soul in danger.—The Servants' Asylum.—The lost sheep.—Shadows of coming events.—Catherine's efforts to make the poor industrious.—Her moderate expectations.—The rich man and his heiress.

AMONG the visitors at Coolock was a gentleman who possessed a handsome property in the neighborhood, that had not belonged to his ancestors at the Conquest, nor, indeed, to his own grandfather. His reputation for hunting, gambling, selecting good wines and using the same, stood deservedly high; while his sons, besides being skilled in these accomplishments, bore in many other respects a very unenviable reputation. Reports of their freaks daily reached their father, but he foolishly excused them till it was too late. "They were wild," he said; "they would get out of it in time; there was no use in trying to put old heads on young shoulders—he liked to see a dash of spirit about young men." There certainly *was* a dash of spirit about these hopeful scions, but it was a spirit which wise people, more candid than courteous, did not hesitate to prophesy would end in *dashing* them to a place which genteel people do not like to name. When public opinion reprobated them as a public scandal, their parents remonstrated; but it was then useless. Parental admonition will not easily reclaim those whom parental example has first decoyed. Miss McAuley, who was not ignorant of the reputation borne by the sons of Mr. M., encouraged their female servants to come to her for counsel and instruction, especially the housemaid, who, unfortunately for herself, was remarkably handsome. Nor was she ignorant that, if poor in gold,

> —— "A very shower
> Of beauty formed her earthly dower."

And of that dower she was not a little vain. Catherine soon learned that young Mr. M. was more attentive to her protégée

than their relative positions warranted, and that, while she expected to become his bride, it was evident he was no more serious in this instance than in others. Sending for the frail girl, she reasoned with her in a manner so conclusive and affectionate, that she at once offered to leave her situation. Miss McAuley then rode into Dublin to procure her admission to a Servants' Asylum. Not imagining for a moment that her application could be refused, she applied at the Convent. Here she narrated the poor girl's story; but the Sisters could do nothing—it was the secular ladies of the committee that received all appeals—the committee met every Monday.

"But, my dear," said she, "the girl may be lost before Monday. Her case is a desperate one, I assure you. Can you not admit her at once?"

"*We* never admit any one," said the Religious, "only the committee do this."

With a heavy heart she turned homewards. There was a soul in danger of perishing, and no earthly means of rescue. The object of her intense solicitude, who was anxiously awaiting her return, thus accosted her:

"Have you found me any place to stay, ma'am? If I leave Mr. M.'s before my quarter is up, I shall have to go without wages."

"By next Monday, please God, I hope to have a comfortable home for you."

"Next Monday! Why, ma'am, it is dangerous for me to stay another hour in my situation."

"Well, my poor child, come again to-morrow. Perhaps I can find a safe, quiet place to lodge you in till Monday."

The girl did *not* come to-morrow. Catherine never beheld her fair face again. That very evening, Mr. M., who had received a hint of her anxiety to quit his father's house, met her as she returned, and all that Miss McAuley could ever learn about the fair creature was, that she was irremediably lost. Poor child! her career of sin commenced ere she had seen seventeen summers. Like a frail, but beauteous bark, which, after tossing bravely on the blue billows, sinks in sight of a well-manned vessel coming to the rescue, she sank into the abyss while the hand of Mercy was

stretched out to save her. Happy for her had her face been less lovely, and her heart less susceptible of the vile praises of the flatterer!

Another case of the same kind brought Miss McAuley again to town; but the ladies could not give a unanimous vote. "There were, unfortunately, many similar cases, the names on the books must be first attended to, the committee should be prudent; converts* thought these things could be easily accomplished, but they could assure Miss McAuley it was not so, they had their difficulties," &c. In vain did she represent the danger of delay and the consequences of refusal, the disappointment of the young creature who was looking forward with bright hope to such a protection from ruin that otherwise seemed inevitable. "The full number was already in the house; it was useless for ladies to make regulations if they did not observe them." Besides, Lady This, and Hon. Mrs. That, and Madame Somebody, were absent, and their colleagues did not wish to make any infringement without their sanction. She offered to defray whatever expense this deviation from their established rules would occasion; she even besought them on her knees not to let this soul be lost like the other. How they could resist her tears and importunities it is not easy to imagine; perhaps they thought they conceded a great deal in entering the girl's name, and promising to admit her when her turn came. This was all that could be obtained. Alas! before "her turn came," she had lost that virtue without which woman is wretched and degraded beyond all description!

The temporal and perhaps eternal ruin of these young persons caused Catherine the most bitter tears she ever shed. But the lesson was not lost on her. In the Institute she founded, she made the protection of distressed women of good character a peculiar feature. A house for this purpose she desired to see attached to every Convent of the Order of Mercy; and when this could not be established, she wished the Sisters to exert themselves to remove poor girls from dangerous occasions, to lodge them in safe places, and to procure them situations. She made efficient regulations for

* As Catherine's friends were all Protestants, she was generally taken for a convert.

admitting them to the houses in connection with most Convents of Mercy, without awaiting the result of the deliberations of a non-resident committee. A certificate of poverty and good character from a clergyman, the recommendation of a "pious orderly woman," or the knowledge a Sister may have of the danger to which a young person is exposed in a particular instance, is sufficient to insure admission. Nothing could exceed the interest she took in these homes for the virtuous. Her letters are full of it. She thought it a thousand times better to preserve virtue than to restore it. She knew that the woman who loses her reputation can never after take her proper position in society, no matter how bitter and sincere her repentance; and she grieved to think that good people seem more anxious to relieve poverty when accompanied by crime than when accompanied by virtue. She highly esteemed Magdalen Asylums, for she knew that "he who converteth a sinner from the evil of his way shall save his own soul;" but, though she permitted her Sisters to undertake the care of penitent women in places where the admirable Order of the Good Shepherd had not yet been introduced, she desired that they should chiefly apply themselves to *preserve* the characters of poor girls, by shielding them from the dangers to which indigence and inexperience necessarily expose them. Preservation is generally easy, but conversion, after self-respect and the respect of others are lost, is often impossible, and always difficult.

Thus did Catherine spend her early years in works of piety and charity, unconsciously preparing herself for her glorious destiny. Even now she might have said with holy Job: "From my infancy Mercy grew up with me: and it came out with me from my mother's womb. I was an eye to the blind and a foot to the lame. I was the parent of the poor. I wept with him that was afflicted, and my soul had compassion on the indigent. I have not made the eyes of the widow wait, nor denied bread to the fatherless."*

In her visits to Dr. Murray, she became aware of the wants of the Poor Schools of St. Mary's Parish, Abbey-street. She found the scholars very poorly clad, and though she might easily relieve their present wants, she had far too much prudence to do so,

* Job, xxxi.

rightly judging that it would be much more elevating to their character to teach them to do something for themselves, than to let them feel they were the recipients of charity. She taught them various kinds of needlework, plain and fancy knitting, and the articles they made she used to dispose of to her friends, adding a little to what they gave: thus she soon made the children see that they could earn their own clothing, and make it too. But desiring to interest others also in this charitable work, she established a repository in one of the school-rooms, where such sewing or fancy-work as was particularly well executed was exhibited, and she frequently brought her friends to visit the children, to praise their neatness and encourage them to contribute towards their own support. These benevolent persons usually purchased some of the articles exhibited, for which they paid liberally; and ere long, St. Mary's children were clothed as comfortably as they could desire, and they felt an honest pride in relieving their poor parents of so large a part of their burdens. According to her adopted child's account, who often accompanied her in these missions of benevolence, Miss McAuley wrought a similar improvement in several other schools, particularly that of the village of Coolock

In this she set an example well worthy of imitation. Remembering that maxim of St. Paul, "He that will not work, neither let him eat," she always strove to teach the healthy poor some means of earning their own support, showing them that it was degrading to eat any one's bread while they had strength to work. But let the poor labor ever so assiduously, there will always be plenty to exercise charity. Take the common instance of a peasant or laborer—say one of the best of his class, who does not drink, and is never idle when he can procure work. His wages are six or seven shillings* a week: out of this he has to pay rent; to clothe and support perhaps a wife and six or eight children; perhaps, too, an aged parent and some destitute relation. Now if a child dies, the coffin and shroud will run away with one week's wages, at least; if he or his wife get the fever, nothing can be earned till after recovery; if he dies, the whole family become

* Of course we speak of laborers in Ireland; but in case of sickness, etc., the class would not be much better off elsewhere.

beggars. The wife and children of a reduced tradesman who languishes a few months or years in consumption, will be no better off;—and all this is misery which no human foresight could prevent. More frequent are the cases in which distress comes from idleness, extravagance, or habitual intoxication: the poor children of a bad father have to suffer the consequences of his errors. Here, charity has to act alone; the sufferers can do little or nothing to better their condition: and such instances are and ever have been numerous. And this is all the better for us, for, "As long as you did it not to one of these My least brethren, you did it not to Me;" and how could we minister to Him if we did not see Him suffering in His members?

It is a source of inexhaustible consolation to the poor all the world over, that the Holy Family have sanctified *poverty*, and raised it above thrones and sceptres. But nothing ever sanctified *sloth*. Tradition tells us that Mary, now Queen of heaven and earth, assiduously plied her needle to aid in supporting her Divine Child, and earn wherewith to assist those poorer still; and the revelations of the Saints assert the same. Christian art has ever delighted to represent the Fair Boy of Nazareth, whom the Jews knew only as the "carpenter's son," standing by Joseph's side, and working at his humble trade; and ploughs, and other implements fashioned by the Divine hands of Jesus and the holy hands of His foster-father, were among the most jealously hoarded relics of the ancient Christians. It is good to feed and clothe the poor, but it would be much better to teach them some honest means of earning their support, or even contributing to it. Thus we teach them to avoid idleness, and in avoiding idleness they avoid sin. Besides, this inspires in the poor a sort of self-respect which is to them a great safeguard. "Help yourself and heaven will help you," was a maxim Catherine strongly inculcated on the healthy poor. She had a special compassion for those who had seen better days, or were ashamed to make known their indigence. Such persons she always assisted and supplied with work privately, anxious to enable them to keep up some little appearance of the respectability in which they had been reared. We are thus copious in our account of the works of benevolence in which Catherine spent her

years, because we hope she may become an example, as she certainly is a reproach, to many a lady who has better opportunities of aiding the poor, and more wealth at her disposal than Catherine had while she resided at Coolock-House.

All this time she cherished the project of establishing a house for poor women, though unless a glimpse of the future were vouchsafed her, she could hardly ever hope for its accomplishment. The beautiful face of the young girl whom she had vainly sought to rescue, haunted her night and day ; its pleading look was imprinted on her very soul ; and it was always a fresh bitterness to her to think how easily that poor lost sheep could have been saved. Frequently she would start from her sleep, her dreams being so vivid that she could not at once be certain they were only dreams. Visions of mercy disturbed her very slumbers, which no Joseph came forward to interpret. Now she was surrounded by poor girls who fled to her for protection against a fate to which the most cruel death is preferable : again she was beside some dying creature whom she prepared for heaven. Now hundreds of poor children besought her to have pity on them : again she roamed through the prisons instructing those whom malice or ignorance had placed within their dismal walls. Sometimes she wept and sobbed as if in terror ; and again her whole countenance assumed its habitual look of serenity. Mrs. Callahan's delicacy having made her a confirmed invalid, Catherine now slept in her chamber ; but on these occasions her presence there was a source of pain and anxiety to the kind-hearted lady.

"Catherine," she would often say, "I almost wish you never slept. It is frightful to see you. You seem to suffer agony instead of enjoying repose."

What did these visions portend ? Were they sent without a purpose, or were they shadows of coming events, cast long before the hopes which they inspired could have their realization ? Did God thus manifest to her, as to so many of His sainted children, the glorious destiny to be one day fulfilled in her ?

As the rising sun, when he peeps above the distant horizon, gives promise of the noonday splendor of his all-pervading brilliancy ; as the scarce perceptible fragrance of the tiny rosebud gives hope of

the gorgeous flower; as the silvery blossoms, that deck with unimaginable beauty the fresh green trees of the joyous spring-time, bid us expect the golden fruits of autumn;—even so, the virtues, the labors, the sufferings, nay, the very repose of Catherine McAuley, foretold her future greatness. Faithful over few things, she deserved to be placed over many.

During the last two years of her life, Mrs. Callahan never left her room. For many a weary month did Catherine watch by her sick-bed, bestowing on her every care filial love could suggest. Her eyes grew so weak that she could scarcely bear the least glimmer of light, so that her young nurse was obliged to sit in almost perpetual darkness. To remedy this inconvenience, she invented a sort of shaded lamp, which she placed in a position from which its light could not reach the patient. By its dim rays she read spiritual books while the sufferer slumbered. Thus, she continued to improve her stock of spiritual knowledge, and in after-life her intimate acquaintance with catechetical works, the lives of the saints, and the writings of the most approved ascetics, proved that she had not read in vain. Mr. Callahan observed with anxiety her care-worn looks; he often suggested that she should see more society, dress more fashionably, ride out more frequently, but she invariably assured him that she was quite content, and that any thing calculated to involve loss of her precious time could not increase her happiness. It was a subject of surprise to him that a young lady, handsome and accomplished, should, of her own choice, lead a life so secluded and monotonous. One day he asked her whether there was any thing on earth she wished for? She replied, there was not, unless it were means of doing more good among the poor.

"But if I were to die, Kitty, what would you then do? You don't seem inclined to accept any matrimonial offer."

She told him she had not thought of that contingency, but was sure that in any case God would take care of her.

"But, would you not like to be very rich?" persisted the old gentleman.

"Whatever God pleases, Mr. Callahan," was the quiet reply.

The owner of Coolock House gazed with surprise on the quiet,

happy face of his adopted child, and he knew she spoke the sentiments of her heart. There was something deep within her which he learned to venerate, though he knew not what that something was. He had known many a woman, old, young, or mature, but he had never known any like the gentle, unassuming girl, whose virtues made his happy home brighter. She was now blooming into

> "A perfect woman, nobly planned
> To warn, to comfort, to command;
> And yet a spirit still and bright,
> With something of an angel's light."

And of all who ever knew her, not one appreciated her more highly than the benevolent, philosophical William Callahan, who staked his thousands and tens of thousands on her virtue, leaving her his whole fortune, without a single clause to limit her in the application of it.

One day he suggested that, as her adopted father, he had a right to know what she intended to do with herself after his death. He was merely trying to find out whether there was any truth in the report that she intended to become a nun.

"I think I should take a small house," said she, "and support a few poor women, whom I could instruct and teach to work."

Mr. Callahan, greatly amused at this project, inquired how much would support the modest establishment she projected.

The future heiress mused a little, and then said:

"I think the interest of a thousand pounds would be quite sufficient."

"Catherine," said he, "your desires are very moderate, but if ever you possess wealth you will do good with it."

She could not help thinking that with a thousand pounds, which he considered such a trifle, she could gladden the heart of many a widow, and warm the shivering limbs of many a houseless orphan. The poor were in her thoughts by day and her dreams by night. "Lord," she would say, "you know I am unable to do what you seem to require of me. Give what thou commandest, and command what thou pleasest."

CHAPTER VIII.

Conversion of Mrs. Callahan.—Her death.—Her husband's grief.—Rev. Mr. M—— prescribes *wine* as a preparation to die well. The new gospellers and the old.—Mr. Callahan's conversion and death.—His will.—Very Rev. Dr. Armstrong.—His disinterestedness.

THE continual pressure of a disease more wearying than painful became, towards the end, almost too much for Mrs. Callahan. To bear her pains joyfully, or even gracefully, was more than she attempted, nor did she find tolerable resignation always easy. If the reader have known by experience what it is to endure the restlessness and sleepless nights of a tedious illness ; if he longed to rove through the fragrant meadows, inhaling the invigorating breeze, and yet had not strength to stand upright ; if he eagerly desired to gaze on the cloudless beauty of the blue canopy of heaven, and yet was unable to open the poor eyes, which headache, and heartache, and excruciating neuralgia conspired to dim forever, he will not be angry with our poor invalid for occasionally growing querulous and dispirited. Her friends were more grieved than surprised to hear that physicians no longer entertained any hope of her recovery. Poor lady, she felt that though her days were numbered, her illness would be a protracted one, and she was haunted with the fear that her friends would tire of her. Yet Mr. Callahan's affection for the wife of his youth never waned, and no child could love her mother more ardently than Catherine loved the helpless invalid, who clung to her, and expected her, above all others, to soothe her.

Morally good and kind as Mr. and Mrs. Callahan were, Catherine knew that they were scarcely less bigoted than her fierce brother-in-law ; nevertheless she ceased not to pray, and procure prayers and masses for their conversion. The fact that she was a Catholic they completely ignored ; and if her religion were men-

tioned, it was only as a subject of hatred or ridicule. Mrs. Callahan belonged to a sect which has given some illustrious converts to the Church, but perhaps fewer in proportion than any other. Forgetting that the greatest potentates on earth are Catholics as well as the grandest families, she regarded Catholicity as a vulgarity, and scornfully pointed out the poor Catholic chapels then in Dublin as "the servants' and beggars' meeting-houses." Catherine had often vainly tried to insinuate a little information on this subject. As soon as it was broached the headache returned with redoubled violence, and the invalid suddenly remembered that the doctors ordered her not to let any thing excite her. Another might have given up in despair, but Catherine prayed on, and hoped even against hope.

One day the sick lady, starting out of an unquiet slumber, asked her what she was reading. Catherine, hoping she would now have an opportunity of saying more on the subject, replied that she was reading a Catholic book.

"Kittie," continued the invalid, "I have often been curious to know what induced you to join that vulgar sect; your friends were all Protestants."

"And I would have been only too glad at any time to satisfy your curiosity," said Catherine; after which she gave a concise account of her early years, explaining what induced her to become a practical Catholic.

"But," said Mrs. Callahan, "what do Catholics believe?"

Catherine commenced with the sign of the Cross, and explained with such unction the sublime truths of her holy faith, that, like Agrippa, the attentive listener was "almost persuaded" of the truth of what she heard. Various points of difference between the old Church and the new were then touched upon. The one founded by Christ, the others by mere men; the one "believing whatever the Son of God has spoken,"* the others denying the truth of His plainest expressions; the one with the Holy Ghost saluting Mary blessed among women, the others maintaining that the Mother of God is but an ordinary mortal; the one venerating

* "Credo quidquid dixit Dei Filius."—*Adoro Te.*

the Saints, of whom the Scripture says, "Thy friends, O Lord, are exceedingly honorable," the other denying to them the honor freely given to the pagan sages and heroes; the one declaring with the Apostle that "faith cometh by hearing," the other maintaining that faith does *not* come by hearing, but by *reading* the Bible, though but a small fraction of the human race can read. The one a fruitful mother of virgins, apostles, and martyrs, the mighty mistress of art and science, whose zeal reaches to the ends of the earth, whose charity embraces all nations, who rules the world from the Rock of Peter with the tenderness of a mother and the vigilance of a true shepherd; the other cramped and stunted, the ghost of a Church, the barren fig-tree.

A new world had been opened to the gaze of Mrs. Callahan, but for many weeks she was undecided as to her future course. Catherine, with that exquisite tact, or, rather, supernatural prudence for which she was distinguished, followed up her advantage, always seizing the right moment, and never obtruding her remarks.

"I believe all you say as firmly as you do yourself," said the catechumen one day, "but I cannot receive baptism from a priest; neither could I promise, in case of recovery, to profess the Catholic faith openly."

Catherine mildly suggested that her eternal salvation was at stake, and showed her that, if we have been victims of human respect all our lives, we ought at least be honest with God in our dying moments, especially when He gives that conviction which He evidently intends to be followed by conversion.

"I cannot see a priest," said the lady, in great agitation.

"And why not?" asked Catherine. "You are dying now, and you can have nothing to fear."

"It is not that—it is not that," responded the noble lady, "but Mr. Callahan would discover it, and he would at once suspect that you counselled the step. Now, I cannot bear to think of ruining your prospects."

"Is that all?" said Catherine, greatly relieved, yet moved to tears by the affection of her mother. "God will take care of me. I would risk brighter prospects, and even my life, for your salvation." But seeing that the lady still hesitated, she added: "If

possible, I will bring the priest without Mr. Callahan's knowledge."

Mr. Callahan, who was very active-minded, had, on his return from India, accepted the post of head lecturer on chemistry in the Apothecaries' Hall, Dublin, in order that he might have something definite to occupy him. This involved certain absence from home on lecture-days. On one of these, Miss McAuley rode to a distant parish, and returned accompanied by Rev. Dr. Keogh, who administered baptism to Mrs. Callahan, and promised to return next lecture-day. Words cannot describe the delight and gratitude of the fervent neophyte. When Mr. Callahan came home, he was surprised to find her so happy. Death no longer had any terrors for her—she even rejoiced at its approach.

Two reasons induced Miss McAuley to choose Dr. Keogh for receiving her dear mother into the Church: first, he was an able controversialist, and the convert might have difficulties to clear up which she did not reveal to her instructress; and next, he was not personally known to the inmates of the house. She was not then aware that he had a very bad memory. Mrs. Callahan counted the hours till the time of his promised visit came, but he did not make his appearance. When relating the particulars of this conversion, Mother McAuley could not refrain from tears. She used to say that Mrs. Callahan's ardent devotion, her intense longing to receive every blessing the Church confers on her departing children, her eager desire to participate even once in the Adorable Sacrament, would excite fervor in the coldest heart. Dr. Keogh was again sent for. He came directly, and apologized for having forgotten his former appointment. Bending over his penitent, in whom life was almost extinct, he whispered softly:

"Have you been anxious to see me again?"

The dying convert, her eyes beaming with intense joy and her face flushed with happiness, exclaimed, with touching earnestness:

"Never was human eye more anxious to look on another."

These words were well remembered by Catherine. They rang in her ears long after she who uttered them was laid in the silent grave.

Dr. Keogh heard her confession, and anointed her. He promised

to return with the Holy Viaticum, but he forgot his engagement, or was perhaps prevented by other duties from attending to it, till it was too late.

The day after Dr. Keogh's second and last visit, Mr. Callahan asked whether she would have some minister to read to her?

"No, William," she replied, "I want nothing of the kind. I feel joyful in the hope of being soon with God. The last few days have been the happiest of my life."

"How is it that you feel so happy now?" he asked.

She smiled, sweetly, but made no reply. In a moment the death-rattle sounded ominously in his ear, and before five minutes the spirit had returned to Him that made it.

"Can this be death!" thought the bereaved husband, as he gazed on the face of her whose "youth had been renewed like the eagles.'" A smile still rested on her parted lips, and the awful beauty of death seemed lovelier than the loveliest thing in life. No wonder that the ransomed soul did not depart without leaving the impress of its happiness on the emaciated features. She had carried her baptismal innocence to the judgment-seat. Unable to procure for her Catholic burial, Catherine had Masses offered for her soul, and even contrived to put some "blessed clay" in her coffin.

When Mr. Callahan returned from the funeral of her who, of her sixty-five years of life, had been his companion for fifty, his face was haggard and his step unsteady. While she lingered, the excitement of seeing doctors, and bestowing every little attention that could please or gratify her, had kept up his spirits, but now his home seemed lonely and deserted; nothing could cheer him. The iron constitution, which the tropical sun of India had not injured, was soon incurably affected. This was natural enough for an octogenarian, but he had been so robust that Catherine fondly hoped he would live many years, and die without much sickness; dropping into the grave "like ripe fruit into its mother's lap." When pressed to consult new physicians, he replied that he knew enough of their science to be certain that his case was beyond their skill.

Rev. Mr. M——, rector of a neighboring parish, on visiting

him was shocked to perceive the change a few weeks had wrought. The invalid, who was beginning to have some vague notions that he ought to do something for his soul, asked the minister for some advice as to how he ought to spend the short time that remained to him. But, in order that the response may be fully appreciated, we must glance at what history and tradition say of Irish parsons in general.

It is well known that nothing was left undone to establish the Reformation in Ireland, yet the people continued Catholic almost to a man. Penal laws made it death to exercise the functions of the priesthood, but if the people could not have their own clergy they were quite willing to dispense with the ministrations of others. The Reformers, who proudly boasted that they had unshackled the human intellect, that they were friends of education and freedom, consigned to perpetual ignorance those who refused to adopt their peculiar views. "This was the unkindest cut of all," for Ireland had been a nation of saints and scholars, and in all her domestic wars never did victor or vanquished lay sacrilegious hands on her monasteries, or appropriate her benefices; this was the work of the Reformation. "While the restraint upon foreign and domestic education was part of a horrible and impious system of servitude," says Edmund Burke, "the members were well fitted to the body. To render men patient under a deprivation of all the rights of human nature, every thing which could give a knowledge or feeling of these rights was rationally forbidden. To render humanity fit to be insulted, it was fit that it should be degraded. Indeed, I have ever thought that the prohibition of the means of improving our rational nature is the worst species of tyranny that insolence or perverseness ever dared to exercise."

The parsons, of course, had little or nothing to do with regard to clerical duties. Each wore his orthodox costume, and drew his salary, and amused himself as best he could. Even as late as 1844, notwithstanding the influx of Scotch and English settlers, which Irish emigration and the sales of encumbered estates produced, there were a hundred and fifty-one parishes in Ireland that had not a single Protestant. But, in earlier times, Dean Swift's exordium, "My dearly beloved —— Roger," was nothing singular, for the

clerk alone was the actual representative of many a "congregation." But even if a full house heard the preface, and awaited the peroration, the preacher's eloquence was lost, for few of the people understood English, and fewer still of the ministers could speak Irish. It is not strange that men who accepted salaries for these fatiguing ministrations should not bear a very high character for apostolic virtues.

Verily, there was a direct contrast between the old gospellers and the new. Those had come with the riches of evangelical poverty, despising silver and gold,* and working miracles in the name of the Lord Jesus; while these with brigand chivalry demanded your money or your life! Those had healed the sick, raised the dead, and opened the eyes of the blind; while these murdered the sons of the widow for refusing to pay their well-earned tithes.† Those lived in the severe grandeur of apostolic austerity; these revelled in the delightful but enervating influences of domestic happiness. Those covered the land with monasteries and schools, which gave gratuitous support and education to students from all parts of the world; these tore down the monasteries and made it treason to teach in these schools. Those preached to tens of thousands on the green hills of Tara and in the

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* Said a wealthy prelate to St. Thomas Aquinas: "Brother Thomas, we cannot say as did our predecessors in the Church—'Silver and gold I have none.'" "No," quietly retorted the angelic doctor, "and neither can you say to the lame—'Stand up and walk.'"

† This is all matter of history. Collecting the tithes was the only valve through which the pent-up zeal of the parsons could generally escape. As late as 1832, a minister, whose name had as well drop into oblivion, ordered six persons to be shot in his presence for refusing to pay "the ministers' money." This happened near Fermoy, on the farm of Mrs. Ryan, a widow, who, for some reason or other, refused to pay the tithes. The parson gave the word, "fire," but it was not until six persons were killed, among whom were three of her own sons, that the poor woman paid him his fees, and in future he might take all she had, as far as she was concerned; she was too broken-hearted to offer any resistance. Later still, his Britannic majesty's invincible "Hussars" were employed in the dignified business of chasing to market, to sell for "ministers' money," flocks of geese, &c., owned by poor farmers. These feats certainly caused more laughing than crying, even among the poor people who bewailed the loss of their feathered live-stock. See O'Neil Daunt's History of Ireland, &c., &c.

sacred groves of the Druids ; the fowls brooded unmolested over their chickens in the pulpits of these.

The Irish peasantry might be very ignorant, but they had more logic in them than they always got credit for. They might not, perhaps, know that Aser's mother was called Zelpha, that Joel was the name of Samuel's eldest son, that Sephora was the wife of Moses, or that Job had a daughter called Cassia ; but they knew how to distinguish the shepherd from the hireling, and they judged the tree by its fruits. It was a crime for them to learn to read ; but the law did not pluck out their eyes, and with these they could read much, though they never handled a book. The wayside crosses, the holy wells, the roofless churches, the moss-grown ruins that studded their land by hundreds ;—the ruined monastery, beneath the shadow of whose blessed walls they loved to lay their cherished dead ;—all these spoke volumes to the hearts of an impulsive, warm-hearted people. Besides, the hunted priest often stole in among them, and celebrated mass in a field or in a cave, while their boys, from the tops of trees and from the neighboring hills, kept a steady lookout, to give warning of the approach of the "discoverers." Hence, after such barbarous and lengthened persecution, the Irish race of to-day is as Catholic as St. Patrick left it fourteen centuries ago.

But to return to our narrative.

Mr. Callahan was not, by any means, what is termed a pious man ; he seldom entered any church, and the strongest religious feeling he ever evinced was a negative one, consisting in intense dislike for the Romish Church. But he was a man of high moral worth and refined literary tastes ; he had a keen sense of the *fitness of things*, which made him expect something like piety from every one whom the law authorized to prefix *Reverend* to his name. Besides, he had some shadowy notions that the Book of Common Prayer contained special instructions for the dying, and he naturally expected that a clergyman would be able to expound them, and assist him in some manner to prepare for the awful moment, which he knew could not be far off. In health, he had trusted to his moral rectitude—in his last sickness he yearned for something more.

"What must I do," he asked, "to prepare well for my passage to eternity?"

Mr. M. was a jovial, good-natured man, who never pretended to any great fluency on religious topics. Affecting not to comprehend the drift of so plain a question, he rose, advanced towards the dying man, who lay on a sofa in the drawing-room, and bending over him with affection, not, perhaps, insincere, he said:

"My dear sir, I think your only disease is lowness of spirits, and you could hardly have a worse one. Order up the best wines* in your cellar, and make free use of them. This will strengthen you, and promote cheerfulness. That is what you want, my friend."

This reply to such a question seemed shocking to Mr. Callahan. With ill-concealed annoyance, he said:

"I have not consulted you on my physical debility, sir. These matters I refer to my physicians. I merely desired that you would give me, in my present uncertain state, some counsel as to how I ought to prepare for death."

His Reverence looked thoughtful, "would not like to enter just now on such an unpleasant subject, sorry his old friend wouldn't cheer up, we might as well enjoy life while it is given us;" and rising to make his adieux, promised to return soon. Catherine, who was a quiet spectator of this interesting scene, remarked on the placid countenance of the sick man an expression of something not unlike disgust. She had often wished to speak to him of the Catholic faith, and she now felt that the hour of grace could not be distant. No sooner had Mr. M. retired than the poor gentleman closed his eyes, a prey to conflicting emotions. Sad and agitated, he recalled all he had ever learned about religion, from the time he lisped the Lord's Prayer at his mother's knee. But it gave him no comfort. The Gospel seemed to him now but a

* This suggestion about the "best wine" annoyed Mr. Callahan the more as he was a very abstemious man, who scarcely ever tasted wine himself, though he kept what his guests called the best of cellars. He used to tell Catherine that it was quite a mistake to suppose that the use of alcoholic liquors could be productive of any good, or unproductive of injury; and his opinion had the more weight, as he was considered the best chemist in Dublin. He strongly recommended "well-brewed coffee," as a stimulant; but had Catherine taken it as liberally as he prescribed, her nerves had not been as strong as they were.

beautiful theory, as he asked himself whether the ministers who professed to expound it lived according to its maxims. If they do not, thought he, who can? And if no one does or can, what is it all but a fine speculation? And after all his rigid practice of moral virtue, his late aspirations after higher things, must he die with the *causa causarum** of the heathen on his lips?

This struggle did not escape Catherine's penetration. For a while she watched it in silence, then she rose and essayed to speak, but her courage failed. At last, unable to conceal her emotion, she approached, clasped his hands, sank on her knees beside him, and, powerless to utter a word, burst into tears. Now, Catherine was one of the most undemonstrative of human beings; it seemed impossible to ruffle her composed exterior or surprise her out of her self-possession; so, when Mr. Callahan saw this agitation, he felt certain something dreadful had happened. Soothing her with gentle words, he begged she would confide to him the cause of her trouble, but she trembled so violently that he was really frightened. When she recovered somewhat, he asked, as if pained by her want of confidence in him, whether he had ever given her reason to doubt the sincerity of his affection?

"I have loved you as my own child," said he, "and why will you not trust me?"

"It is for you that I am troubled," she replied, with some effort.

"What! do you think I am in imminent danger?"

"Indeed, I do think you in danger, sir; but the danger of your immortal soul is the chief cause of my anxiety."

"Be tranquil. then; you have excited yourself unnecessarily. Rest assured I will do for my soul whatever is necessary. Perhaps you want me to become a Catholic," he continued, with a peculiar smile, which meant—"You might as well try to turn me into a Brahmin or Mahometan."

Not in the least daunted, Catherine, whose tears were now dried up, candidly replied: "Nothing less will satisfy me, sir."

"Whether I am convinced or not?" objected Mr. Callahan. "I

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* "I entered this world in sin; I have lived in anxiety; I depart in perturbation. Cause of Causes, pity me!"—Said to be Aristotle's last words.

cannot, then, gratify you. You must convert me first." And here the arch smile again played about his lips, as though such a conversion were an impossibility.

She expatiated on the happiness and peace he would feel on becoming a child of the Catholic Church ; which she could the more easily do, as he had not concealed from her the terrible agitation which had lately begun to torment him. As she had a profound respect for his great learning, and felt timid of attempting to instruct him, she begged that he would see a priest. Merely to gratify her, he consented to see Very Rev. Mr. Armstrong, but simply as a visitor.

He received Father Armstrong with great politeness, listened to his explanations with marked attention, and, of his own accord, entreated that he would be good enough to repeat his visit at his earliest convenience. Dr. Armstrong was the first priest he had ever conversed with ; and the dignity of his bearing, the benevolence of his countenance, and his gentle, unassuming air, made a most favorable impression. He was at this time Catherine's confessor, and, at her request, many a prayer he had offered for the conversion of her adopted father.

On Dr. Armstrong's second visit, Mr. Callahan asked many questions, and proposed many doubts. Obstacles which he had hitherto thought insurmountable ceased to be such when presented in a different light from that in which he had been accustomed to consider them. There was now no motive for doing violence to his conviction, no self-interest to dispute the supremacy of conscience. There never had been any link to bind him to error, otherwise than the persuasion that error was truth, and when that link was broken, its hold upon his mind was lost forever. He was received into the Church by the Rev. Dr. Armstrong, and spent the remainder of his life, almost a year, in the fervent practice of every virtue he could practise on his bed of sickness.

Concluding his account of this remarkable conversion, at which we have merely glanced, Very Rev. Dominic Murphy says :

" The circumstances of his birth and position in society, and not any obduracy on his own part, had hitherto excluded him from the true Church. But now that all obstacles were overcome, who can

tell the feelings of Miss McAuley when she saw that her prayers, her solicitude, her untiring exertions in his behalf, were crowned with such complete success, when she saw him, as a member of the Church, receive the holy sacraments with heartfelt devotion?" Truly it was no wonder that she had such firm faith in the efficacy of prayer; she had asked and obtained wonderful things of God.

Catherine, in relating the history of Mr. Callahan's conversion, used to give several touching instances of his deep appreciation of the mercy God had done him in calling him to the truth. A few weeks before he died, he suddenly asked her why she had let Mrs. Callahan die without making some effort to instruct her; "for you know," said he, "that she was not even baptized."* A bright light had flashed on his own soul, and he longed to communicate some portion of its lustre to her he had loved so well. How delighted Catherine was to be able to inform him, that, for once, she had brought a person to his house without his knowledge, and that person was a Catholic priest.

"That, then," said he, "was the secret of her happiness," and he listened with gratitude and delight to the particulars of her conversion. He felt so grateful for the assiduous attentions of Dr. Armstrong, that he offered him a large sum of money to mark his appreciation of his kindness, but the holy man refused to accept any remuneration; and it was with difficulty he was prevailed on to receive a trifle for the poor: a disinterestedness which greatly edified his penitent.

On the 11th of November, 1822, William Callahan, fortified by the last sacraments, at peace with God and man, and consoled with the hope of a blessed eternity, fell asleep in the Lord. His will declared his adopted daughter, Catherine Callahan McAuley, his sole heiress. He left her absolute mistress of his wealth, without even expressing a wish as to how it should be disposed of. "She

* We may remark here that Catherine never used the name *Callahan* except in legal business connected with this will. Neither did she use her second baptismal name, *Elizabeth*, which we learned from her god-child. Her letters, before her profession, were signed, "Catherine McAuley; and after that event, "Mary Catherine McAuley."

will do good with it," said he to Father Armstrong: and so she did; much more than either could anticipate.

There can scarcely be a higher encomium passed on her than that implied in the fact, that a man like Mr. Callahan should intrust her in so unlimited a manner with immense wealth. Not every woman could bear this elevation as she bore it; many who have great virtues in adversity, or in a subordinate position, become remarkable for the contrary vices in prosperity, or when placed in authority.

CHAPTER IX.

Catherine's fortune.—Her charities.—Death of her only sister.—Dr. Williams' grief.—An exciting scene.—Catherine's midnight sortie.—The sentinels.—The reconciliation.—Her hair becomes "gray, but not with years."

THIRTY thousand pounds in the Bank of Ireland, six hundred a year in perpetuity, Coolock House with its appendages, jewels, plate, etc., the exact value of which Catherine herself never ascertained, and several policies of life insurance, were the principal items of Catherine's fortune. Riches did not, however, work the least change in her; or, rather, in her new positions, she dressed more plainly than ever, was more assiduous in visiting the sick, and more frequent in her attendance at church. She kept perfectly quiet as to the exact amount of her wealth. Several old debts, arrears of rent, and a few policies of life insurance, she never claimed, for she was too kind-hearted to press those who were unable to pay, and she had a horror of going to law with such as were unwilling. In this she showed uncommon prudence. Had she made much noise about these debts, she had only involved herself in expensive litigation, and perhaps risked the loss of her whole property.

Henceforth there was no more merrymaking in Coolock House. When Catherine became its mistress, she followed that sublime advice: "When thou makest a banquet, invite not thy friends and neighbors, lest they, in their turn, invite thee, and thou receive thy reward; but call thither the poor, the blind, and the lame, and thou shalt be happy, because they have not wherewith to repay thee." She now devised a regular system of distributing food and clothing; and her god-child, who is still living, tells us that these were daily dispensed to the needy, at the 'House,' where she then lived with her saintly god-mother, who thus early sought to inspire her with compassion for the poor.

In one of the miserable abodes of Liffey-street, Catherine discovered an old woman, a Protestant of good family, who, in some terrible domestic affliction, had completely lost her reason. She brought her home and kept her till her death, five years later. This poor idiot or innocent gave her much to suffer. With a perversity common in her disease, she conceived an absolute hatred for her benefactress; and her habits were such as to make her somewhat troublesome in a household. Among other peculiarities she had an inveterate dislike to soap and water applications, and a custom of stealing, through mere wantonness, every thing she could lay hands on. In other respects she was harmless, and Catherine humored her as much as possible, and would not permit the servants to tease her. She would not hear of sending her to a lunatic asylum, lest she might recover, and be shocked at not finding herself among her friends. But the faintest gleam of reason never returned.

For some time, Mary McAuley's health had been failing; but those who loved her refused to see the inroads of disease, though the deadly fibres of cancer were stealthily spreading through her delicate frame, and her lungs were being slowly coughed away. Catherine, her constant nurse, perceiving ere long the hopelessness of her condition, anxiously sought an opportunity of reminding her of the faith of her fathers, which she had entirely renounced at the nuptial altar. Fearing that this precious soul might otherwise be lost, she requested a consulting physician, a friend of hers, to prescribe change of air, which he did. But her husband would not hear of this, because his professional duties would not admit of his accompanying her, while her brother maintained that the benefit she would gain must be neutralized by the fatigue of removing. After some discussion, their objections were overruled by the invalid herself, who, buoyed up with the false hopes usually attendant on her disease, insisted on giving herself a last chance of recovery. A house was taken at Stillorgan, and thither the female part of the McAuley family repaired, the doctors promising to ride out daily to visit them.

Though Mary was never bigoted, her affections, associations, and prejudices were all Protestant. Too kind-hearted to share her

husband's bitterness, she not the less firmly clung to his persuasion. She was exceedingly attached to him, and would not for worlds displease him. In time, however, Catherine's prayers and instructions overcame all obstacles, and she had the inexpressible consolation of hearing her beloved sister express her intention of returning to the faith of her parents : "But," said she, "it must be done without causing any disturbance in my family, for if William knew it, he would cut off all communication between you and my children." Catherine instructed her for her first confession and communion, and brought to her Rev. Mr. McCormack, parish priest of Dundrum, who administered to her the holy sacraments. She survived her reconciliation only three weeks. Before she died, she told her sister that the thought that all her children were Protestants sorely grieved her. Catherine promised to be a mother to these children : "But," said she, "you had better acquaint Mary Teresa with your secret, and instruct her to obey me when you are gone." This was the eldest, a beautiful, delicate girl of fifteen, who was immediately called in.

"Mary Teresa," said the dying mother, "I want to speak to you in the most solemn manner, before I go." The poor child hid her face in the pillows, and wept passionately ; but the dying lady almost sternly bade her restrain her tears, and listen attentively to her mother's last words. "I am dying," she continued, "and cannot have many hours to live. You have ever been a dutiful child ; you have never disobeyed me in any thing. I will intrust you with a secret which you must not reveal till your Aunt gives you permission. It is, that I die a child of the Holy Catholic Church. I must leave you before I have time to instruct you, but your Aunt will take my place ; obey her as you have obeyed me, and teach your brothers and sisters to do the same. Be ever affectionate and respectful to your father ; he is a good father. Pray for him, do all you can to please him ; but, should he require any thing inconsistent with your duty to God, your conscience will teach you how to act." The afflicted girl having promised all that was required, Mrs. McAuley continued : "It will make you happy for life to know that you removed the only anxiety your dying mother had."

Next day, Mary McAuley expired in the arms of her beloved sister; and deeply as that sister felt this terrible blow, she exclaimed in the midst of her anguish, "The Lord gave her, and He has taken her away. Blessed forever be His adorable name!" Years after, she wrote: "The tomb never seems to be closed in my regard," and during her whole life, she could scarcely point to any period in which she was not either mourning for some one just gone, or assisting some other to die well; but of all the dear friends whose eyes she closed, the dearest was this only sister. Dr. William McAuley did not imitate the resignation of his sister-in-law; he seemed quite unable to control his grief. While his gentle wife lay in silent loveliness before him, he could hardly believe she was indeed no more. That face, lovely in life, was heavenly in death. That brow, on which frown never gathered, was open and candid as ever; but the dark, lustrous eye was closed, and the tones of her gentle voice were hushed forever. To him she had been every thing; to his children a devoted mother; he had never noticed any thing like a fault in her; and now, was she indeed gone—would she return no more to brighten his home? He knelt by her precious remains, but it was long before his agony found vent in tears. And when the scalding tears did gush from the eyes of that strong, proud man, he might have exclaimed as did Louis XIV. when he wept over his virtuous queen*: "Alas, these are the first tears she ever caused me to shed!"

Catherine, concealing her own grief, vainly tried to console him: his professional duties afforded little distraction, he became moody and morose, so that his children feared and avoided him. He soon perceived that their Aunt was already gaining a mother's place in their affections: this made him almost jealous, and he grew so cross and peevish that it was no agreeable thing to be his guest. Catherine, who could not blame him for grieving over such a wife, bore with unalterable sweetness the many unkind things he said in his fretful moods. He had always something dreadful to say of the Papists. Catherine, in alluding to the events which followed her sister's death, used to remark that she never in all her inter-

* Maria Teresa, of Spain.

course with Protestants met any one who could at all approach her brother-in-law in hatred of Catholicity. In him this seemed to be inherent, not acquired ; a degree or two more added to its intensity, and it would be madness.

One night, a few weeks after Mary's death, as the family were assembled around the drawing-room fire, he commenced an unusually terrible onslaught on Catholic doctrines, which was but a very energetic repetition of the ordinary calumnies which five minutes' reference to the child's catechism would prove to be the result of ignorance or malice, on the part of those who utter them. Now as these scenes were of far too frequent occurrence, considering the presence of five children, Catherine felt that to remain silent would be to impugn the known truth, and determined to show him that if he persisted in introducing these topics, she would be under the necessity of saying something calculated to counteract the bad impressions such calumnies were capable of making on the tender minds of the listeners.

"If you believe what you say, William," said she, "your ignorance of our creed is surprising ; and if you do not believe it or cannot prove it, the case is no better."

"You do not know half the doings of these wicked priests," said he ; "if you did, you would not stay an hour in their hateful communion."

"Whatever I know about my Church, William," said she, "you know nothing about it. Is it not unmanly and ungenerous to condemn without giving the accused any chance of defence! You are not acquainted with a Catholic but myself, you have never read a Catholic book, and yet you imagine you know more about our creed than we do ourselves."

The conversation grew warmer. "One thing," said he, "I wish you to bear in mind ; it is this : that while I place implicit confidence in your good sense and charity, I entirely disagree with you on the subject of religion, and I warn you to beware of interfering with the religion of my children."

"I have used no influence with them," she replied, but the legitimate influence of example. If they choose to accompany me to

church, it is not my duty to prevent them. On the contrary, I pray incessantly for their conversion and for yours."

He continued to repeat the oft-refuted calumnies about "the ignorance in which the Romish Church strives to keep people," the "corruption of the clergy," the "vices of the Religious Orders," and it was useless for Catherine to remind him that the government, not the Catholic Church, was accountable for the ignorance of so many in his poor country; that Religious Orders approved by the Church for the education of youth or some other work glorious to God and useful to society, could not be what he imagined; and that if the clergy were so very corrupt, it was strange that neither he nor his brother Orangemen, with all their vigilance, could lay any thing definite to their charge.

Children are good physiognomists, better than shrewd men and women, sometimes. The Doctor's children read rage in his countenance, and they nestled closely around their aunt. Rising up, he fiercely exclaimed:

"You know well that Catholics are not what you would make them out." And then having renewed his arguments as though he would make up by amplification for what they wanted in strength, he concluded thus:

"There was your own sister. Every one knows she was a true Christian, yet she detested, she *abhorred*, she LOATHED the vile sect to which you cling in spite of all who love you."

"William," said she mildly, "pardon me, you are mistaken. My sister was baptized a Catholic, our parents were Catholics, our ancestors as well as yours were Catholics. Mary was ignorant of our religion, but she never *hated* it. As *your* wife she could not speak in its favor, but she was born a Catholic, William, *and she died a Catholic.*"

The Doctor's anger now amounted to frenzy, his face became white, black, and purple, by turns, and passion produced a temporary suspension of reason. Darting a terrible look at his now frightened sister, he roared rather than spoke:

"Did you make Mary die a Papist?"

Then, with horrible oaths, he added:

"You will never leave my house alive."

As he rushed wildly from Catherine, she remembered with terror that there was a keen, highly-polished dagger among the regalia he was accustomed to wear at Orange processions, and if that were not forthcoming, a scalpel would suffice. There was that in his eye which showed that he could and would use it, though his life were the price of his temerity. She fled with the utmost precipitation, and had scarcely done so, when he returned, sword unsheathed, and sought her among the terrified, screaming children and servants. After a fruitless search through the house, he returned to the drawing-room, still muttering dark threats of vengeance. His favorite child had fainted, and her recovery was very slow. When consciousness returned, she started up wildly, and exclaimed :

"Where is my aunt? Papa, you have not murdered my aunt?"

The Doctor, whose rage was now beginning to subside, was thankful that his sword was unstained with blood, and assuring the child that she was safe, begged that she would retire to rest.

"Never," cried the noble girl, "till you pledge me your word of honor that you will not injure my aunt."

The Doctor pledged his word, and Mary Teresa left him. Reason was now slowly resuming its sway. He thought of his departed wife, of her intense love for that only sister for whose blood he had thirsted, and from whom his family had experienced such unceasing kindness. He thought of other things, too, and overpowered with conflicting emotions, he knelt down and sobbed like a child. From that night till the night of his death, he never broached the topic of religion.

Meanwhile Catherine, as soon as she recovered from her fright, found herself running, she knew not whither, along the military road, a district in which few ladies would venture even by day without an escort, as it was constantly paraded by sentries and retired officers. Robed in a loose dressing-gown, her head uncovered, her feet, which were greatly swollen from the fatigue of nursing her dying sister, were protected from the inclemency of that bleak midnight by loose slippers worn without stockings; it is not easy to conjecture how a lady with her high notions of propriety must have felt in such a predicament. Afterwards, she often expressed her astonishment that she did not drop dead from mere terror and fatigue. The martial tread of the soldier on duty was

the only sound that disturbed the solemn stillness, yet imagining she heard the furious physician's footsteps, she rushed forward heedless of consequences. The darkness of the night and the insulting language of strangers seemed less terrible than the violence of the frenzied man from whom she fled. The gate leading to the city was closed, and when hailed with the *Qui vive là* of the sentinel, she feared she should have to finish the night in a military guard-house, to which indeed he offered to escort her. She told him that her appearance on the road at such a time had been caused by a passing domestic calamity, and asked him to allow her to pass to the house of her friend, Surgeon Cusack, who lived hard by. Awed by an indescribable something which enlisted his sympathy, while appearances were so dubious, the rough but kind-hearted veteran became her friend on the spot, and having conducted her to the end of his patrol, shouted "holloa" to a distant brother in arms, who answered in person.

"See this lady safe to Surgeon Cusack," said the sentry, while cautiously avoiding a breach of discipline, he moved not a step beyond his "walk."

The newly arrived cast an ominous glance at the "lady," then muttering something about obliging a comrade, he conducted her to the steps of the Surgeon's mansion, and bowed himself off with as many demonstrations of respect as if she were a queen.

After much ringing a servant appeared, but he declared his lady received no such visitors, and was with difficulty persuaded to call the housekeeper, having first taken the precaution to close the door in Catherine's face. The Surgeon happening to look out of a window saw the figure on the door-step, and judging that it was a sick-call, came down with a light and admitted her to the hall. On seeing Miss McAuley in such a plight, he uttered an exclamation of surprise, and she, begging that the housekeeper would not disturb Mrs. Cusack, asked to be allowed to lie down somewhere till morning. The Surgeon, who was her intimate friend, was really grieved for her, and she, out of consideration for her brother-in-law would not make known the cause of her *sortie*.

In a few moments she lay, foot-sore and weary, on a comfortable couch, not to sleep—sleep was impossible—but to pray for her

beloved sister's husband and children, and her prayers were not unheard.

It is superfluous to remark that she never forgot that fearful night. Her fair hair grew hourly fairer, and if sorrow and terror did not blanch it immediately, certain it is that ere many weeks elapsed her hair "was gray, though not with years." Some portions of it still jealously hoarded by those who regard themselves fortunate in possessing any thing pertaining to the foundress of the Order of Mercy, are as white as the scanty locks of a centenarian, though she was but fifty-four at the time of her death, and her hair had been of that shade of auburn which retains its hue to very advanced years.

The Doctor, who discovered the place of her retreat, came in a few days to ask her pardon. "I was mad, that night, Kittie," said he, "forgive my violence; I knew not what I was doing."

She frankly extended her hand, and from that moment each esteemed the other more than ever. The remembrance of that nocturnal fray, with its antecedents and consequents, sufficed to keep him humble and meek during the rest of his days; for he knew well that to have attempted a cowardly assault on the life of a helpless female, and that in his own house, was an act too dastardly for any amount of bigotry or bad temper to excuse in a gentleman, and indeed he was thoroughly ashamed of his conduct.

CHAPTER X.

Beauty everywhere.—Something lovely in every one.—Mary Teresa McAuley.—She evinces a desire to become a Catholic.—Her aunt's devotion to the Blessed Sacrament.—The *Mea Culpa.*

THIS world is a world of beauty. Its mountains, its forests, its glassy ocean, its limpid streams—these, fresh from the hand of nature, speak to the heart of nature's God. From the sun's disc on the distant horizon to his meridian glory on which our feeble eyes may not gaze, his course is one of splendor, and when he softly sinks behind the western hills, does he not look more lovely if less sublime? Every inhabitant of the deep waters, the compact earth, the balmy air—from the huge leviathan to the animalculæ which the keenest eye unaided could not discover, every thing speaks of the Divine hand that fashioned all. But among the creatures which mother earth sends from her teeming bosom, among those which bask in the sunshine on her velvet hills, or frisk joyously in the pearly depths of her blue waters, there is no beauty like that of the "human face divine," through whose eyes an immortal soul looks out on the material world, and in whose every lineament the invisible Creator becomes visible.

All things are made for man, but man, who is infinitely superior to all else, is made for God; hence faith can discover goodness and beauty in the meanest of those rational creatures into whom the Creator himself breathed the breath of life. Seared and blackened though their souls be, there are still traces of that Divine Original which the guilt of years cannot obliterate. As all metal, precious or vile, is ennobled when stamped with the image of the king, so is man in every estate noble, because his soul is impressed with the image of the Deity.

The beautiful things of the material world faintly typify the hid-

den beauty of human souls destined to live as long as God shall be God in another, and, if they choose, a brighter world. The fair lily reminds us of the spotless purity attained by those who serve God under Mary's guidance ; and the radiant rose, of the charity which loves all, and the good odor of Jesus which virtue never fails to diffuse. By hill and dale, by stream and fountain, flowers bloom when there are few to admire them, teaching those who listen to their gentle teachings, that as they bloom in loveliness far from the fostering care of man, so in the crowded lanes of smoky cities, in dense forests, in vast prairies—in situations most inimical to the growth of virtue, there may be saints whose virtue is unknown to the multitude that it may be the more highly prized by God. Blades of grass force their way through the granite rock, and the hard trunk of the unsightly milk-tree gives out its delicious beverage to the weary traveller ; even so, those who possess skill to extract it, may find goodness in every human being, perfect or imperfect, sinless or sinful.

The finest musical instruments give out discordant sounds when struck by mean performers, but let an adept in the bewitching art sweep her fingers gracefully over the keys, and she can produce whatever effect she pleases. Who has not seen the soldier's eye flash fire when the martial airs are gallantly struck up which cause him to forget that he is going to make wives widows, and happy children orphans, that in the heat of the battle he may cut down a fond father's pride and the solace of a loving mother's declining years? Passions and feelings, often unsuspected by their owners, lie dormant in human hearts like the untouched keys of a musical instrument, and if they sometimes give forth sounds discordant or unlovely, is it not perhaps that they have been struck by untutored fingers? The instrument is a good one, it was fashioned by a divine Artificer.

There are some among our fellow-creatures whom we cannot easily love because we will not study them ; in another life we may learn the worth of many with whom it now seems almost painful to hold daily intercourse. Others, again, fascinate us before we are aware of it, by their beauty, talents, and amiability. Of the latter class was Mary Teresa McAuley. The innate beauty of a

guileless soul was faintly mirrored in her beauteous face. The rose and the lily had wrestled for the honor of resting on her fair cheek, and though the lily became victor, the rose did not depart without leaving a rich tinge of her loveliest hue; her dark, brilliant eyes flashed with a fiery yet dreamy beauty, her nose and mouth were fit models for a Grecian sculptor. Whether by accident or design, she always appeared in the costume that best enhanced her charms, and a glance at her might convince one, that the beauty attributed to the last of the Scottish queens, was not all imaginary.

Horticulture, a delightful occupation for the leisure of high life, was a favorite pastime with this beautiful girl. Indeed, it became almost a fashion since the time of the Princess Charlotte;* and would that every fashion originating at court were as harmless. The life of Mary Teresa was typified in that of more than one of her favorite plants. She was watched, and loved, and cultivated, yet just as her beauty was at its height the stem bent, and the flower drooped beneath the weight of its own loveliness.

When we drop the tiny seed in its narrow grave, we feed it abundantly, we tear up mercilessly every weed that presumes to dispute ground with it. When the cherished flower begins to appear, it must be sheltered from morning frost and noontide heat, and at evening it holds up its dusty calyx, as if in supplication, towards us. Notwithstanding all our contrivances, the frost will sometimes nip the bud, the heavy rain break the fragile stem, or the careless foot of some one who does not appreciate its beauty inadvertently press it to the earth. Are not the young and lovely daily torn from our midst, though the most devoted care be lavishly bestowed on them? Are they not sometimes ruthlessly crushed by such as cannot, or will not appreciate them? How often do we hear an afflicted mother say of her departed darling: "I did every thing for her; she was my joy, my treasure; she was lovely, she was good, and now she is snatched away, just as I begin to realize her worth. After all, I reared her for nothing." And yet, fond mother,

* Daughter of George IV. and Caroline of Brunswick, heiress to the crown. Her death, in 1817, threw England into consternation. She was excessively fond of gardening. Few princesses of the house of Brunswick have left behind a fairer reputation.

if you reared her well you did not rear her for nothing—she is not lost, but gone before you—an early grave is a noble destiny, when followed by a blessed eternity.

The short life of the beautiful and highly-gifted Mary Teresa repaid even here the care lavished on her. A father's pride, a mother's joy, the idol of all around her, she shone wherever she appeared, like Venus among the stars, and if ever personal loveliness were a sure index of loveliness hidden within, it was so in this instance. Too good for companionship with mortals, she was soon translated to a happier world. But we anticipate.

People view exterior attractions with varied sentiments. To some they give death. St. Syncletica, first Abbess in the church, advised her daughters, when they met with beauty, to use the thought of death as an antidote to the poison it might convey to the soul.* And St. John Climacus mentions a holy man who could not gaze on a beautiful face without shedding tears of devotion, and being ravished in ecstasy, regarding its loveliness as a feeble emanation of the transcendent beauty of the first and only Fair. But we could never look on such loveliness, without shuddering at the primeval curse which the creature's sin wrung from the angry Creator ; and sighing to think, that that finely-wrought frame, that exquisitely chiselled face, and those delicate hands, must furnish food for worms before they can bloom immortal in heaven !

Mary Teresa early evinced a desire to become a Catholic. Her aunt, out of devotion to the Blessed Sacrament, always washed with her own hands the altar linens of the parish church. The child, when a guest at Coolock, perceiving this, asked the reason of it ; and though she could not very well understand it, she delighted to be permitted to wait on her pious relative on those occasions. One day, she was discovered secreting a little bottle of the water in which the corporals, etc., had been washed ; and on being questioned, she replied that she thought the water must be holy, and, therefore, wanted to keep some always. Her aunt, who saw the Holy Spirit working in her tender mind, always gave her whatever information she asked, but never pressed her on the sub-

* Vie de Ste. Synclétique, par St. Athanase.

ject of religion. She was delighted to have her sister's children visit her, but she was careful to let all her relatives know that they must not expect to be enriched by her wealth ; *that* she made over entirely to the poor. Mary Teresa's chief delights were to accompany her to church, and to learn Catholic prayers. When quite a child, she used to watch her aunt at prayer ; once she noticed her saying the *Confiteor ;* directly she wanted to learn it. "What prayer do you wish to learn, my child ?" said Miss McAuley. "The thumping prayer, dear aunt," said the little one. The striking the breast at the *mea culpa* quite struck her fancy. In 1827, she entreated to be prepared for baptism ; and, on the Feast of St. Cecilia, 1828, at the age of seventeen, she received that sacrament from the Archbishop, who kindly offered to receive her abjuration himself. This took place in the little chapel of the future convent in Baggot-street.

CHAPTER XI.

Projects of the Foundress.—First stone of Baggot-street House laid.—V. R. Dr. Blake's presentiment.—He is summoned to Rome to restore the Irish College.—Miss Fanny Tighe.—Miss McAuley's architects build a Convent.—Very Rev. Dr. Armstrong's illness and death.—Mr. Callahan's will contested.—The Institution opened.—Action and contemplation.—Extracts from Ven. Archdeacon O'Brien.

WHEN Catherine became an heiress, she felt that God required her to do something permanent for the poor. She was now able to realize her early visions by founding an institution in which servants, and other women of good character, might, when out of work, find a temporary home, and be shielded from the dangers to which indigence exposes so many of their sex. Very Rev. Dr. Armstrong and Very Rev. Dr. Blake were her spiritual advisers, and in their wisdom, charity, and zeal she placed implicit confidence. Having deliberated on what she laid before them, they decided on procuring a site in a respectable part of the city, on which a house suited for what she proposed, might be erected.* They remarked that it had been too much the custom to build Catholic institutions in alleys and by-ways, and suggested that the house in contemplation should be the first to emerge from the localities to which centuries of persecution had driven every thing Catholic; adding, that an establishment for the relief of the poor ought to be in the vicinity of the wealthy, who, when they saw it working,

* "It was deemed advisable," says Dean Murphy, speaking of the projects of the Foundress, "to take, not a house already built and occupied for other purposes, and which she would have some difficulty in adapting to her own purposes, but a plot of ground that never had been built upon, and to erect for the honor and glory of God an edifice that had never been profaned by the vices and follies of fashionable life, or sullied by any insult to the Catholic religion, and which should be holy in its creation as in its use, and dedicated to God from its very foundation."

would sustain it. In any case, it could not fail of reminding them of the precept of almsgiving.

Dr. Blake fixed on the ground at the junction of lower Baggot-street and Herbert-street, a fashionable quarter which combined the advantages of semi-rural situation with proximity to the town. Right Hon. Sidney Herbert, the landlord, and his agent, Mr. Versecoyle, were very inquisitive as to what a maiden lady could want with ground sufficient for four houses the size of those already built, and four gardens larger still. They hoped "nothing charitable was going to be got up, nothing calculated to injure the locality by bringing the poor about the place." After much negotiation, the ground was purchased for the large sum of five thousand pounds, subject, also, to an annual rent of sixty pounds, Miss McAuley promising she would have nothing carried on in the house about to be erected but what was good and respectable. Early in July, 1824, the first stone was blessed and laid by Very Rev. Dr. Blake ; but just as the building was commenced, he was called to Rome to restore the Irish College, which had been suppressed during the French occupation of the Eternal City.

This learned and pious priest felt a presentiment, if not a prophetic certainty, that the usefulness of the establishment about to be formed would not expire with the originator. Conversing with the holy Pope Leo XII. on the state of religion in Ireland, he informed him of the efforts made in behalf of the poor by a wealthy lady in Dublin, who, he said, "seemed specially raised up by God to accomplish some great work in the Church, and whose zeal for the conversion of Protestants and bad Catholics had already been signally blessed." This information was joyfully received by the Father of Christendom, and perhaps prepared the way for the prompt sanction given to Archbishop Murray by the Holy See, a little later, for the establishment of a new religious institute in his episcopal city.

As the house approached completion, Catherine lost the three persons from whom she expected most assistance. The only Catholic acquaintance she had whom she would choose for a companion in the work she designed to accomplish, was Miss Fanny Tighe, a lady of piety and talent, who was greatly devoted to the

poor. Not knowing exactly what her friend intended, Miss Tighe manifested a desire of joining some order specially devoted to the poor, as the Presentation. Catherine, to whom she applied for counsel, felt this very deeply, but with her characteristic nobility of soul, would not say a word to dissuade her, or even give her a word of advice beyond recommending her to pray to know God's will, and to rely implicitly on the decision of her confessor. "If you stay with me, I shall be grateful," said she, "but if God wants you elsewhere, you must follow His call." When Miss Fanny became a Presentation nun, there was no diminution of friendship between these two souls, knit together in God. Her richer friend even aided her to fulfil her vocation, by relieving her of some pecuniary embarrassment. Catherine went to Galway to be present at Miss Tighe's reception, and took with her her god-child Teresa, that a pious impression might be made on her young mind by that imposing ceremony.

Sixteen years later, the two friends met again. Meantime the one had lived a quiet, useful life in the ancient "City of the Tribes," and the other had borne crosses that might have crushed many a strong heart, and had laid in the grave almost all she loved. She was a little disappointed to find that years had dealt somewhat roughly with Miss Fanny, as may be gathered from the following passage: "We passed one day at the Presentation Convent with my dear friend, Sister Louise Tighe.* She is all affection, but changed from a fine young woman of twenty-six to a middle-aged woman of forty. It seemed so short a period since last I saw her that I looked anxiously for my dear Fanny, when to my surprise a new figure, with a new face, ran forward to meet me. Alas, how many loved faces have vanished from my poor sight in life and death, since she left me!"

After Dr. Blake's departure, Dr. Edward Armstrong was the only person to whom Catherine confided her plans, and in him she

* Mother Louise Tighe still lives (1866). Longevity is the rule rather than the exception in the inclosed convents of Ireland. A few facts recorded in this work were supplied by her; and we here gratefully acknowledge her kindness. The meeting above alluded to, took place in May, 1840, when Mother McAuley went to Galway to found a Convent of Mercy.

found a true friend, from whose good sense, zeal, and experience, she expected the new establishment to take its form. Perhaps she relied too much on this valued spiritual guide, and God, to show that he could accomplish his will by any instruments He chose, deprived her of his counsel and sympathy just when they appeared indispensable. The new house was almost finished. To the architects who had come for instructions, she gave in her concise style the following items of what she required :

1. Very large rooms for poor schools, three or four.

2. Large dormitories for distressed young women, four.

3. One room loftier than the others, which might suit for an oratory.

4. A few small rooms, for any ladies that might wish to aid in taking care of the poor.

They planned a very spacious but plain building, the mere shell of which cost four thousand pounds. As it progressed it attracted much attention, but neither workmen nor contractors could answer the questions frequently put to them as to the precise object of its erection. Some were charitable enough to conclude that Miss McAuley, having lately come into the possession of great wealth, did not know what to do with it ; her brother himself, who used sometimes to go to look at the strange concern, "considered" the whole thing "a wasteful expenditure," but he made no comment in Catherine's hearing, nor did he ask what her views were, as he saw she did not wish to reveal her projects.

When the plans for working the new institute were well matured, Dr. Armstrong fell sick, and his sickness was unto death. The new house being finished, Catherine was surprised and even amused to find that her architects had built a convent ! Cells and corridors in profusion, and even the room she designed for an oratory separated from the parlor by a grate ! Her dying friend manifested no surprise at this, but remarked in his quiet, impressive manner : " *We* did not anticipate this, but God has his own designs in it." She continued to watch over this dear director, using for his recovery every means that affection and veneration could suggest ; but all in vain. Feeling that his life might now be counted by moments, he sent for the archbishop, whose confessor he had

been for years, and recommended to his grace with peculiar earnestness "his saintly penitent." "My lord," said he, "I have known this lady for many years, I have seen noble instances of her charity and zeal, and for a long time I have felt a conviction, which I have been unable to shake off, that Catherine McAuley is destined to accomplish some great work for the glory of God and the good of the poor." It is scarcely necessary to add, that the zealous prelate gratified the dying priest by promising that his aid would not be wanting to the development of her charitable plans.

When Catherine saw that she was really about to lose her holy director, keenly as she felt the trial, she blessed the will of God, adorable though inscrutable in its decrees. She petitioned him to name some priest to whom she might recur for counsel and support when he should be no more, but he did not comply with her request. The day before his death, Rev. Mr. W——, a clergyman of much talent and influence, visited him, and as Miss McAuley had previously observed that this priest had ability to do much for the glory of God, she asked her dying friend whether she might safely confide in him. He mused a few moments, and then answered very solemnly: "I do not think so." Surprised at this reply, she at once acquiesced in his decision. Next morning he renewed the subject, and repeated, almost with his last breath:

"Place no trust in any man: let God alone be your hope. He will protect and assist you."

Very Rev. Edward Armstrong departed to our Lord on Ascension Day, 1826. His last act before he fell sick, was to furnish a dormitory in the new house, for poor women, on which occasion he gave fifty pounds towards their support. Although pastor of a rich parish,* he followed to the letter that counsel of St. Patrick, that "the lamp should take only the oil it consumes." He made no will, for he had nothing to bequeath. Mother McAuley always spoke of him with gratitude and veneration, and well might she revere his memory, for she met with few such. Later on, when she experienced the most violent opposition, she had reason to remember her early director. He had given her a very beautiful "Cal-

* St. Michan's, Anne-street.

vary" which he brought from France. Before this she often remained kneeling for hours, and when the Sisters were obliged by some business to interrupt her, they usually found her in tears.

Had she communicated her projects to Rev. Mr. W——, the Institute had been nipped in the bud. He became the most violent opponent of every good work she originated; but of this hereafter. Her next director was Rev. Joseph Nugent, who had succeeded Dr. Blake in the Parish of SS. Michael and John, a very pious and highly-gifted clergyman. About this time Mr. Callahan's will was contested on plea of insanity in the testator, but it did not require much legal acumen to disprove this. As the will was made before the Emancipation, it could be contested on stronger grounds, had it been publicly known that he died a Catholic; and as Mr. Callahan's valet and cook were in this secret as witnesses, the heiress naturally felt some apprehensions. In this emergency she was singularly indebted to Father Nugent; but he had no sooner assisted her through it, than he was seized with typhus fever. After fifteen days' illness, during which she scarcely ever left him, he died the death of the just. Well might she say: "I am so familiarized with death that the tomb seems never to be closed in my regard."

As her time in future would be spent chiefly in Baggot-street, and as she was at present obliged to reside a great deal in her sister's family, she determined to relinquish her establishment at Coolock. She therefore sold Coolock,* with the library, pictures, and as much of the furniture as she considered unsuitable for the institution she contemplated. Her equipage she reserved till a later period.

She continually revolved in her mind how she could best work the new establishment. Those on whose counsel she had relied, perhaps too much, were taken from her, and she scarcely had a Catholic friend. The words of her dying director often rung in her ears, and those who had the privilege of intimacy with her in after-life, well knew that his instruction had not been lost, for she possessed the beautiful virtue of confidence in God in a very eminent, or rather heroic degree.

Besides protecting distressed women, and establishing schools,

* Coolock House still stands, and retains its old appellation.

she also designed to endow an Orphan Asylum. Indeed, she had some orphans under her care already. One day, visiting the sick in a lane off Liffey-street, she saw a poor little child, whose parents had just died of some epidemic, put out of their cellar, the proprietor having arranged to rent it to others. The poor infant looked up and down the lane, as if for some friend, but no one recognizing her, she at length sat down and began to cry. It was a sad sight. Miss McAuley, mingling her tears with those of the weeping child, picked her up and carried her home ; and good came out of evil, for had not that orphan been so cruelly treated, many another had wanted a home.

But whom could the projector of so many holy enterprises place at the head of the important institution she designed? For the present, her own residence there could be only occasional, but God soon sent her what she prayed for. A young lady, Miss Anna Maria Doyle, sister to Father Nugent's successor at SS. Michael and John's, happening to see the new building, requested permission to go through it. As no one on the premises could give her any information respecting its objects, she determined to procure an introduction to Miss McAuley, and on hearing her explanation, she felt strongly attracted to become her associate in the good works she contemplated. The Foundress received this first accession with gratitude and delight, and believed Miss Doyle sent by Heaven. On the Feast of our Lady of Mercy, September 24, 1827, the institution was opened for destitute women, orphans, and poor schools. Miss Doyle resided there entirely, Miss McAuley occasionally, and a young lady, Miss Catherine Byrne, assisted efficiently in the schools. Not one of those concerned ever dreamt of founding a Religious Institute. On the contrary, Miss McAuley's plan was to establish a sort of Society of secular ladies, who, between the period of leaving school and settling in life, might, without inconvenience to their families, spend a few hours daily in instructing the poor, etc. Yet twenty years later, and the sun does not set on the Order of Mercy then originated.

Catherine's life so far seems so active as to exclude leisure for prayer, yet she daily spent hours in that holy exercise. Perhaps the majority of the saints have united action to contemplation.

When we look at the external works of St. Teresa, her foundations, her ascetic works, her letters, her visits to the sick, out of her convent, we hardly know where to look for the greatest contemplative of modern times. It is much the same with others. Hear St. Bernard complaining that his business scarcely left him half an hour for the repose of contemplation. "There are, however, those so absorbed in the Divine life that they seem to think, speak, and act under motives, views, and affections simply supernatural. On the other hand, there are those, and of the very highest order of sanctity, too, so far as our eyes can see, in whom the supernatural combines with nature instead of superseding it—invigorating, elevating, and ennobling it; who are not the less men because they are saints. They do not put away their natural endowments, they use them for the glory of the Giver; they do not eclipse them by the brightness of Divine grace, but only transfigure them. They are busy in human society, they understand the human heart, they can throw themselves into the minds of others. While they themselves stand secure in the blessedness of purity and peace, they can follow in imagination the ten thousand aberrations of pride, passion, and remorse. The world is to them a book which they read fluently, which interests them naturally, though by reason of grace which dwells in them, they study it and hold converse with it, only for the glory of God and the salvation of souls. Thus they have the thoughts, sympathies, feelings, attractions, antipathies of others, so far as these are not sinful, only they have these properties of human nature purified, sanctified, and exalted."* Of the latter class was Catherine McAuley.

"But before all things have charity:" this was her motto. In every human being she recognized God's image, and she loved all His images for the sake of the Divine Original. When a little child, she pleaded lovingly for the poor, as she sat on her father's knee; later on, she offers to undergo the punishment awarded to her sister's childish errors, and weeps at the very thought of the physical pain inflicted on her idle brother. Now she piteously bewails the fate of the poor girls she had made such efforts to rescue; again she

* Dr. Newman. Sermon on the Conversion of St. Paul.

devotes herself to almost complete solitude to nurse her dying friends. She would rather endure annoyance and inconvenience for five years, than run the risk of wounding the feelings of a wretched maniac. She now devotes her wealth, her exertions, her life, to the alleviation of human misery, for she knows that in making people happy she makes them good. Her gifts were amplified in value by the grace with which she bestowed them; *she* was the obliged party, not those who afforded her an opportunity of doing good. Her words were spoken with a winning sweetness which was delicious music in the ears of the unfortunate, and she wished to spend herself and be spent in the service of the poor. In appearance, talents, and accomplishments, in dignity of bearing, in fascination of manner, in that beautiful suavity which makes every feature eloquent, Catherine was greatly superior to the average of her sex; but all her gifts, natural and supernatural, were used for the glory of the Giver. To us she seems like a magnificent edifice, perfect in its proportions and complete in its details, whose appearance is easily described, but whose windows are rarely opened to those who would gladly gaze on the treasures within. To her charity every page of this work testifies; to her mortification, the discipline, wet with her blood, laid aside only the day before her death, bears witness; and what could be more eloquent of the abnegation, the unselfishness of her beautiful character, than the only complaint the death-cough wrung from her: "I have grown very troublesome; I cough all night, and *so* disturb the poor Sisters."

In his Introduction to a Memoir of the Foundress, the Venerable Archdeacon O'Brien says:

"The whole character of St. Malachy, as stated by St. Bernard, was so like that of Catherine McAuley, that we may with much propriety insert it here.

"'For, to be silent about his inner man, the beauty, fortitude, and purity of which were sufficiently shown by his manners and life, he governed his exterior always in one and the same way, and that most modest and becoming, so that nothing whatever appeared in him which could offend the beholders. * * * But in Malachy, what man ever watching him very narrowly, could perceive, I will not say an idle word, but even an idle gesture? When was

he ever seen to move hand or foot without a purpose? When was aught disedifying seen in his gait, his aspect, his manner, his countenance? Every thing in him was under discipline; everything was the very criterion of virtue, the very form of perfection.'

"The events of her life are like the lapiduli of a grand mosaic: each of them is a small thing, but the combination of them makes such a picture as rivals the glory of the pencil, and makes the cold stone breathe like the canvas of Raphael. Every event was ordinary, but the convergency of all was little less than miraculous."

Elsewhere, having quoted from the process of St. Teresa's canonization, Dr. O'Brien says: "The facts which the Sacred Congregation of the Rota describes as evidence of the heroic virtue of St. Teresa come out in those of Mother McAuley's life with a facility which makes the language of the Rota only like a deduction from the pages now given to the public."

If you saw her for a single day visiting the sick, consoling the afflicted, advising the rich, and enlisting their co-operation in her plans for the relief of the poor, you might say: Surely such a one can have little time for prayer, or even for rest. But if you enjoyed the still greater privilege of intimate acquaintance with her, you might wonder how one gifted with so eminent a spirit of prayer should ever leave the sweet repose of contemplation. But in prayer or action, the imitation of Jesus Christ was her sole aim. He visited the sick, and wrought miracles for their relief; she, too, will relieve them. He blessed and caressed little children; and for His sake she will suffer them to come to her. Oh, how she loved these little ones, how she labored to preserve in them the lovely grace of baptismal innocence! Fall flowers are very beautiful, but they have little or no perfume. Not so the fragrant violets and primroses of the merry spring-time. The sinner must say, "I have gone astray like a sheep that was lost; Lord, seek Thy servant!" and it is well if he can add: "because in all my wanderings I have never forgotten Thy commandments." But innocence, in the abashed confidence of its simplicity, may boldly look up to God and say, "Preserve me, for I am holy." Beautiful was the

charity which inspired her to labor in striving to preserve unsullied in her little ones the virgin robe of baptism.

The spirit of charity with which she was so eminently endowed was kept alive by prayer, frequentation of the sacraments, and spiritual reading. Intercessory prayer and pious conversation were her favorite weapons. "Speak to God about man ; speak to man about God ;" this was her practice.

CHAPTER XII.

Mother McAuley's associates assume a distinctive dress.—Her relatives urge her to marry.—Major W.'s constancy.—A scene.—An amusing incident.—Mary Teresa not allowed to associate with her aunt.—The Captain's theology.—His recollections of Waterloo.—Severity and mildness.—Intolerance on the decrease.—Dr. William McAuley's death.—A scene between the guardians of his children.

"From thy burning heart's recesses
Brightly beamed its flame around,
Not a fibre in it trembled
To an earthly, selfish sound.

"Meek and gentle was thy bearing,
Sweetness from thy lips distilled,
And the peace of heaven rested
Where thy hand a sorrow healed.

"Love of God, and love fraternal,
Mingled in thy gentle breast,
From their sweetness sprang the ORDER
In whose loving arms we rest."

WE have already stated that Catherine had not the remotest idea of founding a religious institute. It was her design that her associates should be secular ladies, willing to devote their leisure to the poor, and at perfect liberty to withdraw when they pleased. "Yet," says one of her early associates, "God so directed her mind and actions, that a convent became a kind of necessity. Gradually the interior life took the perfect shape to which it has tended for ages, and the external occupations and relations began to harmonize with it in such a manner, that all things became too like monastic life to be permitted unless under monastic rule; and hence monastic rule came at last, in God's own time and manner." The house was already built and furnished in conventual style. When the ladies who assisted her began playfully to call each other

"Sister ;" when they naturally, as it were, commenced to dress in a style grave as their occupations ; when, for convenience' sake, they took a spare meal on the premises, and often refused to return to their luxurious homes after the labors of the day,—then the Foundress saw that a higher mind than hers had planned an institute different from what she contemplated. However, she prayed on, continuing to take the will of God as it came, without desiring to see further.

Her relations soon perceived that Baggot-street House was chiefly occupied by persons whom they could not consider as visitors. Previously they had been satisfied with her determination to lead a single life—perhaps they interpreted her resolution as a probable reversion of her property to them—but now that her charities were conducted on a scale that would ultimately exhaust the wealth of a Rothschild, they eagerly pressed her to marry. Major W——, of Bellevue, had never given up the hope of obtaining her hand ; and, as he feared to speak for himself after so many refusals, her brother undertook to plead his cause, but not succeeding, he reproached her with being foolish for rejecting an offer that would make her mistress of Bellevue House.

"I quitted a nicer house than that, James," said she, with a smile. "Yes," he retorted, "you would rather build this great stupid-looking concern, and support the most worthless people in the city. What has become of your good sense? Those who love you are grieved, and ashamed of you ; those who don't know you are laughing at you. Give up these nonsensical whims, and live as every lady does. A warm welcome still awaits you at Bellevue."

"Awaits me, or my fortune?" innocently queried the heiress.

"He does not want your fortune, but yourself," said the Doctor ; but his sister smiled incredulously.

"At all events, my dear James," said she, "do not bring me such proposals again. Nothing could induce me to withdraw the first free-offering I made of my virginity to God. I am sorry to be obliged to act in a manner that pains you, but when we know we cannot agree on certain subjects, we ought to avoid them."

The physician muttered something about obstinacy, not at all

complimentary to his gentle sister. The Major, who knew more about taking a city than pressing a suit, suggested other plans of attack, but he was at last obliged to declare that the fortress was impregnable.

James McAuley was always on the defensive in his sister's presence, especially if religious topics were introduced. On all other occasions gentlemanly and dignified, he would, in these conjunctures, assume a roughness that surprised those who knew him well. The shadow his fine martial figure cast in Baggot-street, always portended a storm. The sweetness of his temper was not at all improved by the fact, that small-pox had just robbed him of the beauty for which every member of his family was conspicuous. He had such an opinion of his sister's persuasive powers that he feared to discuss any thing calmly with her; he knew she was the better logician, and he felt he was gone if he yielded ever so little. Sometimes he would call to exhibit his fashionable young wife in superb evening costume, to Catherine and her associates—determined that if they would not go out to see the world, he would bring as much of the world as he could in to them. "Leave her here, James," his sister would say archly, "she will be much fresher in the morning than she would be after the fatigue of a Castle ball." But James, who knew better than to run such a risk, would frankly confess that he would not trust Eleanor in her company for the world.

In 1828, Mary Teresa McAuley manifested a dangerous tendency to consumption, to counteract which her father and uncle used all their skill. Knowing that gentle exercise, change of air and scene, and above all, habitual cheerfulness, are of more importance in pulmonary complaints than the whole pharmacopœia, they permitted the young lady to go where she pleased, though they objected to her remaining long within the sphere of her aunt's influence. Yet Baggot-street agreed better with her than the military road; her aunt's care never failed to restore the bloom to her cheek. And Mother McAuley, anxious to prevent bad influence on her sister's children, if she could not procure them good influence, used still to spend as much time as she possibly could at her brother-in-law's house. This was a necessary precaution, for Dr. Williams, whose

motto was, "Any thing but Romanism," used to allow every ranting preacher that came that way free access to his children. One of his most frequent guests, a certain Captain D——, who had great influence over him, and a general invitation to his house, feared Miss McAuley as an emissary of the Holy See, and had vague notions that she had received some secret commission to plan and execute things of dreadful import to the Church by law established. He determined that the children should not suffer from the contagion of her example, as their mother had. He had taken up "views" on justification by faith *alone*, which he pushed very far, not further, however, than he who said: "Sin, but believe the more firmly." He used to assure the little circle at the Doctor's, that no one could do any thing good, not even himself: the latter clause was seldom disputed by those who knew him best. One Saturday evening Mother McAuley sent Miss Warde, a lady of whom we shall speak again, to coax the Doctor to allow Mary Teresa to return with her, that she might have an opportunity of hearing Mass on Sunday. Her aunt always found means to contrive such an opportunity, but this time the father refused, and Miss Warde refused to return without her. At length he yielded, however, and had scarcely done so when the Captain entered. Curious to find out where the ladies were going, he insisted on joining young James McAuley to escort them to their destination. When Baggot-street was named, the Captain said: "Why, Doctor, I was not aware you had friends in that quarter." But this observation elicited no reply. By the time they reached "the big foolish-looking house," twilight had merged into darkness. The Captain jumped off, and cautioning the ladies not to stir, he approached the door, peeped through the windows, snuffed the air proceeding from what ought to be the kitchen; he then stood out in the grounds and gazed intently on the large mansion, whose outlines were faintly discernible in the increasing darkness. But no light gleamed

> "From window or casement,
> From garret or basement."

After carefully reconnoitring he returned to the carriage, and the young people were almost convulsed with suppressed laughter as

he pathetically exclaimed: "Ladies, you must not alight here. See, there is no light, and not a sound could I hear. The house is uninhabited, or if any one does live there, it is evident all is not right, else why such mystery?" They told him it was Miss McAuley's residence. "Oh," he cried contemptuously, "Miss McAuley's *folly*. She does not know what to do with her money." With much ado, he permitted them to enter, but threatened Mary Teresa that he would insist on her father's not permitting her to visit such suspicious-looking places in future.

The Captain, fully convinced that he could do nothing good, does not seem to have often tried. He was, however, obsequiously polite. If a lady dropped her glove on the road he was sure to be on the spot; if the spirited steed of some horsewoman, not appreciating the value of his fair burden, though painfully conscious of her *weight*, grew restive, the Captain, whose ubiquity was a marvel, was instantly at the bridle. Altogether, he was one of the last men Catherine would choose as a daily companion for her nephews. Those who once saw him could not easily forget him. He had lost a fraction of his frontal cranium in the carnage of Waterloo, but by a masterly surgical operation, the exposed part was covered with a layer of silver. His *personnel* thus admitting silver among its ingredients, was a little different from that of other men, and he was very proud of having contributed by his skull, if not by his brains, to defeat "the little Corporal." Besides, this unusual blemish entitled his remains to an extra pension, which made ill-natured people assert that the lost fraction was really the most valuable part of him. Others, more mathematical than polite, used to attempt to calculate the value of the whole man, from the fact that such a sum was paid for two or three square inches of his cranium.

The Captain was a great favorite with the McAuley boys, whom he strove to initiate into the Calvinistical principle, which he called "the delusion of works," and that "naked faith," to the perfect exercise of which even good works, in his estimation, seemed an obstacle. They patiently endured his theology for sake of hearing him recount his recollections of Waterloo, of the hairbreadth escapes he made, the terrible havoc he caused among the enemy,

and the praise his bravery elicited from both sides. On these points, however, he kept a modest silence in presence of his comrades, who, if they heard him recounting to the children the marvellous instances in which he "stood fire," might have volunteered an opinion that the only thing of the salamander about him was his silver frontispiece.

When he and young James McAuley returned from Baggot-street, they found the Doctor in his library.

"Why does your sister-in-law live in that strange manner?" said the Captain.

"That's her own business," retorted the physician, abruptly, for Baggot-street House was a sore subject with him. He regarded it as the offspring of the only "crazy nook" in the head of the wisest woman he ever knew.

"But why allow your daughter to go there?" persisted the Captain. "That's *your* affair, surely."

A long conversation ensued, and the guest withdrew only when he perceived that his logic had taken effect. From that time, it was all but impossible for Mary Teresa to visit Baggot-street, nor could the aunt see her nieces and nephews except in presence of a third party. Yet the Doctor's sentiments in time became considerably modified. The Captain used his influence in season and out of season, but there was a higher power at work.

Dr. McAuley's bigotry was rather the result of his sincerity than of unkindness. Had he been in power, he might have persecuted those who differed from him in religious matters; but if he did so, it would not be from cruelty, but from an imaginary sense of duty, and in compliance with the almost irresistible dictates of an invincibly erroneous conscience. To convert them, he would never think of "beseeching them by the mildness and benignity of Christ;" and as a ruler, he would not have borne the sword in vain. From his own peculiar notions of right and wrong, he deemed rigor a duty. "The smallest crime deserves death, and I know of no greater punishment," said Draco. There have been Christians, whose views nearly coincided with those of the rigid heathen; but such persons, incapable of making allowances for the shortcomings of poor fallen nature, could never become wise or

judicious rulers. And their unsparing censures of the sins and frailties of their poor fellow-creatures, contrasts strongly with the mercy of the Divine Lawgiver, who knoweth our frame.

"The law of Moses commands us to stone such a one, but what sayest Thou?"

"Let him that is without sin amongst you cast the first stone."

But on this condition not one of them could stone her, and they all quietly slipped away.

"Hath no man condemned thee?" asked the meek Lamb of God; to whom the sinful woman replied: 'No man, Lord.'"

"Neither do I condemn thee. Go, now, and sin no more."

This exquisite passage from the public life of our Lord would, of itself, suffice to show that "the *Word was God.*"

Though Dr. McAuley's theories in doctrine and morals were so severe, in every-day life he was one of the kindest of men. As he became more intimately acquainted with his sister-in-law, his inflexibility began insensibly to relax, and towards the end of his career, he could not help respecting the religion which impelled her to such heroic virtue and continued self-sacrifice. He would even read Catholic books, and listen to an explanation of Catholic dogmas, thus giving her hope that he might one day become a docile child of that Church so long the object of his abhorrence. In February, 1829, he called at Baggot-street, and complained to her of feeling a strange weakness and oppression. Poor man, the death-grasp was on him, and he came to consult her in preference to any physician. She induced him to return home directly, and summon the best medical attendance. Next day, he rallied a good deal, but seeing his beautiful child fatigued by her filial care of him, he desired her aunt to keep her at Baggot-street till he recovered.

About midnight, a loud ringing and knocking interrupted the uneasy slumbers of Catherine, and on raising her window, the Doctor's coachman informed her that his master was dying. In a few minutes, the aunt and niece were on their way to the sick man. They found him better than they expected, but evidently sinking. He revived, however, and began to speak of religion. He said that he would become a Catholic instantly, if he could believe what

Catholics believe. "You know," said he, "the rank prejudice in which I was raised, but I desire to belong to the Church of Jesus Christ, whatever that is."

She suggested acts of faith, hope, charity, and contrition, which he made with great fervor. "I will consider the subject of religion more maturely when I grow stronger," said he. "I desire only to find out the right way." The physicians thought all danger over for the present, and left the patient to his nurse. He said he would like to sleep a little, and desired her to take Mary Teresa to Baggot-street, adding that she would be neglected during his illness if she stayed at home. Catherine very reluctantly complied with this request. They had hardly reached Baggot-street when they were again summoned. They were borne to the Doctor's as fast as the tired horses could bear them, but their speed was vain ; he had had an apoplectic stroke, and as they entered his room he breathed his last.

It were needless to describe the clamorous grief of his five children. Catherine's affliction was great ; she loved and esteemed him for his integrity, his sterling worth, and his fidelity to her sister's memory. By his will, which had been drawn up before his illness, he appointed Dr. James McAuley and Catherine Elizabeth McAuley joint guardians of his children, leaving them free to choose either, and inserting a special clause that their religion must be left entirely to their own choice.

It was not surprising that Mary Teresa chose her aunt, but when James, Robert, and little Catherine made the same selection, the amazement and chagrin of their uncle was very great. Even little Willie, the pet and plaything of the family, spoiled almost past redemption, joined in the general chorus : "I'll go to my aunt."

Her brother suggested that she was no fit guardian for these children, and said that he would not allow his nieces to live among the people she entertained at Baggot-street. She mildly observed that since they had chosen her, she would be careful to have them brought up as befitted their condition. The girls she took to Baggot-street, which now became her own home, and the boys she determined to send to St. Patrick's College, Carlow, of which her

friend, Dr. Fitzgerald, was president. While preparing for college, they slept at the house of a friend in the vicinity of Baggot-street, and spent each day with their sisters. The boys were very easily managed, except Willie, who was every one's tease, and every one's darling. Many a fright he gave his good aunt while he enjoyed her hospitality.

The Institute continued to make rapid progress. In 1829 several of the ladies who assisted in the schools manifested a desire to reside entirely on the premises. The order and discipline observed, the stated times of prayer and silence, the responsibility which naturally devolved on the Foundress, and made others apply to her for direction, gave the Institute more the appearance and character of a Convent than the pious projector had anticipated.

CHAPTER XIII.

The O'Connell family.—The Liberator a Scruple Doctor.—His speech in a school-room.—His interest in the new Institute.—He dines with the poor children.

DANIEL O'CONNELL was one of the earliest friends of the rising Institute. He had been for some time acquainted with Miss McAuley, and his keen penetration soon discovered beneath the veil of her meekness and humility, a great heart and a noble soul. Ever anxious to promote the moral as well as the political improvement of his country, the institution in Baggot-street had, from its commencement, his warmest sympathies, and his truly valuable patronage. Mrs. O'Connell frequently visited the schools, and never departed without leaving a sum of money to be distributed among the poor. Her gifted daughters were among Miss McAuley's most efficient co-operators, in her efforts to promote the education of poor girls. Mother McAuley often expressed her surprise at the almost universal knowledge O'Connell seemed to have. He appeared as much at home in giving her counsel as to how her Servants' Asylum ought to be worked, as he was in the Four Courts. What surprised her still more was the theological knowledge which he displayed in a case that came under her own observation. The circumstances were these :

A member of his family, who did not reside with him, became horribly tormented by scruples. To go to confession was a martyrdom, to go to Holy Communion seemed an impossibility. Every devotional exercise was a fresh-torture ; and if each were made a dozen times over, the poor lady was still certain that some words had been omitted, that some distraction rendered the good work sinful, or that the intention not being sensibly pure, was surely bad. Only those who have passed through a similar ordeal can appreciate the agony of such a state of mind ; and whether the Repealer

himself, had passed through it or not, we cannot say—but he could guide one through it with a success that many spiritual directors might envy. In a series of letters he wrote to this lady, he discerns between the various kinds of scruples, giving signs to distinguish whether they come from the Divine, the human, or the diabolical spirit. He insists on the implicit obedience the scrupulous are peculiarly bound to pay their confessor, reprobates self-will in pious matters, describes many shades of erroneous consciences, and diffusely explains several *ruses* by which nature seeks to elude grace. As to the practice of frequent Communion, about which his correspondent seems to have been imbued with some Jansenistical notions, he entirely agrees with those who recommend it, and lucidly expatiates on the doctrines of the Fathers with reference to this subject. These letters amazed such as were capable of appreciating them. As they were strictly private they have never been published, though they are doubtless in possession of some of his descendants.

Mother McAuley edified and instructed her young associates by reading them aloud for them. That O'Connell should have some tincture of theology, moral, mystical, or dogmatic, cannot be surprising, if it be true, as is commonly asserted, that he at one time had thoughts of embracing the clerical profession; but to have knowledge, and to apply it correctly, are two different things in these abstruse matters; the first may be gained by study, the second, as a general rule, must come from practical experience in directing souls. Yet the letters to which we allude might have been written by Gerson, John of Avila, or Fénelon.

In his journeys through Ireland, O'Connell nearly always visited the convents on his route. On these occasions his reception was a kind of ovation. The Te Deum was sung, the reception-rooms hung with green, the national emblems, harp, shamrock, and sunburst displayed, addresses were read by the pupils, and any request he asked, implicitly granted. His manner at such scenes was peculiarly happy. To a young girl who had delivered a flattering address to the "Conquering Hero," he said very graciously, that he "regretted her sex precluded her from that distinguished place in the imperial senate, to which her elocutionary abilities entitled

her." Then glancing at the girls who surrounded the oratress, he continued, with emotion:

"Often have I listened with nerve unstrung, and heart unmoved, to the calumny and invective of our national enemies; but to-day, as I look on the beautiful young virgins of Erin, my herculean frame quivers with emotion, and the unbidden tear moistens my eye. Can such a race continue in ignoble bondage? Are you born for no better lot than slavery? No," he continued, with increasing vehemence, "you *shall* be free; your country shall yet be a nation; you shall not become the mothers of slaves?"*

It is unnecessary to add, that the children who listened to this outburst of patriotism became Repealers on the spot. In Mother McAuley's letters O'Connell and his speeches are often mentioned; the latter, she says, "have quite brought the Sisters of Mercy into fashion." Later on we shall give a specimen. She often spoke of the edification it must give to see so great a man not only a practical Catholic, but a most devout one. And though she never meddled in politics, she was glad to see that the master-spirit of the political agitation of her country had taken for his motto: "The greatest revolution ever made is not worth a drop of human blood."

Out of devotion to the Sacred Infancy, Mother McAuley established a pious custom of entertaining all the poor children of the neighborhood, as well as the inmates of the House, at dinner every Christmas-day.

This was commenced in 1827. O'Connell presided, and even dined with the poor little ones, some of whom could hardly get a good meal till Christmas came again. He had a pleasant word for every one of them, and their lean, sickly faces soon reflected the happiness of his fine, good-humored countenance. When in Dublin, O'Connell always presided at this monster dinner. The custom of entertaining the poor, especially children, on Christmas-day, is almost universal in the Order of Mercy.

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* Described from memory.

CHAPTER XIV.

Our Lady of Mercy.—Accessions.—Rev. Father Lestrange.—Very Rev. Father O'Hanlon's Novitiate.—The Military and Religious Order of Our Lady of Mercy.—Sisters of Mercy founded by Princess Teresa Doria.—Dedication of the Chapel in Baggot-street.—Opposition to the Institute.—Extract from Dr. Blake's sermon.—Charitable institutions founded in Ireland during the last century.—Foundresses—"C. McAuley, Esq."—Severity of the Archbishop.—Anomalous position of the Institute.—Dr. Blake's kindness.—Kindness of several religious houses.—The Presentation Rule.—Catherine enters George's Hill Convent.—Sister M. Magdalen Flynn.—Indulgences granted to the new Institute.

AFTER some experience of the working of the new establishment, it was deemed advisable to draw God's blessings more abundantly on it by placing it under the special protection of the Blessed Virgin. The Foundress had a particular devotion to Mary, under the sweet title *Mater Misericordiæ*, and the Feast of Our Lady of Mercy had always been her favorite among the beautiful festivals that gem the Christian year. At her request, therefore, the Archbishop kindly permitted the Institute to be called, *The Institute of Our Blessed Lady of Mercy*. On the Feast of St. Ambrose, 1828, his Grace allowed the staff of the "Institute" to assume a distinctive dress, and to visit the sick. The uniform adopted was a dress of black cashmere, with a deep cape of the same, and a small white collar. A lace cap and veil were added; the whole costume being similar to that now worn by the postulants of the Institute.

Of the ladies who aided in the performance of the works of mercy suggested by the zeal of the Foundress, some, contenting themselves with doing well, became holy wives and mothers, the pious works of their early years drawing down God's blessing on their after-lives; while others, choosing, like Mary, "the better part" of consecrating themselves to the more immediate service of

God, were desirous of joining the zealous band. The fourth accession was Mary Teresa McAuley, who entered on the anniversary of her baptism, Nov. 22, 1829. The fifth was Miss Frances Teresa Warde, of whom mention has been already made. When this lady evinced a desire to enter, Mother McAuley referred her to her confessor, Rev. Father Lestrange, a Carmelite Friar, remarking that, in the important step of choosing a state in life, the director is the surest exponent of God's will. The Rev. Father gave Miss Warde his full permission to enter, adding that he "looked on Miss McAuley as a person raised up by God for some great and holy end, which in time would be clearly manifested." This young lady entered on the Feast of St. Ambrose, 1829. Before this, the house was so crowded, that it became very inconvenient to send out its inmates to Mass and confession. The oratory was therefore fitted up as a chapel, and a chaplain and confessor appointed by the Archbishop. His Grace ordered that an addition be made to accommodate the public of the neighborhood, as is customary in Ireland, where most convents have such accommodation for seculars, the part occupied by the Religious being separated from the rest by a grating.

Very Rev. Mr. O'Hanlon continued ordinary confessor to the Institute from the time of his appointment, in 1828, till a few weeks before his death, which occurred in 1863. He, and indeed his whole Order in Ireland, have been, from the first, firm friends of the Order of Mercy.

Father O'Hanlon had made his novitiate in Spain, some thirty years before he became connected with the Order of Mercy. He used sometimes to encourage the ladies who assisted Miss McAuley by telling them how often he was on the point of losing his vocation, and how, on one occasion, his expulsion was actually decided on, under the following circumstances :

Several of the ancients of his Order having met to discuss some important business, the cook, in his anxiety to serve the Fathers, forgot to prepare dinner for the novices ; and a majority of the latter not being disposed to fast more than the rule required, they adjourned to the garden, where, under the friendly shade of orange and almond trees, they enjoyed a delicious though uncooked re-

past. However, a Father, whom age and infirmity had superannuated, observing from his window the havoc which was being made in the orchard, gave the alarm, and the poor youths were very unceremoniously disturbed, and summoned before the chapter in session. Brother Redmond, as the leader, came in for the largest share of censure, and was ordered to prepare for a homeward voyage.

Now this was not only a religious disgrace, it was a national calamity. The Spanish Fathers had never before dismissed an Irishman, but Redmond Joseph O'Hanlon now broke the charm. He entreated forgiveness, promising never to look at nice fruit again; he would perform the greatest penance, provided they would keep him in the Order in any capacity whatever. After some discussion, a mild-looking old Father, whom the novice ever after regarded as a saint, inquired how he had come to commit such a terrible breach of monastic discipline. The poor youth could not be convicted of any thing worse than hunger, and some very unsound theology on the subject of holy poverty. The venerable old man pleaded for him, and the misdemeanor, not so bad after all for a youth in his teens, was forgiven; but for many a day the very look of fruit was enough to make Brother Redmond quake.

In concluding this anecdote, the ancient Provincial would remark, with great simplicity, that the novices engaged in this freak, "became the most distinguished men in our Order, my dear."

This worthy Provincial of the Carmelites is frequently mentioned in Mother McAuley's letters. In one of them she says: "There never was a more disinterested friend than Father O'Hanlon."

In 1828, the Archbishop desired Miss McAuley to choose some name by which to designate her little community. She immediately selected a title in which a sweet womanly relation is blended with the name of that Divine attribute so dear to fallen nature; and, henceforth, she and her children were known as Sisters of Mercy. An Order of Mercy had already existed in the Church, of which we will give a rapid sketch.

Those conversant with the history of the middle ages, will readily remember the horrors perpetrated by Mohammedan corsairs on

all vessels too weak to defend themselves. Whole crews were often carried into the most degrading bondage. Noble and plebeian, learned and ignorant, old and young, languished in the fetid dungeons of Moorish tyrants for years, and sometimes for their whole lives. Wearied by the pains of a lengthened captivity, not a few became miserable renegades, and exchanging the cross for the crescent, became victims of a slavery more degrading than that to which piracy or the fortunes of war had reduced them. The Moors possessed the fairest portions of Spain : Valencia, Catalonia, and Granada, were among their conquests. Their victories spread terror throughout Southern Europe. They believed it to be the destiny of Islamism to exterminate Christianity. They sometimes reckoned among their captives Christian princes. While the brave and chivalrous James of Aragon was in captivity among them, he vowed that, should he regain his freedom, he would establish some means of alleviating the miseries of poor Christian slaves ; but his success in keeping this vow was very partial, till God raised up a saint to inaugurate a new era for the captives. Peter Nolasco, a noble Spaniard, touched with their miseries, was inspired to found an Order for their relief. A vision of Our Lady of Mercy, with which he was favored, confirmed him in this design ; and in 1223 he received the habit of the new Order from St. Raymond of Pennafort, who drew up rules for the "*Royal Military and Religious Order of Our Lady of Mercy.*" The objects of this Order were the *works of mercy*, especially the *redemption of captives*. Each member bound himself by a vow to exchange himself for a captive, should there be no other means of ransom. The heroic deeds of these Redemptioners and Ransomers, have elicited the warmest approbation of mediæval historians ; and well did they deserve praise, for "greater love than this no man hath, that a man lay down his life for his friend." Whether they pined in the loathsome dungeons of Morocco or Algiers, or preached in the slave-markets, or fed the hungry and instructed the ignorant at the gates of their magnificent commanderies, they everywhere diffused the good odor of Jesus Christ. Their white habits denoted the innocence of their lives, the red cross showed they were ready to shed their blood in defence of the cross of Christ, while the

royal arms of Aragon, interwoven with the cross on their breasts, testified their gratitude to their most munificent benefactor, King James of Aragon.

In consequence of the altered state of Europe, this Order has declined much in members and importance. It still possesses houses in Spain, Germany, and South America. In many of the delightful tales and legends of the mediæval period, the Knight, or Brother of Mercy, figures conspicuously in his beautiful character, adding fresh lustre to the records of those chivalrous times.

For this ancient Order Miss McAuley had so great a predilection, that when she found she had almost unconsciously established a new religious Institute, she desired to adopt St. Peter Nolasco's Order for women, and hence her choice of the beautiful appellation, Sisters of Mercy,* and her design to make *works of mercy* the distinctive feature of her Institute. She wished the members to combine the silence, recollection, and prayer of the Carmelite with the active zeal of a Sister of Charity. This was regarded by many as chimerical, nevertheless she accomplished her supposed Utopia. Every one knows that Sisters of Mercy are bound to the laborious duties of instructing the ignorant, visiting the sick and imprisoned, managing hospitals, orphan asylums, and homes for distressed women ; but many are surprised to learn that these Sisters make perpetual vows, observe choir, spend six or seven hours daily in spiritual exercises, and nearly a month of every year in retreat.†

Few are acquainted with the names of the illustrious women who effected this combination of the active and contemplative lives. The eloquence of the historian, the canvas of the painter, the marble of the sculptor, hand down to posterity the moral and physical features of those who filled the world with the wail of the widow and the cry of the orphan, while those who comforted the one and dried the tears of the other are seldom rescued from oblivion. To

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* The name Sisters of Mercy (Le Sorelle della Misericordia) was adopted about the same time by a Society of Religious founded by Princess Teresa Doria Pamphili, in Rome. They have hospitals within the enclosure of their monastery walls.

† From the 6th of August to the 15th, from the 28th of December to the 1st of January, the first Sunday of every month, etc.

the saintly dead this matters little, but the world should not be denied the biographies of such as are best calculated to edify it. Within a few years several institutions for the education of the poor, the relief of the sick, and other holy objects, have sprung up in Ireland, amid unexampled difficulties, and the very names of their respective originators are almost unknown. This is not creditable to Ireland, and moreover, it is an old failing. There is comparatively little record of the palmiest days of the Irish Church, when saints were added to the Calendar by hundreds ; and of that little, a portion is due to foreigners. Perhaps the interesting events of St. Malachy's episcopate had been unknown, had not St. Bernard written his life, for the edification of all ages.*

Catherine was accustomed to say, that she never attempted any thing for the glory of God which did not meet with the most determined opposition. Her own relatives were always her opponents ; but, circumstanced as she was, it necessarily happened that her enemies were of her own household. As soon as her Institute began to assume a distinctive character, Bishops, Priests, Religious, and Seculars assailed her ; many even deemed it a good work to persecute her. When, on the Octave of the Ascension, 1829, the Archbishop blessed the Chapel, and dedicated it to Our Lady of Mercy, Rev. Mr. W—— was appointed, very much against his will, to sing the High Mass. At breakfast, he commented very severely on Miss McAuley's proceedings, pointing out that her associates had assumed a uniform plain enough to be considered the precursor of the Religious habit ; and though he did not speak so as to be heard by Dr. Murray, lest his words might seem a censure on his Grace's kindness, he was all the more earnest in impressing his views on others, as Dr. Blake, in the Dedication sermon, had given utterance to the following words :

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* Very Rev. Father O'Hanlon's Lives of the Irish Saints will go far to remedy the deficiency we have alluded to.

We have already mentioned the Ursuline and Presentation Orders. The Christian Brothers were founded in Waterford, 1802, by Edmund Rice, Esq. They adopted the Rules of the Ven. de la Salle. The Brigetines, in Tullow, by Miss M. C. Dawson, 1806 ; the Sisters of Charity, in Dublin, by Miss Mary A. Aikenhead, 1817 ; the Loretto Nuns, by Miss Aloysia Ball ; the Presentation Brothers, the Brothers of St. Patrick, &c., &c.

"I look upon Miss McAuley as one selected by Heaven for some great work. Her heart overflows with the charity of Jesus, whose all-consuming love burns within her. No woman has ever accomplished more for suffering, sorrowing humanity. She may well rejoice over those whom she has been instrumental in snatching from the enemy's grasp, and may confidently claim a blessing from heaven on her future labors. I will venture to say that her name is written in the Book of Life, and I feel convinced that any individual presuming, by word or deed, to injure her establishment, will draw down upon himself the lash, the scourge of the Almighty, even in this world."

This was strong language from any source, but any one acquainted with the late Bishop of Dromore,* will admit that his eminent virtue gave peculiar weight to every thing he said. Sustained by him, the Institute could hardly fail, and its enemies were well aware of this.

Another clergyman, who was under several obligations to Miss McAuley, hinted, in rather impolite terms, that, by the mere attempt to found a new society, she had *ipso facto* unsexed herself, and wrote to her in the most contemptuous style, addressing the letter to "*C. McAuley, Esq.*" His memory could not have been very retentive of facts with which his profession might have made him acquainted, else he might remember that it was no new thing for women to establish religious Orders. If the Scripture speaks of few women† who received the gift of prophecy, we do not recollect that it mentions any false *prophetesses;* but foundresses under the Christian dispensation may be mentioned in scores, and saints‡ have sometimes subjected whole monasteries of monks to the gentle rule of an Abbess! Yet more, in that most abstruse of sciences—mystical theology—women are numbered among the

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* The beautiful *Madonna* which hangs over the altar *Mater Misericordiæ*, in the chapel at Baggot-street, was presented by Dr. Blake, on his return from Rome, whence he brought it, 1829.

† The two Annas, Debora, Miriam, etc.

‡ As St. Gilbert of England, St. Bridget of Sweden, etc. The monks were subject in temporals to the Abbess of the Convent of their Order, which adjoined the Church that served both communities.

Doctors of the Church. And after all, Miss McAuley could not open an asylum for the protection of poor girls, without departing from her natural delicacy, and sacrificing her feminine graces!

Nothing could exceed the reverence Catherine had for the clergy. Like her patroness, the Saint of Sienna, she would have kissed the ground on which a priest stood, reflecting that it was through his instrumentality sinners were reconciled to God. She inculcated this most earnestly in all whom she instructed; and she once severely reproved a postulant who asked a priest, an old friend of her family, to take a little parcel to a mutual friend. She said, if we ought to show politeness to seculars, we should evince reverence for ecclesiastics. "The youngest priest," she would say, "is superior in dignity to the greatest monarch on earth, and ought to be treated accordingly." When she glanced at the address of this most offensive letter, her tears gushed forth despite of her efforts to restrain them. "Alas," said she, "how little did I think, when I tried to devise some means of assisting the neglected poor, that I should ever live to give offence to the least of God's ministers!"*

The writer of this letter did not repeat the insult. He dropped dead in the street a few days after he wrote it, and his sudden death was by some regarded as a judgment, and in verification of Dr. Blake's prediction. Catherine always spoke of him with esteem, said his opposition was well meant, and had prayers offered for his soul, when she heard of his untimely end.

More than Rev. Mr. W—— were unwilling to sanction the dedication of the new establishment. The nearest house to it was a public institution, sustained by Protestants, the trustees of which gave a little annoyance to their neighbors. Miss McAuley often petitioned them to permit her to raise, at her own expense, the wall which divided their respective premises, but they would not hear of it, till, to their intense chagrin, they learned that the Archbishop, in blessing the new establishment, would pass along the low boundary wall with bell, book, and candle, incense and holy water. The fact that the inmates of their institution could not be pre-

* Communicated by M. Frances Warde, who was present when the letter was delivered.

vented from peeping in, combined with the fear that a few drops of holy water might desecrate their evangelical premises, and a vague notion that the Pope might be present in disguise, had more effect than all Miss McAuley's rhetoric. The morning of the dedication the wall was found to have gone up as if by magic, a few feet higher than even the petitioner desired.

The Feast of Corpus Christi and that of the Sacred Heart were celebrated at the new Institute with great solemnity. The Confraternity of the Sacred Heart* was established, and many of the inmates, with the more grown of the school-children, were enrolled in it. From that time, 1829, it has been the general custom to enrol in this sodality the pupils on the day of their first communion.

But the trials most grievous to the Foundress had yet to come, and they came from the Archbishop, her direct superior. For years he had been her spiritual guide, she had not taken one step towards her present position without his direction or consent. Several zealous persons having represented to him that the new Institute was being changed into a Convent, without being bound by any of the rules authorized by the Church, his Grace admitted the inconvenience of this, and said that the idea of a conventual establishment starting up of itself in this manner had never entered into his mind. Indeed, the position of the Institute was somewhat anomalous. It was not a convent, its members being bound by no rule or vow, nor could it, with propriety, be styled a secular house, for already it had its appointed hours of silence and recreation, of labor and rest, of prayer and study. Not one of those concerned ever thought of its becoming the cradle of a new Religious congregation; but what Founder ever saw at a glance the consequences of his work? Look, for example, at St. Ignatius. Born at a time when the spirit of the Crusaders was not yet totally extinct, he desires to establish his few disciples in a country politically one the least among nations, though, as the land in which the Redemption was accomplished, it must ever be dear to all Christian hearts.

* Several special indulgences are attached to this Confraternity in Ireland, in consequence, as one of the rescripts says, of "the great devotion to the Sacred Heart which prevails in that kingdom."

Little did he then imagine that his sons were destined to become the apostles of nations, to revive in the Church the glories of her primitive ages, and to become by their writings the spiritual directors of the world. Just as little did Catherine anticipate the future, when she erected a house to shelter a few poor women.

One of her opponents, counting on her submission, for her obedience was known to be equal to her charity, visited her in July, 1829, and after having been shown through the institution, informed her that the Archbishop intended to transfer it to the Sisters of Charity, but that she would be allowed to retain apartments, and have a private entrance. This intelligence, abruptly imparted, shot a momentary pang through her heart. She thought of the companions of her labors, the realization of her early aspirations, the house to maintain which she had made herself almost a beggar, and forfeited the affections of her nearest friends ; and then raising her eyes to heaven, without yielding to the slightest emotion, she gently and smilingly informed her visitor that she was ready to acquiesce in his Grace's decision. The same day she wrote to the Archbishop to that effect.

In a subsequent visit, Dr. Murray informed her that he had not authorized any one to make such a communication. "However," he added, " I did not think the founding of a new Order was part of your plan." As she made no comment on this, he continued in freezing tones, and with a cold, disdainful air, which he could well assume : "Really, Miss McAuley, I had no idea that a new Congregation would start up in this manner." It was well that Catherine possessed as much virtue as he gave her credit for.

After his departure her mind became terribly agitated. Had her own will, then, been her guiding star ? Was mere self-gratification her object, and not the glory of God ? And after obeying her legitimate superiors so exactly, how did it happen that she had acted in opposition to their wishes ? Again she wrote to the Archbishop, offering to resign into his hands the house just completed, begging that he would be pleased to allow her the poorest apartment in it, and permission to labor in any capacity to carry out her good intentions. Relating this incident, Very Rev. Dominic Murphy adds :

"No one could better appreciate the generosity of such an offer than the prelate to whom it was made. He knew her worth, and had no difficulty in perceiving that her conduct throughout had been influenced by the purest charity. He had been from her first conversion the witness of her zeal and piety. To her proposal of committing the establishment to the care of some one of the religious institutions then in Dublin, he gave the most decided negative, rightly judging that the same benevolent and generous spirit to which it was indebted for its existence, would best preside over its subsequent exertions, and conduct it to eventual success." "Every good work," he said, "was destined to be opposed and contradicted, and for trials she should ever be prepared."

It was in the midst of the greatest opposition that the whole economy of God's will in her regard, burst upon her mind. Not only was she inspired to add a new gem to the brilliant diadem of the Church, but to combine what had been previously regarded as belonging to different states, so far as female Religious were concerned, and to accomplish what had been unsuccessfully tried in Ireland and elsewhere: perpetual vows, a large amount of choir duty, a strict observance of silence, etc., seeming almost impossible without the aid of cloister; while visitation of the sick, the necessary intercourse with seculars, and the works of mercy to be performed in and out of the Convent, seemed incompatible with so much daily choir-duty, etc. "Dr. Blake," says she, "received all the ideas I had formed, and I am certain he had the Institute in his mind in all his communications with God." Happily, he returned from Rome just when his assistance was indispensable. He consoled her in all her afflictions, and eased her mind of much pain, assuring her that self-will had had no share in her exertions, of which he had seen the commencement, and watched the progress.

Speaking of the troubles that assailed her at this time, Mother Mary V. Hartnett writes: "God drew good out of evil, ordaining that these very storms should be the means of making the community take firm root, and bring forth more vigorous fruits of virtue and good works, as they were also the means of securing to the Sisters permanent successors for their holy mission." In the

summer of 1830, the opposition was so great that it seemed as if the Sisterhood, now numbering twelve, must disband. Full of confidence in God, Catherine tranquilly left the result to Him, and consoled and animated her companions under their mutual afflictions. Visiting her one day, Dr. Blake remarked that the Institute was now like its Divine Master, a sign to be contradicted, "but," added he, "it is high time to rescue you and your associates from the anomaly of your present position; you have endured it long enough." He then went to confer with the Archbishop, and, says Very Rev. Mr. Murphy, "the conference of these two great men was long and animated." Impressions had been made on his Grace which it was not easy to remove, but the result of the consultation was, that the "Sisters of Mercy" should appear either as Religious or as seculars, and as they unanimously chose to become Religious, it was decided that their Institute should be entirely unconnected with any other, that it should be governed by its own rules and constitutions, and that the practices of monastic life, as such, should as soon as possible be introduced among its members.

The Carmelites* and Poor Clares were especially kind on this occasion. Both of these ancient Orders offered, in the most affectionate terms, to affiliate the house to their own. Indeed, almost all the Convents of the Archdiocese stretched out a helping hand to their embryo Sister, sending copies of their respective rules for Miss McAuley's inspection. Of these rules, that of the Presentation Order seemed best adapted to the object in view,† and on being informed of this, the Archbishop offered to invite some professed members of that Order to reside awhile in Baggot-street, or to allow Miss McAuley and a few of her associates to make a novitiate in some Presentation Convent. The latter being agreed on,

* Probably through the influence of Very Rev. Father O'Hanlon, Confessor, and Very Rev. Daniel Burke, O. S. F., Chaplain of the Institute.

† The Presentation Rules of which the Rule of St. Augustine is the basis, were drawn up by Rev. Lawrence O'Callaghan, O. S. F., Cork, and Nano Nagle, about the year 1777. They were approved by Pius VI., in 1791, and confirmed by Pius VII., 1805. The Religious are bound to the education of the poor *only*—originally they visited the sick, etc., but they have been cloistered since 1806.

it was resolved that she, her first companion, Miss Doyle, and a late accession, Miss Elizabeth Harley, should make their novitiate in the monastery of George's Hill,* the community of which kindly acquiesced in this arrangement. By much diligence the preparations for their departure were completed by the 8th of September, Catherine being eager to honor the Festival of Our Lady's Nativity by the sacrifice, and to place the whole proceeding under the special patronage of Mary. The Superioress and Community at George's Hill received them at the gate.

This year, 1830, Miss Mary Delany, of Castle Durrow, Kilkenny, Miss Georgina Moore, of Dublin, Miss Dume, and Miss Marcella Flynn, both friends of Dr. Blake, entered. Miss Flynn was somewhere between the sixth and ninth hour of life when she joined the Institute. As a general rule, Miss McAuley preferred young subjects, but as this pious lady was recommended by Dr. Blake, she was immediately accepted. It was, however, so difficult to "break her in" to religious life, and, as one of the Sisters pleasantly said, "to get the old maid out of her," that Mother McAuley was obliged to devote no small portion of time to her alone, and it was remarked that she kept Sister Marcella in the house in order that she herself might never chance to be without a cross. Yet her patience and forbearance were well rewarded, for this Sister became one of the most efficient members. In the course of a few years she had got completely "out of her little ways," and was admitted to profession. Strange to say, she survived nearly all her juvenile contemporaries, dying of mere old age, in 1863. She was present at all the community exercises till the vesper hour of the day of her death, when she complained of a little faintness. The confessor, who happened to be in the house, anointed her, and she expired without the least apparent struggle, after about ten minutes' illness,

* George's Hill Presentation Convent is a spacious but dreary-looking building, situated in the most densely populated part of Dublin, North Anne-street. It was erected in 1794, and is consequently the oldest Catholic school in the capital. Its unattractive site was chosen probably to keep it as much out of view as possible. In those days, Catholic institutions dare not show themselves in respectable localities.

having previously composed herself as if for sleep. In a little time, the ancient Provincial followed his more ancient penitent.

In June, 1830, the Sisterhood were greatly consoled by receiving from his Holiness Pope Pius VIII. a Rescript of Indulgences, dated May 23, 1830. This favor was granted chiefly through the influence of Very Rev. Dr. Whelan, a Carmelite Father, now Bishop of Bombay.

CHAPTER XV.

Use of the Novitiate.—The Novice and the Mistress.—Incidents of Catherine's Novitiate.—Trials.—Catherine's reception.—Behind the *grille*.—Eminent virtues Catherine observed in the Abbess and Religious of George's Hill.—Pupils of the Presentation Nuns.

THAT no person may unadvisedly take the important and irrevocable step of making religious vows in any approved Order, it is wisely ordained that a novitiate of at least one year be made previous to profession,* during which candidates are required to learn the technicalities of conventual life, the spirit of the rule they desire to embrace, the nature of the duties which it will be their life-long business to perform, and every thing connected with the perfection and obligation of the vows. This is a matter of justice to the subjects, because they ought to understand well the obligations they contract; and to the Order which receives them, because time and experience are requisite in judging of the most promising vocations. As all who persevere must permit themselves to be moulded as the rules and traditions of the Institute require, the period of probation is generally a time of trial and temptation, as well as of great spiritual consolation.

Sister Catherine commenced her novitiate with the most perfect dispositions. Neither her mature years, nor her declining health, nor her previous position, which had been one of authority, ever induced her to claim the least exemption. She considered the meanest occupation in religion more honorable than the highest earthly dignity, and it was easy to perceive that she had indeed "chosen to become an abject in the house of the Lord." Completely resigning herself into the hands of her superiors, she begged

* The length of the novitiate varies in different Orders. In the Order of Mercy it is four years and a half; in the Ursuline, six years and a half, etc.

them to do with her as they pleased, and they did not fail to put her virtue to very severe tests. The Mistress of Novices, Mother Teresa Hagan, was a convert of remarkably rigid views, but nevertheless well fitted for her responsible office. Sometimes she affected to misunderstand her saintly novice, and treated her as a visionary; sometimes she hinted that ambition to found a new Order was among her motives, and she sometimes imposed grievous penances and humiliations for faults which her novice never thought of. All sweetness to others, for she saw they were not called to such high sanctity, she was almost invariably severe to Catherine, and her manner was so perfectly natural that it was impossible to tell whether she was inflicting a penance for some real fault, or trying the virtue of a proficient. Her other children she treated as children, but Catherine she treated as a giantess. This consummate mistress had sufficient judgment to impose on her novices, individually, just so much of a burden as they could bear with a *little* difficulty.

Catherine, habitually severe on herself, was always indulgent to others. She knew how to make allowances for every one. Her great knowledge of the world, her keen penetration, her almost instantaneous perception of the motives and dispositions of those whom she met for the first time, instead of making her bitter or censorious, had a directly contrary effect. She could see much good where others could not see any; and by patience and judicious kindness, she often made saints of characters who, if managed by one less skilful, could not, humanly speaking, persevere at all. He who had destined her to become a guide and model to numerous souls, ordained that she should have every facility for becoming expert in the spiritual warfare. Her most trivial inadvertence was rigorously reprehended, her will and inclinations continually thwarted, and the least gratification studiously interdicted. When she wished to rest, she had to labor; when she evinced a desire to read, she was ordered to teach; and when she seemed inclined to pray, she was sent to recreate.

"Reproofs and trials," says Mother McAuley's last biographer, "could not disturb the serenity of Sister Catherine's appearance, or the tranquillity of her mind. She afterwards said they were of

service to her, and that, if she were permitted a choice, she would prefer to remain a novice all her life.

"Her cheerfulness and animation made her the life of the recreation. At times her own two sisters feared lest she should go too far;—Sister Anna Maria, through the apprehension of displeasing the Presentation nuns whom she dearly loved; Sister Elizabeth, lest something might occur that would defer their return home. But though Sister Catherine's playfulness and cheerfulness were great, they were always so well regulated that there was no danger of their incurring any real censure.

"On one occasion a house adjoining, belonging to the nuns, having become vacant, it was necessary for some of them to go into it to see what repairs it required. Now, as the garden wall bounded the enclosure, no novice could go outside it without incurring the penalty of recommencing her novitiate. It being a time of recreation when the appointed nuns were going, Sister Catherine seemed as if determined to accompany them; and when her two companions saw her actually going with them towards the forbidden door, and apparently stepping out, they hastened to her in the greatest alarm; but they soon found that she was in the spirit of recreation doing the work of the hour, raising an innocent smile: she had no intention of committing the fault, nor did she at all forget the rule."

One day her friend Very Rev. Dr. Fitzgerald was announced. He had come from Carlow to visit her; and, as he brought news of her nephews, she naturally evinced some pleasure on being told to go to the parlor. Mother Teresa perceiving this, ordered her to send a polite excuse for her non-appearance, and the President was obliged to return without seeing her. Circumstanced as she was, her solicitude for the health and progress of these boys was very great. Should they grow discontented at College, she had no home to receive them, and except as Protestants their uncle would not admit them to his house. She feared they might be ill or unhappy, else the Doctor had come to confer with her concerning them; but in a few days she had the happiness of learning that her apprehensions were groundless. Robert and James had been received into the Catholic Church by the great Dr. Doyle, then

Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin, and William, who in time followed their example, made his abjuration in Dublin ; and in the vacation of 1830, just before his aunt's entrance into the Presentation Convent, he and his sister Catherine made their first communion in the Chapel of the Convent of Mercy, Baggot-street. In 1831, probably on account of her absence, the property of her sister's children, situated chiefly in the County Louth, became involved in expensive litigation, and the greater part of it was lost to them, a loss that had not afflicted her so much had she been aware that they were all destined to die young.

One day, her niece Catherine, and her godchild Teresa, having come to see her, she, through forgetfulness, remained with them two or three minutes beyond the specified time. For this breach of discipline her mistress would take no excuse, and as a penance she ordered Sister M. Catherine to kneel at the foot of the novitiate table with her arms extended in form of a cross. Being called away, she forgot to release her; and, on returning, more than an hour after, she found her novice in this most distressing position, her arms gently undulating, however. Had she been left a few minutes longer, she must have fainted. When next the children came, she was ordered to read the Imitation aloud to them for half an hour, but she was not permitted to say a word to them. They returned not much improved by the pious lecture ; and on their next visit, Mother Teresa entered the parlor, and reproved her sharply in their presence. Little Catherine began to cry, and Teresa, unable to control herself, exclaimed : "Do, dear godmother, come home from that cross lady."

"My child," answered the gentle sister, "if I thought your language proceeded from any thing but want of sense, I should not permit you to visit me again while I remain here."*

Then, as if sorry for speaking so sternly, she took the little one in her arms, and explained to her the necessity of humiliation in the religious life. Teresa and Catherine were, however, too young to understand what seemed clear enough a little later, when they themselves became Religious.

* From a Memoir written by the same godchild, a Religious in the Convent of Mercy, Baltimore.

Mother McAuley, although she gladly received these humiliations herself, never inflicted similar ones. What could be done with good effect in other Orders, she did not always deem suitable in the Order of Mercy. She would not give a humiliation in presence of externs, or at recreations; even the directions she desired to see carried out in the schools or House of Mercy, she would never give in presence of the pupils or inmates, so jealous was she of upholding the authority of the Sisters in their respective offices and charges. Correction she usually gave in private.

On the second day of the Octave of the Immaculate Conception, 1830, the three postulants received the Religious habit. The Reception was public, as is customary in the Presentation order. Sister Catherine grieved to be obliged to resume the dress of the world, even for a short time, but she submitted to the judgment of others. She was careful, however, not to go to any unnecessary expense, and would not even purchase a new outfit for the occasion. She had been in mourning for one friend or another since Mrs. Callahan's death, and as this excused her from mingling in society outside her own immediate circle, no additions had been made to her wardrobe, save what the strictest necessity required. A rich lavender brocade still remained, which was altered to suit the present fashion; and in it she appeared at the ceremony, a white crape scarf almost concealing her figure. Her younger companions wore white, with the usual accompaniments of lace and flowers; the bright orange blossoms nestled in their shining hair, beautifully typifying the mystic nuptials they were about to celebrate with the King of kings.

The Mother Superior intimated that she wished them to assume, respectively, the names of Teresa, Clare, and Angela, but Catherine reflecting that these saints had been Foundresses, her humility was alarmed at the idea of associating herself to them, and she entreated that she and her companions might be permitted to keep their baptismal names, prefixing *Mary* out of devotion to the Blessed Virgin.

A pleasant occurrence on the morning of the Reception shows the virtue of our holy novice in a new light. Not wishing to put the Sisters to any trouble, Sister Catherine obtained permission to

preside over her own toilette, and for this her chaste and elegant taste qualified her. She had no sooner descended to the Chapter-room than the Abbess condescended to become her tire-woman, and rearranged her dress in the style fashionable when *she* left the world, in 1798. Mother Teresa, whose experimental knowledge of such vanities was less antique by a few years, dating only to 1808, undertook to rejuvenate the style. Catherine, absorbed in prayer, was passive under these varied operations, and quite indifferent as to what the nuns improved her into.

The Religious were naturally anxious that their postulants should look well at the approaching ceremony. Sisters Mary Ann and Elizabeth had already undergone the disagreeable ordeal of close inspection, and were pronounced "suitable," but the Abbess found several faults with Sister M. Catherine's *personnel.* A merry little postulant undertook to remedy these, but only succeeded in making bad worse ; and when she had accomplished this, she quietly retired, leaving the novice-elect at leisure to pursue her devotions.

The great bell at length summoned the postulants to the Chapter-room, where the nuns, who were forming into procession, simultaneously lifted their eyes to assure themselves, by a last glance, that all was right. But it was beyond the power of human nature to look unmoved at the ludicrous spectacle, and, oblivious of the solemnity of the place and occasion, not a few austere countenancs relaxed into smiles. Catherine, unconscious that she was the cause of this, smiled too, and only learned the ridiculous appearance she made, when the Abbess sent her to rearrange her toilette, and giving her *carte blanche* for the rest, cautioned her not to delay the Archbishop, who had appointed the hour for the reception. At the evening recreation, a full explanation of the affair was given ; and while the merry laugh resounded through the old cloisters of George's Hill Monastery, the nuns expressed their admiration of the serenity of Catherine, and her profound recollection, which prevented her noticing the ridiculous *improvements* made in her appearance.

In after-life, Mother McAuley often spoke of the edification she received at George's Hill. During her novitiate,

Mother Frances Knowd was elected Abbess; but when the Archbishop proceeded to confirm the election, she besought him to consider her age and infirmities, and not to impose so great a burden on one so incapable of sustaining it. His Grace confirmed the choice of the Community. The punctuality of this saintly Religious, and the perfection with which she led the common life, avoiding every thing extraordinary, seemed to Mother McAuley incomparably greater than occasional wonderful things united to less fervor and exactness. She had entered the convent in 1798, and, during the thirty-two years of her religious life, she was never once known to be absent from any exercise, and never once failed to rise at the first sound of the bell, 5 A. M. She suffered intensely from inflammatory rheumatism, yet she always strove to wait on herself, though it was painful to see the efforts she made. For twenty years she filled alternately the office of Superior and Assistant; but whatever office she held, her pre-eminent virtue was the only thing that distinguished her from the least in the house. So entirely had she overcome a naturally fiery temper, that she seemed insensible to every thing calculated to arouse it. Catherine, one day, through ignorance of facts, made some remark that might seem a censure on her arrangements; but as soon as she learned the real state of the thing, she immediately apologized. It was a mere trifle. The holy Abbess received her with great sweetness, told her she had not noticed the indiscretion, and added, impressively:

"Never let any thing that does not offend God give you the least pain or anxiety."

The humility of this saintly Superior was such, that if any one praised even her needle-work or knitting, she would instantly undo it; and the Sisters were obliged to be very cautious not to say a word in praise of her arrangements. She dreaded praise more than most persons dread censure. The motto on which her whole spiritual life seemed to lean, was: "When you shall have done all things, say, we are unprofitable servants;" and, as her humility would not allow her to think she had done all things, she regarded herself as a wicked and slothful servant. Nor was the exalted virtue of Mother Frances an exceptional case in her convent or

her Order. It was the *rule* to which we never heard of an exception, although the piety of others may not have taken so austere a turn in every instance. And this devotion exhales beyond the cloister. It is quite remarkable that the poor children, educated by the Presentation nuns, are generally solidly virtuous, and seldom fall away in after-life.

CHAPTER XVI.

Caroline Murphy.—Caroline, Princess of Wales.—A seraphic death.—Extraordinary kindness of the Carmelite Fathers.—New trials for Sister Mary Catherine.

DURING the year 1831, many trials befell Catherine. Her spiritual children in Baggot-street having no one to restrict them in penitential exercises, or to restrain them in their labors for the poor, undertook more than their strength was equal to: the greater number of them were injured, and three became seriously ill; and, in June, she learned that Sister Caroline Murphy had not many days to live. The virtues and talents of this Sister endeared her in a special manner to the young community.

"Her life was short and fair,
Unsullied by a blot,
And now she sinks to dreamless rest,
A dove that makes the earth her nest—
To murmur not!"

Caroline* was daughter to an eminent physician in the South of Ireland. From infancy she was a child of benedictions. The mortifications of the saints were her amusements, and her disposition was so angelic, that one would think she "had never sinned in Adam." At the age of twelve she made a vow of perpetual chastity; and though her parents would not permit her to enter a

* She was called after Caroline, the unfortunate consort of George IV., for whom the Irish, with that beautiful instinct so touching in an oppressed people, evinced the deepest sympathy. Neglected and ill-treated from the period of her arrival in England, she finally attained the degrading distinction of being the first royal lady subjected to the ignominy of a public trial since the days of Henry VIII. She certainly experienced rather unhandsome treatment from "the most perfect gentleman in Europe." Deep as was the sympathy this ill-fated queen excited, she compares somewhat unfavorably with England's royal matrons at an earlier date, but her faults were forgotten in her misfortunes.

convent, they gave her full liberty to practise her pious exercises. When she was seventeen her father died quite suddenly. He had just given her a difficult piece, which, he said, he would expect her to play perfectly by evening; but she had scarcely mastered the preludes when a loud noise, in the direction of his chamber, attracted her attention. On rushing to his apartment, she found her worst fears realized. The unfortunate physician lay heavily on the floor, not in a faint or swoon, but dead. This terrible bereavement weaned Caroline more and more from transitory things. She resolved to execute her ardent desire of entering Religion, and her mother, who did not pretend to be a widow indeed, and who looked on her lovely child almost as a rival, gave full consent.

Caroline was dazzlingly beautiful, and apparently unconscious of the fact. It was quite disagreeable for her to go to any public place, or even to church, on account of the admiration audibly expressed, and the staring of which she was sure to become the object. A perfect blonde, her beauty was more striking than Mary Teresa's—the latter *grew* on you, the former dazzled you at once; and the external charms faintly typified the loveliness hidden within. The casket was fair, but the jewel it enshrined was fairer still. Her obedience was perfect, though, strictly speaking, she was not bound to obey; her penance rigorous, though she carried her baptismal robe unsullied to the judgment-seat; her charity seemed like that of the just made perfect. She always chose the meanest occupations in the house, she was eager to assist every one, she coveted humiliations, and dreaded the applause of creatures. For about five months she continued her accustomed avocations, though her lungs were hopelessly diseased; but when weakness rendered her unable to leave the room, she sank rapidly, and breathed her last on the Feast of St. Peter and Paul, 1831. Her death was seraphic. The chaplain and confessor, who were present, said they never witnessed any thing like it. The Sisters who had been witnesses and companions of her holiness, were incited to new fervor when they beheld the supernatural favors bestowed on the dying spouse of Christ. The life of this fair young creature was a realization of the highest triumph of Christian asceticism. The gorgeous, delicate rose which embalms the air with its exqui-

site odors is surrounded by rough moss and sharp thorns. Is not this like spotless innocence guarded by heroic penance?

The virtues of Sister Caroline lived in the memory of those from whose society she was translated to her own bright home. The force of her sweet and holy example was a most eloquent sermon. Happy are they whose words and examples, remembered by those who heard or witnessed them, continue to draw souls to God after they themselves have passed away.

Who can tell how the maternal heart of the Foundress yearned towards this dying child? How many things, which only a Mother could think of, would she have done to ease her! And if this precious child were indeed to die, how many messages would she not send to heaven by such a saintly messenger! But she cannot even have the mournful pleasure of closing the eyes of her child. The coffin-lid will cover that fair face, and the Mother may not take a last fond look. The precious remains will be soon consigned to their kindred earth, and she may not unite with the Sisters who chant the *De profundis*. Mother and child may not meet again in the body, till they meet at the resurrection of the just, on the confines of a blessed eternity!

As there was no cemetery attached to the Baggot-street House, the Carmelites, with extraordinary kindness, offered a vault in the Church of St. Teresa, in Clarendon-street, as a temporary resting-place for the deceased Sisters, which it continued to be till 1841, when, on the demise of the Foundress, the Convent cemetery was consecrated. In the centre of this was laid Catherine McAuley, and the dear remains of her children were brought home, and deposited around her.

In August, 1831, Mother McAuley learned that her niece Mary Teresa was seriously ill, and that Sister Anna O'Grady's recovery was despaired of. About the same time, one of her two companions, Sister Anna Maria, was attacked with severe hemorrhage of the lungs, brought on by over-exertion in her charge, the convent chapel; and the other, Sister Elizabeth, became quite delicate. So unceasing were the trials of the Foundress, that the Sisters used to say, they could not point to a week, or even a day, in which a new cross was not laid on her shoulders.

CHAPTER XVII.

Sister M. Catherine's Profession.—Her return to Baggot-street.--Her first lecture.—Extracts from her instructions.—Her mode of correcting.—The office of Superior.—How Mother McAuley exercised it.—One paragraph suffices for rules and constitution for the Institute.—A generous rival.—Mother McAuley combines the active and contemplative lives.—Intercourse with seculars.

AS the time of profession drew nigh, several of the nuns began to entertain doubts as to whether they could conscientiously vote for novices destined for a different Institute. There was nothing in their rule which could guide them in such a contingency, and the question seemed so serious, that the result of the final chapter was any thing but certain. Now, if this community would not profess them, what other would? And why were not these difficulties started when the application to admit them had been made? That was the time for raising objections, not the present. Catherine had recourse to prayer. "Not knowing what to do, I have only to lift up my eyes to Thee, O Lord," she said. "She humbly laid all before her dearest Saviour," says her last biographer, "and prostrate at the foot of the altar, she implored light and guidance in this, the greatest calamity that had as yet threatened her. She afterwards admitted the intense suffering this trial caused her, but resignation never failed her."

The Archbishop, having inquired minutely into the matter, and seeing her patience and submission, informed her that if the Sisterhood should decline to act in this affair, he would profess her himself. He also took upon himself the responsibility of seeing that her property was disposed of as the vow of poverty requires. For this act of considerate kindness she ever felt most grateful to Dr. Murray, as it obviated the necessity of making known to persons not concerned the amount of her fortune remaining, or the manner of its appropriation for the future Convent, House of Mercy, etc.

In October, 1831, the nuns, who were unanimous in their opinion of her sanctity, decided for the profession. As the time approached in which she was to consecrate her riches to God by the vow of poverty, her heart by the vow of chastity, and her will by the vow of obedience, her fervor redoubled, and the favors she received from heaven amply repaid her for all her sorrows. After a retreat of ten days, Sisters Mary Catherine, Mary Ann, and Mary Elizabeth pronounced the three vows of religion, according to the Presentation form, with the proviso that the vow of obedience might include whatever the Church should subsequently approve for the Order of Mercy. Very Rev. Dr. Blake preached at the ceremony, and after Mass conducted the newly professed Sisters to Baggot-street. This took place on the 12th of December, 1831; and from that day is dated the foundation of the Order, though the Institute had been in constant operation from the Feast of Our Lady of Mercy, 1827.

The Religious of George's Hill earnestly entreated the Foundress to remain with them a few days longer, and even pressed the Archbishop to desire her to do so, but as his Grace referred the matter to herself, she would not make an hour's delay, or even show herself at the *déjeuner* provided for the people who had attended the ceremony. Yet she was tenderly attached to these nuns, and she often said that, with all its anxieties, her novitiate had been the happiest period of her life. She was obliged to promise them that she would visit them at some future time, if she possibly could. Eight years later she fulfilled this promise, taking with her one of the Sisters destined for the London mission, to gratify some of the nuns who were anxious to see "Geraldine." The following pleasant passage refers to this visit. It occurs in a letter dated Nov 17, 1839: "We visited dear old George's Hill, and the affectionate nuns were delighted to see us. I essayed to embrace the old rush chair on which I used to sit, but I kissed a grand new one in mistake. However, I took back the kiss, as "ducky Mary Quinn"* would say, and bestowed it on the right chair."

When they reached Baggot-street, on the morning of the 12th

* One of the orphans. Whenever M. McAuley mentions them, she always calls them by their pet names.

of December, 1831, they found the Sisters awaiting their arrival in the chapel, which had been handsomely decorated for the joyful occasion. After the Te Deum had been sung, Very Rev. Dr. Blake addressed a few impressive words to the assembled Sisters. "That was a joyful day in Baggot-street," says the simple annalist. "Every face was radiant with happiness; the Sisters, the children, and the inmates of the House of Mercy, rejoiced at the thought that they should no more lose their good Mother."

On Tuesday, the 13th, the Archbishop canonically appointed Sister M. Catherine, Superior. Finding that she could not avoid the responsibility of governing the young community, she entreated his Grace to allow her to be styled Sister Superior, or Superintending Sister, not Reverend Mother or Mother Superior; but he confirmed her in the latter titles, saying that "there ought to be at least one Mother in every house."

The first public lecture she gave was on Obedience. She read to her children the tenth chapter of Rodriguez' Treatise on that virtue, which may be regarded as a commentary on the text: "Obey your prelates, for they watch continually, being to give an account of your souls, that they may do this with joy, not with grief." She explained the nature of religious obedience, the happiness of always doing the will of God which the obedient soul enjoys, and expatiated, in her concise, but beautiful style, on the example of Him who was obedient even to the death of the cross. Mother McAuley's instructions were such that those who heard them never forgot them. A Sister who had taken some notes of them says: "No pen could describe the gentle, calm, clear, and resistless spirit with which she spoke." She had the rare talent of expressing a great deal in a few words, which rendered her lectures the opposite of those thus pithily described by the witty heathen: "Many words—little sense." Her manner was calm, earnest, and unimpassioned; her tone, as became the solemn subjects she treated, was nearly monotonous; her illustrations were most happily chosen. She generally kept to one subject at a time, as silence, charity, devotion to the Blessed Virgin; and her instructions never lasted more than about twenty-five minutes. It is deeply to be regretted that the incessant occupations of the early

Sisters did not allow them leisure to take more copious notes of her beautiful lectures.

Look at the illustrations she uses in recommending that quiet, subdued exterior which she considered the fit covering of a heart in which modesty and humility have taken up their abode. "See," she would say, "see how quietly the great God performs all his mighty works: darkness is spread over us at night, and light returns in the morning, and there is no noise of closing shutters or drawing curtains." And again: "How silently and brilliantly the lamp burns away before the Blessed Sacrament when the oil is pure! It is only when oil is bad, or mingled with water, that it burns noisily. It is so with us. When we are truly holy, our days are consumed gently, noiselessly in His service; but when we are hurried, noisy, and talkative in our good works, the oil of charity which burns within us cannot be perfectly pure."

She inculcated great simplicity of language; nor would she permit such expressions as: "It is an age since I saw you," "I am dead with fatigue," "I have been dying to see you," and other similar exaggerations. To a sister who had said, "I hate such a thing," she answered, "Sin should be the only object of our hatred;" and her beloved niece happening on one occasion to express too much anxiety about something she eagerly desired, the holy Superior said, in her gentle, but irresistible manner: "My child, the hopes and fears of a Religious should always centre in God alone."

When subjects entered who had pompous manners, she took extraordinary pains to correct them. In walking through the house, or performing manual works, she would not allow the least precipitation in the exterior. "We are always Religious," she would say, "and we ought always to appear as such." She had a special talent for administering correction. Sometimes she put herself in the same category with the offender. More frequently she accused herself of the fault she wished to correct in another. To a Superior who was too eager that some prelates should come to a decision in a matter important to her house, her Mother wrote: "These good bishops take their own time to consider every little circumstance, and persons inclined to be impatient, like myself, might just

as well make up their minds to await their lordships' conclusion tranquilly."

A young Sister, who had a habit of walking too hurriedly, and closing the doors very noisily, came into the community one morning in her usual style. Mother McAuley, without raising her eyes, inquired who came in last.

"It is Sister Mary E."

"*Only* Sister Mary E.?" observed the Foundress, smiling; "if it were Queen Adelaide, there could hardly have been more commotion."

This was quite enough. Sister Mary E.'s movements were almost inaudible in future.

The Superior of a Religious community has a difficult office to fill. She has to comfort the depressed, to restrain the impetuous, to encourage the timorous, to assist all in every emergency. She must study the dispositions of each under her charge, and employ all according to their respective abilities. She must correct, while she may not lose her reverence for those whom she corrects, for they are, or hope to become, spouses of Jesus, and, as such, are dearer to Him than the apple of His eye. She must reprove, but study to make her rebuke profitable to the offender. "He that would injure a person cares not how he does it," says St. Austin; "but he who desires to cure must be cautious in making incisions." There may be in the same community—and there were in that which Mother McAuley governed—Sisters who never lost their baptismal innocence, and Sisters who entered seared and wounded with pride and worldliness: some whose knowledge of the world was bounded by a quiet domestic circle, and others who had reigned for years queens of beauty and fashion in the best society; some who have only just been emancipated from the restraints of a boarding-school, and others who have ruled their own families; some who scarcely know what sin is, and others whom experience has convinced that mortals are not impeccable. What foresight, what wisdom, what charity, what intuitive knowledge of character are required to govern persons of such varied dispositions, to combine elements so diverse, and make the combination tend to the glory of God and the good of the Institute! The visible Head of

the Church styles himself "Servant of the servants of Christ." These words explain the office of every good Superior.

Every quality, natural and supernatural, necessary for governing well was found in Mother McAuley. In her the affection of a Mother was blended with the vigilance of the Superior. Her government combined "love without remissness, vigor without sharpness." Her life was a living rule; and if she exhorted her children to obey like Jesus, she herself was careful to command like Mary. She had a way of appealing to the better qualities of those under her charge; and she trusted them so entirely, that they often said they could not have the heart to disappoint her confidence. In every department she adopted the same plan; and if, among five hundred bad qualities in a child or servant, there was one good one, she would seize the good one and work upon it, dissembling her knowledge of the bad ones.

The Rule and Constitutions not yet having been prepared, she asked the Archbishop what the Sisters should observe for the present. His Grace pointed to the Presentation Rule on Charity, remarking that it would suffice. And so it did. Whence, Religious who complain of not finding their rules copious and definite enough to point out the exact way in every emergency may take a lesson. The fault is not in the rule, but in themselves. Where people are seriously and honestly bent on working out their perfection, they are more eager to obey a rule than to look for defects in it. For several years after its foundation, the Order of Mercy had no rule, but one short paragraph on Charity; and yet it is to this period of its existence that its children must ever chiefly look for the most accomplished models of the perfection of their state; this was its golden age.

Had Mother McAuley's business been to legislate for the active life alone, or the contemplative life alone, her task had been easy. But to combine both in so intimate a manner that the contemplative should not suffer from the active, nor the active from the contemplative;—to make rules which alike should hinder the members from being so captivated with the delights of contemplation as to become weary of action, and from applying to exterior works so as to neglect their own appointed spiritual exercises—this was

no easy task. At that very time, a noble English lady, who had often revolved in mind the possibility of this, feared to make the experiment, but when she heard it was already done, she joined the Order of Mercy, having previously written :

"I am happy to imitate that holy man who, for years, had been endeavoring to form a congregation of religious men who should be missionaries, teachers and divines ; but who, when he heard that St. Ignatius had founded the Society of Jesus, blessed God that another had been found more worthy than he to accomplish that good work for the greater glory of God !"

The duties of the Sisters binding them to hold intercourse with the world, Mother McAuley made regulations calculated to render that intercourse profitable to all parties. In the first place, she prohibited unnecessary intercourse, and in the next, she gave rule and measure for what necessity or charity justified. The intercourse which came under the head of business included chiefly the servants, offices, the school department, and the meeting of such benevolent ladies as assisted the works of charity, reported such cases of danger and distress as came under their observation, etc. The instructions she gave to the Religious at the head of each department may be summed up in these words :

"Be ever polite and gracious, but come to the point as soon as possible, and beware of wasting a moment of time. Act in such a manner that, whoever holds intercourse with you, may be reminded of some passage in the life of our Lord. Think how the Mother of God would comport herself in such an emergency, and then you will see how His spouse ought to act."

As to the visits of friendship made by seculars, she curtailed the length of these to a quarter of an hour, each Sister being obliged to bring her watch or quarter-glass. Her instructions on this head may be thus summed up :

"Take great care never to manifest the slightest interest in fashionable or political news, and be sure that your friends do not leave you without reaping some benefit from the interview."

When it was represented that some ladies might be offended if the Sisters would stay with them only a quarter, she could not be convinced that well-bred persons would ever be displeased with

Religious for keeping their rules. She was of opinion that it was not by observing their rules, but by *breaking* them, that Religious give offence, within or without. However, the regulation as to the length of visits of seculars was relaxed in favor of near relations, benefactors of the Order, and persons in affliction ; but even in these cases, special permission should be obtained to prolong the time one moment. The Sisters were directed to remind their visitors seasonably of some pious confraternity or devotion, to interest them in works of mercy, to obtain their aid in disposing of work for the poor, etc.

These wise regulations precluded the very possibility of the lamentable abuses of which intercourse with seculars has often been so productive to Religious. On this subject the Foundress frequently expatiated, for she regarded it as of immense importance. To act in a manner calculated to lower the religious state before the world, was in her eyes a sacrilege : it was a fault for which she would take no excuse, for she rightly regarded it as most injurious to the glory of God. To a Sister who said, in excuse for something that had given slight dissatisfaction, "I did not recollect," she said : "A Religious should be always recollected, every thing in her deportment should be calculated to edify, or at least not to disedify." If a physician excused himself for giving a wrong prescription by saying, "I did not recollect I was a physician ;" if a lawyer, in excuse for some error in the business of his client, should say, "I made this mistake because I did not recollect I was a lawyer," such excuses would be regarded as absurd ; even so, she thought it not only wrong, but absurd, for Religious to forget the business of their vocation.

"Our nearest and dearest friends," said she, "expect to see a decided change in our deportment after some months' residence in a convent," and this she herself once saw exemplified. A friend of hers, having taken her, several years before, to visit a Religious, when the visit was over, expressed great disappointment that her relative's manners were just the same they ever had been, and not in the least improved.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The first Reception.—Costume of the Order devised by the Foundress.—General end of all Orders.—Special end of the Order of Mercy.—Mother McAuley's arrangements for the protection of distressed women.—She insists that they shall be governed by mildness.—"A shirt for the Lord-Lieutenant" causes a little commotion.—Contrasts.—A soul rescued.

ON the Feast of the Espousals of the Blessed Virgin, January 23, 1832, seven of the ladies who had conducted the establishment during Mother McAuley's absence were clothed with the habit of the new Institute, the Archbishop presiding. The ladies received on that occasion were Sisters M. Josephine Byrne, Mary Teresa McAuley, Mary Frances Warde, Mary Angela Dunne, Mary M. Di Pazzi Delany, Mary Anna Carroll, and Mary Clare Moore. Three of these ladies are still living (1866).

The costume the Foundress adopted for her Order consists of a habit of coarse black serge or cashmere, falling in folds from the throat to the feet in front, and lengthened into a train behind. It is confined to the waist by a leathern girdle or cincture, from which depend the beads and ebony cross of the Order. The sleeves are long and wide, falling in plaits from the shoulders, with tight undersleeves. The habit and veil are very ample, and of classic simplicity in form. The guimp is a deep linen collar, worn in front; the coif, an envelope of the same material, covers the head, and partly conceals the face, being of a shape not unlike the quaint head-dresses which the ladies of the first crusaders wore, in imitation of the helmets of the soldiers of the cross. The indoor and outdoor dress of the Order were designed by the Foundress. The outdoor dress might, at that time, be worn by a secular lady in mourning, far as it is removed from the fashion of the present day.

And now, having brought our subject to the period in which a new Religious family was added to those which already decorated

the Church, it will not be out of place to glance at the general end of all Orders, and the special ends of the Order of Mercy.

Convents exist in great numbers. In Italy, almost every beautiful hillock is crowned with a monastery; in the cities of France, Spain, and Germany, one is found in every thoroughfare, from the wretched faubourg to the shadow of the palace. In the large towns of Ireland there is one in nearly every district, and the most romantic spot in every suburb generally possesses the further charm of a convent. The monastic cross towers aloft towards the sullen sky of England; and the monastery bells, at morning, noon, and night, call those within reach of their sweet sounds to adore "THE WORD MADE FLESH" for man's salvation. In the United States, from Maine to Florida, from Florida to Texas, from Texas to California, there are few cities without Religious houses. It would be natural to expect that, as these institutions are so widely diffused, and, in most instances, so actively* useful, the real objects for which they have been founded might be generally understood. Yet this is far from being the case.

Persons who have read the "awful disclosures" of "facts" enacted only in the wickedly fertile imaginations of the wretched creatures who record them, wonder if "any thing good can come from" convents. This class is larger than the boasted diffusion of common sense would lead us to suppose.

Of a hundred who read these calumnies, scarce one will see their refutation; hence these scandalous libels may be seen on the same shelf with the Establishment Catechism, or Authorized Version, in many a cottage in Old England and New!†

Some suppose that the use of conventual establishments is to provide retreats for persons who have met reverses or disappoint-

* Some Orders, as the Carthusian, Cistercian, Reformed Carmelites, are not *actively* useful to society; but it does not follow that they are not useful in other ways—by their prayers, for instance.

† Opening a book of dialogues lately, we saw a play which might have been written by Maria Monk. We think the author, who hails from Massachusetts, might lay the scene nearer home than South America. If he does not believe what he writes, what a person to be connected with education! If he does believe it, it is easy to conjecture, since *Fowle* is on the title-page, what species of bird he most resembles.

ments in the world; or who have become weary of frivolity, and wish to find a quiet home; or who desire to cultivate, without distraction, the higher branches of literature, and enjoy the society of a select and amiable few. Others imagine that the good of society is the only end of the Religious state.

Now, the first class ought to remember, that in a convent, where all are obliged to rise early, spend several hours daily in devotional exercises, hide their individuality under a common name and a common garb, work very hard, and perform many duties to the public, there cannot be much opportunity of doing harm, even should the will be not wanting. Neither has the world become so immaculate that those who would do evil must needs fly from it. Quite the contrary—people who preserve their "respectability" may wander far from paths of rectitude, and yet not lose caste by their aberrations.

Nor, yet, should persons enter Religion *solely* because of the frivolity of the world; if that be their *only* motive, they will not persevere long. Even the teaching of youth, the visitation of the sick, or any other work of mercy, is not the main object for which the Church permits Religious congregations to be established. One might visit the sick and instruct the poor with immense zeal and success without being a Religious.

The Catholic Church, the promoter of perfection, the fruitful parent of virginity, sanctions the establishment of Religious Orders, and protects them by her decrees, to give a home to such of her children as, being zealous for the better gifts, are not content with the observance of the commandments, but aspire to the perfection of the councils. The chief business of Religious, then, is to strive to attain perfection by the observance of their rules. For this they are separated totally, but honorably, from the world; for this they have quitted happy homes and affectionate friends. "The Lord thy God hath chosen thee to be His peculiar people, and to make thee higher than all the nations He hath made to His own praise and Name and glory."

It is Religious who should prove to the world that the Gospel counsels are not impracticable. Their piety should make reparation for the ingratitude of sinful, thoughtless man; their virtues

should impetrate graces for the universe. Wherever they reside, they ought to be as the ten just men for whose sake God promised to spare the sinful city. Whether they follow the austere rule of St. Bruno with the Carthusians, or the mild rule of St. Augustine with the Ursulines, Visitandines, and Sisters of Mercy, their chief duty is to attain the perfection to which they are called; and should they ultimately fail in this point, they shall have chosen a very hard road to hell, as St. Bernard observes.

The chief end of every Order is the individual perfection of its members: the secondary end refers to the duties which these members freely contract towards the neighbor, and which are specified in their respective rules.

Now, this secondary end is always just what the Church wants most at the epoch in which each Order makes its appearance. Dominic appeared to combat the Albigenses, Ignatius to defend the Church against the storms of the sixteenth century, Vincent de Paul to succor the poor, De la Salle to educate poor boys, Nano Nagle to educate poor girls; and when the fierce Revolution had swept away all vestiges of the Catholic schools of France, the venerated Madame Baret established, for the education of the rich and poor, her admirable Society of the Sacred Heart,—a Society whose labors in the cause of education can never be too highly appreciated, and whose pupils ought to be ashamed if they become not, in after-life, "instruments to diffuse happiness around them."

The same Providence that gave these illustrious personages to His Church and to His people, raised up Catherine McAuley in her native land, just before the awful times of cholera, and famine, and godless education, to found the Order of Mercy, for the special relief of the poor in their numerous and ever-varying exigencies. The three objects principally specified in her Rule are, "the education of the poor, the visitation of the sick, and the protection of distressed women of good character."

The Foundress built a house for these women, of whom seventy was the average number protected. Whoever reads the regulations she made for this branch of the Institute, cannot fail to be struck with her wisdom. The average period of their stay was three or

four months. During this time they were instructed in their religious duties, and prepared for the Sacraments, which they were required to approach on the first Friday of every month, and on all feasts of the Blessed Virgin. They were trained to laundry-work, needle-work, or whatever else they seemed best suited for; and were told, they could expect no recommendation from the Sisters unless their diligence deserved it. But the salvation of their souls was what the Foundress chiefly had in view in this and every other department. Thus she writes:

"Distressed women of good character admitted to the House of Mercy, shall, if necessary, be instructed in the principal mysteries, and required to comply with their religious obligations. They shall be induced to repair, as much as possible, their past neglect, by piously preparing to approach the Sacraments, conforming their will to the regular discharge of the duties of the state in which God has placed them.*

"Suitable employment shall be sought for, and great care taken to place them in *situations for which they are adapted*, in order that they may continue such length of time in them as shall establish a character on which they can depend for future support. Many leave their situations, not so much for want of merit as through incapacity to fulfil the duties in which they unwisely engaged. They shall not be encouraged to remain long in the House of Mercy, as in general it would be better for them soon to enter on that state and employment by which they are to live."

Mother McAuley, to counteract a habit common among this class of persons, directs the Sisters "never to allow them to speak of the families with whom they lived, or to ask the reason of their leaving their respective situations." Only the Mother Superior, or a Sister appointed by her, was allowed to make the necessary inquiries on these subjects. The discipline was very mild, but very strict. The women were obliged to keep the regulations, but nothing was left undone to promote their happiness. On their feast-days, of which the principal are, Christmas Day, the Feast of the Sacred Heart, and the Feast of our Lady of Mercy,

* This, of course, refers to such of the distressed women as are Catholics.

Mother McAuley used herself to aid in decorating with evergreens and flowers their dining-rooms, etc., and, with several of the Sisters, serve and wait on them at table. Severity in this department was never permitted, or indeed required.

One day a young Sister, whose temper was none of the sweetest, though she had some fine qualities which led the Foundress to hope that she would grow gentle in time, came very angrily into the community-room to complain of one of the young women who had, as she said, wantonly spoiled all the fine work of a shirt front. Mother McAuley looked at the work.

"It is not so very bad," said she, softly.

But Sister Eliza declared that it was the worst sewing ever done.

"There is no hurry with this order, I believe," said the Foundress.

"Not the least," replied the Sister; "she will have plenty of time to undo it and make it properly."

"Then, my dear, you may remain here and do it yourself. I shall send some one in your place to the House of Mercy."

"But," objected Sister Eliza, "would it not be better to make the girl herself do it?"

"She will make the next, and she will do it better when she sees by your work how it ought to be done."

There was no help for it, and the poor postulant was obliged to spend her day over this rather uninteresting work. Having learned by experience that it is no easy matter to make a shirt for the Lord Lieutenant, she was much more considerate in future.

Indeed, Mother McAuley was never weary of impressing on the Sisters the necessity of making allowances for all under their charge. If Religious, with all their graces, and opportunities, and early influences, are not *always* above the weaknesses of human nature, they ought certainly make many excuses for these weaknesses, when more unpleasantly manifested in the poor, ignorant creatures with whom they come in contact. Strange to say, those who can hardly bear the least annoyance themselves, are generally apt to be most severe on others. And yet the humble publican has more chance of heaven than the proud pharisee; and when all things are taken into account, perhaps the very best specimens of

human nature are not, after all, so transcendent, nor are the worst so despicable, as a hasty, unreflecting glance would lead us to suppose.

Look at the following contrast. It is a common one :

My parents were pious Catholics. The first words they taught me to lisp were the holy names of Jesus and Mary. They told me I was created for heaven, not for earth. They said the Divine child lived in my heart, and He would stay there forever, if I did not drive him away by being naughty. When I was ill, my gentle mother used a thousand ingenious contrivances that I might feel no pain ; when any childish trouble brought tears to my eyes, she kissed them away ; when I was sad, she made me joyful. Before I closed my eyes in sleep a fond father's hand rested in benediction on my little head, and a loving mother's kiss sealed my lips. She would tell me how God sent his beautiful angels to keep watch over my slumbers ; and such was my implicit faith in her words, that I could easily imagine I saw their beauteous wings of transparent gold unfurled above my tiny bed ; and when I prayed in the softest whisper, I *felt* that they heard me. Whether my mother was noble or plebeian, lettered or unlettered, plain or handsome, as the world judges, I thought not ; but to me she was superior to every woman in creation, except my Mother in heaven. Whether my father was a yeoman or a laborer, a merchant or a barrister, I knew not ; but in my eyes he was all perfection, he was the shadow of that eternal God to whom he taught me to say, "Our Father, who art in heaven." My education was finished at home among these holy influences, or I was confided to the ladies of the Sacred Heart or the Visitandines, and there, almost in the very sanctuary, these cloistered spouses of Christ tended with a maternal care the sacred sprouts of virtue which were daily springing up. My mind was not cultivated at the expense of my heart, and I was taught to store up useful erudition, and at the same time keep my soul unsullied. And if, with all these aids and influences, I am a tolerably good Christian, have I any room "to glory," or ought my virtue to inspire me with any sentiments save those of profound gratitude to Him who has thus prevented me, and fear lest I prove an unfaithful steward of His gifts ?

Now look at another picture :

Last evening I strolled to the piazza, to catch a glimpse of the gorgeous beauty of the setting sun. Lilac and laburnum and mock-orange spoke of the merry spring, and the soft air was redolent of perfume. A woman, dressed in tawdry finery, passed slowly on, the sight of whom broke most disagreeably on my sweet reverie. Her coarse laugh grated on my ears, and a glance at her reckless countenance sent a chill to my heart. Last night she slept in a prison ; to-night, too, she will sleep there, or in a worse place. Women and girls pass by, and the color unconsciously mounts to the cheek of modesty ; they recede from the wretched creature, because there is contamination in the very air that touches her. She has placed herself beyond the pale of human sympathy, and if any weep for her, they dare not hold intercourse with her. Now, let us glance at her history :

She lost her mother before she knew her, or what is worse, she was reared by a bad mother. An inebriate father beat his unfortunate little one, and left her to starve or get food as best she could. The miserable hut of a drunkard is not a very pleasant place, and the child naturally took to the streets. No one ever taught her to pray, a kind word was never addressed to her. From her own experience, she was not aware that such a thing as moral goodness existed—she had never seen any. Her acquaintance were all as bad as herself, or worse. Well ; shall we despise her, or shall we weep over her ? Alas, had this forlorn outcast been brought up with a small fraction of the care so lavishly bestowed on us, the cold, damp floor of a prison-cell had not been her comfortless couch to-night !

Compassion for the sinner, and gratitude to God who has shielded us in so many ways, are the chief sentiments with which the sins of our less fortunate fellow-creatures should inspire us.

In 1829 a circumstance occurred which confirmed the Foundress in her determination never to allow the House of Mercy to be subject to the interference of a non-resident committee.

Late one night, a violent ringing startled the few ladies who then resided at Baggot-street House. When the door was opened, a young girl, half stupefied with hunger and fatigue, implored

shelter for the night, saying she had travelled a long way on foot, and had no friends in Dublin. The wild glare of her large dark eyes, and the disorder of her dress and hair, were calculated to excite unfavorable suspicions ; but, as there could be no doubt regarding her distress, Mother McAuley had a comfortable meal prepared for her, and decided that she could remain till morning, but apart from the others, as appearances were certainly unfavorable, and the Foundress was always inflexible in refusing to admit to the House of Mercy persons of doubtful character. The poor creature, after having eaten a little, told her name and story. She had quarrelled with a harsh step-mother, and in the excitement of the moment, had run away, she knew not whither, from her father's house. Regretting her imprudence when it was too late to return, she walked on to Dublin, hoping to get admission into some house of refuge, and having applied to one, she was told she had not the slightest chance for many days, as the Committee received applications only at stated times. The woman who gave her this unwelcome information, moved by the poor girl's tears, directed her to Baggot-street. Next morning, one of the ladies recognized the wanderer as the daughter of an attorney who practised law in a small town not many miles from Dublin, and who had lately, to the great annoyance of his grown-up children, contracted a second marriage. She was kept at Baggot-street till provided with a situation as governess in a respectable family ; but happily her father soon forgave her, and took her home.

When this poor young lady applied at the institution, her despair had almost reached its climax. Had she been refused admission, her body had perhaps floated on the Liffey ere morning, or she might have gained protection at the expense of her reputation.

For many months after the opening of the House, its inmates and the strangers who applied for work or admission met daily in a large hall for instruction and prayer. Mother McAuley often spoke of the honesty of these poor visitors. As long as she kept what she pleasantly called "open house," there was never any thing stolen, except an old chair, on which she used to sit when instructing them, and which was probably abstracted as a relic by some

devotee who regarded its usual occupant as a saint. However, as the number to be instructed increased, she separated the inmates entirely from the externs, to guard against the danger of admitting persons of exceptionable character among the young women of the House of Mercy, that being exclusively for such as bore untarnished reputations.

CHAPTER XIX.

Visitation of the sick.—How Mother McAuley caused the public hospitals to be opened to all religious bodies that chose to visit them.—The poor, the middle class, and the rich.—Court life at Versailles considered by Madame Louise to be more monotonous than conventual life.—"Good Queen Maude."—The poor the treasures of the Church.—Anecdotes.

THE visitation of the sick is the second object of the Order of Mercy. The regulations for the proper discharge of this most important duty we shall more particularly explain when we speak of that part of the rule composed by the Foundress. The visitation of prisons and hospitals is also a feature of the Order of Mercy. At the period of its foundation, no religious body in Dublin was permitted to visit the public hospitals, though the majority of the patients were Catholics. To remedy this, she visited Sir Patrick Dunn's Hospital, the head physician of which was her intimate friend. In the course of conversation, she took an opportunity of asking if there would be any objection on part of the managers to her or her friends visiting the patients occasionally, for the purpose of imparting instruction and consolation. The governor, to whom this question was referred, courteously replied that she and her friends were perfectly welcome to visit the patients as often as she or they desired. The managers of Mercer's, Madame Stephens', and other hospitals were of the same opinion, and from that time (1828) all the Religious bodies who chose to do so, have been allowed the privilege of visiting these institutions, preparing the patients for the Sacraments, and assisting them to die well.

Miss McAuley took the precaution to make this request, not as a member of a religious society, but as a benevolent secular lady. She went to each hospital in her carriage, and dressed as became her rank in society. This she did, not from ostentation, but because

in this instance she felt that the world could be best vanquished by its own weapons. She never appeared in this style again; but where she presented herself as a Sister of Mercy, she required the managers to keep their word, which they did. She was very anxious that the Sisters should have a hospital of their own, in which the spiritual and temporal wants of the poor could be perfectly ministered to, and from which patients should not be suffered to go till their health was perfectly restored. She saw, with grief, that many poor convalescents were obliged to leave, and resume work before their strength was sufficiently recovered. "Besides," she added, "though some government hospitals have comfortable arrangements and an efficient staff of nurses, there is a great difference between the attendance of hired persons and the services of those who devote themselves to the sick for the love of God." But it pleased Providence to reserve this good work for her successors, and the arrangements designed by the Foundress have been fully carried out in the monster hospital *Mater Misericordiæ*, in which are two thousand patients under the exclusive care of the Sisters of Mercy.

In 1828, the Sisters had the visitation of three hospitals, besides an immense number of sick in their respective dwellings. The lanes off the fine streets adjoining Baggot-street abounded with multitudes of poor, while those in the Liberties were not yet wholly explored. Mother McAuley was ever ready to make the greatest sacrifices for the relief of the suffering and afflicted. Cases of peculiar distress, or most loathsome disease, she always attended herself, and, for the comfort of the poor sufferers, she would remain with them during the most painful operations. On one occasion, being requested by a clergyman to visit a young lady who had come to Dublin to have a surgical operation performed on her knee, she had such compassion on her friendless position, that she had her removed to the House in Baggot-street, where she nursed her with maternal care. During the amputation, she remained with her to assist and comfort her; and she was all the more attentive, as the patient received all her care as a matter of course, and did not evince the slightest gratitude. She even left Mother McAuley to pay all the expenses occasioned by her illness, and

these were considerable, as many physicians and surgeons held lengthened consultations before the operation was performed.

The intimate knowledge of the wants of the poor which Miss McAuley's associates gained after a few explorations of the garrets and cellars of southern Dublin, excited their most tender compassion, while it also led them to expect from those to whom they applied on behalf of such wretchedness, an amount commensurate to the misery they desired to relieve. Sometimes they manifested surprise that their petitions were not only refused, but refused in rather unmeasured language. On such occasions, Mother Catherine would playfully remind them, that when they personated the poor whose claims they advocated, they must now and then expect to receive the treatment of beggars—followers of Christ, they must share the fortunes of disciples. "The wealthy," said she, "have generally but a very limited knowledge of the actual privations of the poor, and even you yourselves have but lately gained any information on the subject."

Mother McAuley often observed that the middle class seemed always the readiest to relieve the poor, and the most forward in every good work. "The rich do comparatively little for religion," said she, "and the poor cannot afford to do much. The middle class—I mean the upper farming class, small merchants, shopkeepers, and the like—is the most influential class. It gives the best Priests and Religious to the Church, it gives employment to the poor, it builds our chapels, it supports our charitable institutions. When persons of that rank become Religious, their parents can give them the means. Look, for instance, at Sisters M. Their father paid their novitiate expenses, and gave them a thousand pounds each, and he would not give them less. Now, there is Sister W. Her father is of the upper class, keeps a carriage and four, goes to the Castle and to court, and yet he will give his daughter only five hundred pounds, a sum hardly sufficient to cover her expenses. All he has goes to keep up exterior show."*

Indeed, in many instances, the rich can afford to do but little for the poor. Take the very highest class, those at court. They spend

* The Foundress made the above remarks to the Mother Superior of the Carlow Convent of Mercy, from whom we had an account of them.

hours in frivolous amusements,—the Park, the opera, the theatre: later on, balls. The toilette consumes five or six hours daily. Night must be turned into day. Fashion is the most absolute of rulers, and etiquette requires all this. "As we have our stated actions to perform," said the royal Carmelite, Madame Louisa, "so have they at court, only theirs are much harder than ours. For example: at five in the morning I go to choir—at Versailles I went to play; at nine the bell calls me to matins—at Versailles I was summoned to go to the theatre. One never rests at court, though there is rarely any change in the monotonous circle of vanities." Now, if fashion requires ladies of rank, whether they be nobly born or possess only the aristocracy of wealth, to dress several times a-day, to be present at the theatre and opera, to dance till five in the morning,—and all this several times a-week,—how much leisure can such persons have for God or His poor?

There *was* a time when kings and queens wore instruments of penance beneath their gorgeous state robes; when royal hands ministered to Christ in His poor; when royal bounty covered the land with institutions for their relief; when the fair fingers of beautiful princesses, and their noble maids of honor, wrought the priestly vestments in curious embroidery; when diamonds and pearls were taken from the crown to deck the tabernacle:—alas! that time has passed away with the superstitions of the dark ages. The world does not now admire such practices; but let us never forget that the same world once placed the garment of a fool on the Incarnate Wisdom of the Father.

"Help me to perform an act of charity and humility," said "Good Queen Maude"* to her brother, King Alexander of Scotland, when he surprised her washing the sores of lepers. And when her courtiers expressed dissatisfaction because she spent so much time with the poor, she made them this beautiful reply: "Our Lord himself example gave for so to do."

When the heathen tyrant pressed St. Lawrence to deliver up the treasures of the Church, the glorious martyr showed him the poor, the blind, the sick, and the maimed, saying: "Behold the treas-

* Matilda, wife of Henry Beauclerc, and daughter of St. Margaret of Scotland.

ures of the Church," and such treasures the world cares not to dispute with her. The poor are, and ever will be, the treasures of that Church founded by Him who has promised that He would consider as done to Himself whatever should be done to them.

Indeed, the Sisters often observed that the faith, the piety, and the resignation evinced by the poor might put to shame many who had better opportunities. Coarseness, ignorance, and that roughness so trying to refinement were common enough, but redeeming points were numerous indeed. The Sisters were accustomed to say that if they went out to teach, they seldom came home without learning something ; and the edifying occurrences of the day often afforded matter for instructive and amusing conversation at recreation. Amusing we say, for however pious the Irish poor are, they never lose their humorous modes of expressing themselves. Take the following as an instance in thousands.

Visiting an old man, the Sisters having consoled him and relieved his present wants, recited some prayers suited to his condition. Seeing the extreme indigence in which he lived, the senior Sister naturally spoke to him of heaven, and said a few words calculated to stimulate his confidence in God. The venerable patient looked at her reproachfully. Evidently he did not agree to all she advanced.

"*Hope* for heaven, Sister ?" said he. "I'm *certain* of heaven."

She admired his confidence, but gently suggested that certainty belongs to another world. But he was incredulous. His own doctrine was more consoling, and he refused to give it up.

"Sister," said he, "when I was a boy I heard my mother (the heavens be her bed!) telling how our Saviour—praise be to His holy name !—said : *Blessed are the poor, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.* Now, I was always poor, and I *wished* to be poor like Him, and since the Almighty God made heaven so *come-at-able*, that it can be got for nothing, I'm sure of going there, for He would not deceive me."

Did that "desperate lover of poverty," as Bossuet calls St. Francis of Assisium, love his "spouse poverty" more dearly than did this poor man, who, in firm reliance on that one word of Christ, had suffered contentedly and joyfully fourscore years of misery ?

Eminent charity, too, the Sisters found common among the poor. One day calling at the room of a rough-looking applewoman, they found a girl of about fourteen in an advanced stage of consumption. There was an air of comfort about the apartment that is seldom met with in places of that class. Every thing was scrupulously clean. The orange and lemonade showed that the poor child's physical wants were attended to ; for cheap as these little delicacies are, the indigent cannot always procure them. A few wild-flowers gave the sick-chamber a cheering appearance, and gladdened the heart of the young patient, whose life was slowly ebbing. Apparently, she was an only child, the sole comfort her mother had in this world. The Sister supposed this, and consoled the woman accordingly, but to her great surprise this was not the case.

"What relation is she to you, then?" asked the Sister, thinking that as the poor woman had sold nearly all her clothes to gratify the child's fancies for various kinds of food, she might be glad to get her into the hospital. But this poor woman, rude and ignorant as she seemed, had charity enough to embrace the whole human race as her brethren :—

"The child is nothing to me, ma'am," said she, "but *the same blood-relation we all are one to another.*"

Alas, on the judgment-day many a one who now thinks it much to give the crumbs from his table to his suffering brother, will be put to shame by the charity of that poor woman, who chose to suffer cold and hunger rather than see one of her kind, one of her eight hundred millions of "*blood relations*" in want of comforts !

From the prison, too, the Sisters could gain edification. How many could they comfort and instruct ! How many could they prepare for the long-neglected sacraments ! And if some fell away, would not a large number persevere ? How many suffered, like the good thief, deservedly but patiently, and accepted their sufferings as an atonement for their sins, going out to execution almost as joyfully as the saints went to martyrdom ! Verily, God has chosen souls in the most unlikely places.

One old man, with whom the sisters had frequently remonstrated for appearing a little too often in that suspicious quarter, was so

well known to the authorities that they expected him at particular times as surely as they expected wheat at harvest. As he knew all the regulations well, he used to tell strangers the hour the Sisters visited, and lend them his catechism, which he always carried about him, though he was "no scholar."

"Is it possible you are here again, James?" said the Sister, a little sternly, one day, to this ancient prisoner.

"And sure if I wasn't, ma'am, who'd teach these other boys their prayers, and lend them the catechism?" queried the zealous "boy," for though the sun had daily risen and set on him for half a century at least, he always called himself a boy.

The Sister suggested that he might more profitably exercise the apostolic functions elsewhere, hinting that, as a prisoner, his example might neutralize the effects of his preaching. But James insisted that he was a harmless "boy," who never did worse than "take a drop," and when he did commit this misdemeanor, he always took the precaution to lay aside his scapulars.

Donnybrook Fair was held in the ensuing week, and, as a matter of course, the Sisters on their next visit found James enjoying the hospitality of the prison, and as zealous as ever, though somewhat shy of being noticed. A few patches of sticking-plaster and an artificial black eye, eloquently testified that he had not contented himself with being a mere spectator of the "humors of Donnybrook." On the whole, his conduct seemed inexcusable, and the Sister approached to give the venerable sinner a severe lecture :—

"Here again, after all your promises," said she, by way of preface.

"Ah, then, sure if I wasn't here sometimes, ma'am, I'd never have a chance of seeing yer sweet face, or listening to the ladies at all, at all," said the ready-witted rogue.

The youngest Sister in the community did not laugh more heartily when such little anecdotes enlivened the recreation, than did the grave, dignified Foundress.

Speaking of the recreations, we may remark that Mother McAuley was always the chief promoter of the innocent mirth which enlivened them. She would sing a song, or tell a story, or describe something she had seen, according as the Sisters asked

her, and she never seemed weary of their importunity. That those who were not accustomed to conventual life might not lose time in casting about for a topic to converse on, the following subjects were suggested as matter for useful and edifying conversation :—

1. Any agreeable examples from the public or private lectures.

2. The life of some particular Saints, especially one to whom there may be a growing devotion.

3. Something from the Annals of the Propagation of the Faith.*

4. Any pleasant occurrence in the Schools, House of Mercy, or Visitation.

5. The virtues of deceased or absent Sisters.

It was chiefly at recreation that Mother McAuley studied the Sisters' dispositions. In listening to their accounts of the pleasant occurrences of the day, she sought to discover whether they were "animated with that cordial love and sublime idea of the Institute," with "the most tender pity and compassion for the poor," which she considered so essential, that she places it among the duties of the Mistress of Novices to impress these dispositions on their hearts. The virtues of deceased and absent Sisters, too, she loved to see the others note; for, while many things in the lives of the Saints are more admirable than imitable, the sanctity acquired by the performance of ordinary actions must ever be a subject of reflection peculiarly useful to those who must work out their salvation by the same actions. Any special instance of recollection or humility, as the following, was sure to be discussed :—

It happened that, while the Convent was greatly crowded, two Sisters were obliged for a time to occupy the same cell. One of them, being appointed infirmarian, was desired to administer some prescription to the other. Having taken the directions, she asked where her patient slept.

"Is it possible you do not know?" asked the ex-infirmarian.

"I do not remember that I ever heard," returned the new "official."

"Why, she has occupied the same cell with you these six weeks."

The new infirmarian reddened slightly; she knew that some

* The Annals of the Propagation of the Faith were generally read at supper, the New Testament at dinner.

Sister shared her cell, but had never raised her eyes to see who it was. This recollection was very edifying indeed.

Another of the early Sisters—whose name we may mention, for she has ceased to be an inhabitant of this passing world—Sister M. Gertrude Hogan, was quite a model of humility. Sprung from an obscure family, which, however, was ennobled not only by virtue, which alone is true nobility, but also by the brilliant genius of her celebrated brother, Hogan the sculptor, whose reputation was European, and whose chisel seemed destined to revive the glories of the age of Michael Angelo; she, with talents little inferior to his, entered the Institute while yet very young. Her fervent piety, and exact observance of rule, soon won her a higher reputation for virtue than she had already borne for talent. She once acknowledged that her ruling passion was pride; but, during her whole religious life, only one development of this was noticed. The following were the circumstances:

While a novice, she asked leave to apply to her friends for a few frames in which to put some pious pictures for the class she instructed. When the frames came, they were unpacked and laid on her desk in the Novitiate. At recreation, one of the novices having asked her where the frames were got, she colored slightly, and abruptly gave some evasive answer. An interior struggle ensued, and after a moment or two, resolving to conquer her pride at any price, she said, in a voice loud enough to be heard by all in the room, "Excuse me, dear Sister. These frames came from my house; and I am so proud, that I was ashamed to tell you my father made them: he is only a mechanic, you know."

Some of the ancient historic families of the three kingdoms were represented in that noviceship, but all felt that moment, and ever after, that the daughter of a mechanic surpassed them more in virtue than they surpassed her in worldly rank.

Among the subjects prohibited at recreation were:

1. Politics, as being entirely out of the sphere of Religious. In the contests so frequent in Mother McAuley's time, she contented herself with having prayers offered for the restoration or preservation of peace.

2. Every thing calculated in the slightest degree to give pain.

3. Remarks springing from family pride, etc.

She never made any prohibition concerning conversation about poor relations, sensible that nature is not inclined to boast of having sprung from a beggarman—of having friends in the poorhouse —of having brothers who, for want of means, cannot take out degrees : it requires grace to allude to these things. She was ever cautious to correct the slightest defects against good-breeding, knowing that such defects may lead to breaches of charity ; and she was of opinion that a code of etiquette is almost more necessary in the convent than in the world, for worldlings can cut acquaintances who do not please them, while Religious, who cannot go out to seek their society, must be particularly cautious to make those with whom they live as happy as possible, especially during the short interval allowed for unbending the mind.

We could say more on this subject, but we have said enough to show the care with which the Foundress watched that all, even the mirth of the recreation hour, should be directed to God. Grave or gay, at prayer or at recreation, in the street or in the cloister, she desired that the Religious should never for a moment forget their vocation.

CHAPTER XX.

Mother McAuley's views on education.—The regulations she made.—Catholic and Non-Catholic educationists.—Anecdote.—Pestalozzi, Bell, Lancaster, Jacotot.—The Kildare-street schools.—The National Board.—The Christian Brothers.—Gerald Griffin's grave.—Catholic priests inaugurators of gratuitous instruction.—Education of the middle classes.—Effect the example of our great educationists ought to have on those engaged in education.

INSTRUCTING the ignorant being the primary end of the Order of Mercy, the Foundress desired that nothing should be left undone to train the young Sisters to the efficient discharge of this most laborious duty. She would have all study to become acquainted with every improvement in the manner and method of imparting instruction. Besides a thorough English education, which she considered indispensable, the Sisters were obliged to continue studies commenced before entering Religion, such as music, which is necessary at Mass, Benediction, and Ceremonies; painting, useful in many ways; and foreign languages, so necessary for the Sisters who visited the prisons and hospitals of seaport towns. The latter was useful in another respect; the dearth of ascetical works in English made it very desirable that the Sisters should be able to translate, partially or entirely, some of the beautiful monastic writings of the French, Spanish, and Italian authors.

The regulations Mother McAuley made for the schools were full of wisdom. We have heard the most experienced of her associates say that she never made a rule, or offered a suggestion, or gave a direction, which, when acted on, was not a manifest improvement. She advised the Sisters to obviate the necessity of punishment by giving the little people plenty of light occupation. Corporal punishment* she entirely prohibited, thinking it would not

* This rule was relaxed only in one instance—if a child was really known to say any thing immoral: in this case she thought some slight physical pain ought to be inflicted, but she would not allow the Sisters to administer it.

come well from *Sisters of Mercy;* besides, she desired that the children should be attracted, not repelled, and she was firmly persuaded that the Religious who knew how to preside in the school-room as she ought, would find little occasion for exercising severity of any kind.

Religious enter the school with immense advantages over any secular teacher whatever. Their Catholic pupils will have heard Religious extolled as Saints a thousand times, and there are few Catholic families of any rank who have not contributed, perhaps, their most amiable and best-beloved member to the lay or choir department of some Religious house. Even Protestants who send their children to convent schools, prove by that very fact that they do not credit the wretched libels they hear even from the pulpit; and their children as well as themselves feel for the Religious habit a sort of instinctive reverence, for which they cannot account. Perhaps no one converses for the first time with a Religious without participating in the same sentiment. But among most Catholics, at least, to act like a hero, to endure like a martyr, to pray like a saint, and to be perfectly impervious to the assaults of passions, is held to be the normal state of Religious. Not only do they regard persons specially consecrated to God as being above human vices, but also above human weaknesses; they look on them as impeccable, and canonize them in their hearts at the first glance. Now it is not our province to determine whether this high repute is deserved. Certain it is that our predecessors gained it for us—it is their legacy—it is our birthright; we get it with the habit, we inspire it when we enter for the first time the school, the parlor, or the hospital. Others have to earn a good reputation—we walk into school with it; our very dress assures the children

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The delinquent was, as we may pleasantly say, handed over to the secular power. One of the more ancient women of the Refuge was brought in to give her a slap or two, in presence of the Sister, not so much to inflict corporal pain as to evince, by the adoption of a special mode of punishment, the enormity of faults of this nature.

Mother McAuley was extremely particular about the moral education of the poor. She knew that their very poverty exposes them to temptations from which the rich are shielded. The restraints of society may keep the rich in subjection, but virtue is the only specific for the poor.

that we are separated totally but honorably from the world, that we might devote ourselves the more unreservedly to their education, and that for their sakes we have broken nature's dearest ties, and renounced forever the sinless charms of a happy home.

Religious, then, begin their labors with a high reputation. As the old Roman, in showing respect for a Consul, said that he thereby reverenced in his heart all who ever worthily bore the consular dignity, so, when the Religious presides at her desk, the more thoughtful of her pupils will regard her as the descendant and representative of all the saints who have ever worn the Religious habit, in whose footsteps she worthily or unworthily stands. Every Religious gets this reputation before the world and before her pupils, but does every Religious keep it? Alas! it is far more difficult to keep it than to get it. Yet it would not be easy to exaggerate the injury Religion sustains, when, through the fault of its members, this reputation is lessened or lost. They injure not merely themselves, but the cause they have vowed to advance, and the Order whose habit they are privileged to wear; and though the sin may belong only to one, the penalties must be borne by thousands. The end of education is not merely to bestow on children a definite amount of knowledge—that is the least part of it. Its main object is to fit children for earth without *un*fitting them for heaven—to teach them to become in after-life "instruments to diffuse happiness around them." But how few of those engaged in the cause of education ever give due consideration to the many things, present and future, that education has to deal with!

Stand on the threshold of an infant school and look at the shining faces of its fourscore joyous children. Happiness, the happiness of innocence, beams on their fresh countenances; nor will you look in vain among their cherub forms for blooming beauty and perfect symmetry. Few can gaze on them without becoming for the moment poets or philosophers. And still fewer can look in imagination at the pictures they will present some thirty years hence, without heaving a sigh, and perhaps thinking that those destined to pass out of life before sin contaminates their souls or sorrow crushes their hearts, are, so far as we can see, the happiest of the group.

Yes, there is in the destiny of every one of them an amount of mental and bodily suffering which, did it not come by part and parcel, could it be seen at a glance by her to whose lot it will fall, would suffice to shiver to atoms the strongest nervous system and break the bravest heart. Every woman who reaches maturity or old age has, as a daughter, to lose her parents ; as a wife, to lose her husband or part from him by death ; as a mother, to lose her children or confide them to strangers,—perhaps to work for their support, and for their sakes bear the frowns of the world and seek its deceitful smiles : add to all this, an amount of physical pain the thought of which might well make many a strong man tremble, and the temptations and occasions of sin which are inevitable. Only Religion, not a vague Religion, but something definite which seizes on their very vitals, which custom, from infancy upwards, has made a necessity as it were, can enable children to meet their future lot as Christians. All historians have agreed in consigning Herod, the infamous murderer of the innocents, to the gehenna of history ; but those who would murder the souls of children, by bringing them up without religion, deserve a place in a still worse gehenna.

In discharging the great duty of teaching, Mother McAuley used to say that Religious should labor as strenuously as if their greatest efforts were necessary to insure any degree of success, yet with an abiding consciousness that only God can fructify what His servants plant and water. Religious instruction, of course, held the first place. This she would have "*little, but constant.*" Catechism was daily heard in class ; about twenty minutes in the morning were devoted to an exposition of some part of the Christian doctrine, and there were special instructions, retreats, etc., at stated periods, as preparation for the sacraments.*

* It is curious that almost every thing of real merit in the educational works of non-Catholics is borrowed from Catholic educationists, especially Fénélon ; or, at least, was an old story among Catholics before it was "invented" elsewhere. Some difference as to practical application exists, however. For instance, a Mr. Abbot, of Massachusetts, in his modest account of the admirable means he adopted, and the success that blessed his labors, tells us that he gave religious instructions daily, but always upon such subjects as were *common ground* with all his scholars, and that they were in the habit of consulting him

The Sister who presided in each school remained there from ten till three, with a little intermission at noon. She did not generally teach, her main business being to examine, classify, superintend, and take cognizance of any misdemeanors, etc. Those who taught remained from ten to twelve ; general instruction and recreation occupied the time till a quarter to one, when the Sisters who had been on the visitation of the sick in the forenoon took the afternoon classes. Arrangements were made to give to each the subjects for which she had *most taste* and could teach most successfully. Those who presided and those who taught were required to make all their arrangements *out of school.* If any thing seemed to admit of improvement, she who was of this opinion mentioned

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by word or letter on difficulties of conscience, &c., he having invited them to do so. Should the admirable effects of Mr. Abbot's spiritual direction be all that he describes in case of all his male and female pupils, still it seems to us that he ought not to recommend this office as something which it would be proper for all persons to undertake. It might have occurred to him that all are not endowed with the high moral worth and conspicuous talents which secured him such distinguished success (according to himself) in this difficult business. The Catholic educationist, equally with Mr. Abbot, recognizes the necessity of giving children an opportunity to unburden their consciences, enlighten their doubts, &c., but directs them when and how to recur for this purpose, not to a half-educated teacher who is hired for his acquirements in grammar and mathematics, not for his theology, but to one who has the human learning and the divine commission necessary for undertaking the responsibility of directing souls.

A Mr. Page says that "no teacher of a public school has a right to force his own peculiar notions of theology on his pupils," and yet holds, that "the teacher is responsible to some extent for their religious training ;" but how to give religious instruction or spiritual direction without displaying "our peculiar notions of theology"—if we have any—is more than we can comprehend ; those who recurred so frequently to Mr. Abbot did not surely expect him to be the exponent of any one else's "peculiar notions" on the subject. Strange it did not occur to Mr. Page, that their *peculiarities* in theology and every thing else, are just the very things people cannot or will not avoid forcing on others.

Another of these theorists will have nothing introduced in school but what the pupils like, what they vote for. He will allow them to take up studies at pleasure, and to select what best pleases them. The government he recommends is hardly a limited monarchy, whereas those who know young people best, seem to be of opinion that an absolute monarchy, mildly administered, would be better, and that the rising generation are but too apt to meddle with the province of the parent and teacher, without getting a special invitation to do so.

the matter to her immediate superior, or to the Religious in charge, and it was discussed at an appointed time and place. Mother McAuley would not give a direction or suggestion in the hearing of the pupils. She made known her views out of school, and often visited the schools to see if they were carried out fully. For a long time she daily taught a class herself, but when the multiplicity of her duties prevented this, she was a frequent visitor, and in case of the unavoidable absence of a Sister, she would take her place. Thus she always had a *practical* knowledge of the state of the schools, and was, therefore, able to make the most suitable arrangements.

As the Lancasterian or monitorial system had, to some extent, been adopted, several Sisters taught in the same room. Mother McAuley always bore in mind that to do good to seculars, even children, Religious must act in a manner calculated to edify. But as this is not always easy, she strove to obviate its difficulties to some extent by confining their mutual intercourse to what was absolutely necessary. Of six or eight Sisters who taught some five hundred children in one room, only the Sister who presided had permission to speak to them ; the others being restricted to hearing the recitations, etc. They were allowed, however, and even desired, to make any inquiries that charity might suggest, such as asking how the sick parent of some child was, inquiring whether a child who had lately been ill, felt well enough to study, etc. But these cannot be called exceptions, worthy as they are of being included among the lessons by which children learn that most important of all virtues, charity. On their admission to the schools, the names, ages, and residences of children were registered ; an account of daily attendance was afterwards kept, and the books containing these items were exhibited to such visitors as desired to inspect them. A register of first communions, first confessions, and confirmations was also kept.*

The slightest imperfection in the discharge of the school duties at once caught her ever-vigilant eye. She thought that every word, act, and almost every motion coming under the observation

* We are thus copious in detailing the arrangements of the Foundress, in the hope that they may suggest many useful hints to the Catholic teacher.

of children, ought to be most carefully regulated, that each might be able to say to her class, practically at least : *Be ye imitators of me, as I am of Christ.* She would have the Sisters study not merely the present consequences of their conduct in school, but still more the probable future consequences ; for, after all, it is in the wear and tear of after-life, and not in the school-room, that we learn whether children have been well educated or not. The following instance will show the immense stress laid on apparent trifles when they had reference to the young.

A very young lady, just entered, was sent, perhaps to amuse her, to the infant school to hear the little ones receive a "gallery lesson." The Sister who gave this lesson having been called away, asked the *postulante* to keep order till her return. But young as the "infants" were, they no sooner saw themselves under the control of a stranger, than they commenced an uproar, which she attempted to quell by some terrible threat. The novelty of being threatened at all, stilled the commotion, and the young tyro was not a little pleased at the success of her first essay in the art of school governing. Soon, however, the babes began to whisper, and as the lady had neither the power nor the will to execute her threat, she contented herself with hinting what she might be likely to do if she only had her spectacles to enable her to see where the noise originated. At this juncture she was happily relieved of all further responsibility by the entrance of the Religious in charge.

At recreation that evening she gave an amusing account of the events of her "little brief authority." Some time after, she was informed that, short as her administration had been, she had committed two serious faults in it : the first, in making a threat which she had not power to execute ; the second, in feigning near-sightedness. It was represented to her that these little ones might hereafter, in looking back on the scenes of that day, easily see that she had menaced without an intention to execute, and their future experience would teach them that, as her sight was very good, she never wore glasses.

Mother McAuley fully subscribed to this wise rule of a great Christian educationist :

"Never deceive children, even in the way of jest, for they will

naturally infer, that if their master is capable of misleading them in trifling things, he may do it in more important matters, and even in the matter of their religious instruction."*

In Mother McAuley's lifetime many improvements had been introduced in the methods of teaching, among which was the Pestalozzian system, which is very beautiful in theory, but not quite so practicable as was once supposed. Henri Pestalozzi, like many inventors, was somewhat of a visionary. The tale he wrote to illustrate his plans obtained immense circulation, and wrought a revolution in many schools. Lord Brougham, who visited his school at Yverdam in 1812, found the pupils quite expert, especially at mathematics, though they were taught entirely without the aid of books. Some of his maxims are worthy of being recorded, for instance this—"When you enter a school as teacher, see first *what* the children know, and *how* they know it;" or this—"Every thing depends on reducing knowledge to its simplest elements, and proceeding gradually." Pestalozzi's writings are well worthy of the perusal of the educator.†

Other educationists of less note sprang up. Joseph Lancaster and Dr. Bell disputed the honor of having invented the monitorial system. Nano Nagle mentioned this system in her rule‡ before these gentlemen were born. Lancaster had a maxim that savored somewhat of steam: "Give me twenty pupils to-day, and I will give you twenty teachers to-morrow."§ Then there was Jacotot, who maintained that "every thing is in every person," if there is only some one to develop it; but if he managed to have all his pupils attain the same proficiency in the same period, he accomplished this only by keeping back the talented ones, and giving extra assistance to the dull ones. His favorite maxim was: "Repeat incessantly"—*Répétez sans cesse.*

The oral system of instruction became, for a while, very popular.

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* Venerable John B. De la Salle, Founder of the Christian Brothers.

† If Pestalozzi's works are not published in English, they would be well worthy of translation.

‡ In the chapter on "the Schools."

§ Dr. O'Sullivan, of Dublin, shows that the Monitorial System may be traced back to the days of Lycurgus.

Its advocates entirely eschewed that saying of Solomon: "He that getteth knowledge getteth labor." The pupils of this glorious day had nothing to do but to *listen*. The wonders of astronomy and chemistry were detailed with perfect accuracy even by children under seven! Knowledge was to be gained henceforth without toil, nay, without effort, and the idea of gathering wisdom by the midnight oil, however poetic, was regarded as quite unprofitable and unnecessary. But experience soon showed what common sense might have suggested, that without diligent and persevering study no one can become more than a superficial, or at best an inaccurate scholar; and the inventors of the lecture system were not, after all, wiser than Solomon.

The Chartist schools in Ireland, which had so grand a beginning, made a very disgraceful exit, having been suppressed by the very power that established them—not, however, till they had become a perfect nuisance. They were replaced by the Kildare-street establishment, which inaugurated an excellent system of conveying secular knowledge. Thither Miss McAuley repaired every day while her own schools were in course of erection, and nothing could exceed her anxiety to learn every thing connected with school discipline. It was not at first easy for her to gain admission, but she generally contrived to be accompanied by a Protestant of rank, whose orthodoxy was above suspicion, and she drove there elegantly dressed, attended by servants, and with every exterior mark which could show the woman of the world. For a while the officials imagined she was a Protestant; but before they discovered the contrary they were so taken with her gentle, winning manners, that they would not prohibit her admission.

She soon perceived that numbers of the pupils were Catholics, and, whatever the merits of the school were, it was no place for them. The "Authorized Version" was daily expounded by Protestant teachers, and ministers of every denomination but one gave instruction at stated periods. Catholics left it without any love for the practices forced upon them, but yet with a sort of contempt for their own religion. She therefore wrote down the name and address of every Catholic child in the institution, and in the summer of 1827, previous to the opening of her own school, called on

the parents of each, and informed them that in future there would be no necessity for them to subject their little ones to sectarian influence. Indeed, one of her reasons for building her schools in Baggot-street was the fact that children were very numerous in that district, and totally unprovided with means of obtaining Catholic education. A large proportion of the Kildare-street pupils were from the lanes and alleys in the neighborhood of Baggot-street.

The National Board of Education was established in 1832, chiefly through the exertions of Sir Thomas Wyse and O'Connell. The majority of the Irish Bishops soon patronized it, and Dr. Murray and Dr. Whateley sat at the same Board as Commissioners of Education. Almost every Catholic school in Ireland became connected with it. Mother McAuley was one of the first to perceive the advantages of such a connection. In a letter she says: "We will place our schools under the Board, because our children will improve much more when expecting the examination." She did not place undue importance on secular knowledge, but she felt that parents would have a plausible pretext for removing their children from Catholic schools, if these were inferior, in a literary point of view, to other similar establishments.

If Religious are not efficient teachers, their schools must degenerate, their scholars will seek education elsewhere, and, for a little human learning, barter, perhaps, their eternal interests. Hence, the anxiety of the Foundress that the Sisters should improve assiduously the talents God had given them. Teaching she regarded as the chief function of the Order, and teaching requires continual preparation. To visit the sick with advantage, kindness is more necessary than learning; to conduct the House of Mercy efficiently, prudence, and a knowledge of household matters, are more essential than literary ability; but to teach well, kindness and prudence, though indispensable, will not suffice without the solid foundation of a good education, and a judicious method of imparting knowledge.

The educational department in Baggot-street has, from the first, borne a high literary character. Open to the inspection of the government,* the gentlemen appointed to examine the pupils, and

* See Reports made by Inspectors of Schools to the Commissioners of Education.

report officially on their moral and intellectual progress, have, without a single exception, borne flattering testimony to their good conduct and general proficiency. Speaking of Religious as teachers, James W. Kavanagh, Esq., late Head Inspector of Schools in Ireland, says : "In them, convents have a staff of efficient teachers, such as *we* cannot command for our other schools." This is only as it should be. Schools conducted by Religious, who profess to teach for the glory of God, and the eternal recompense promised to those who instruct many unto justice, ought not to be inferior, in any respect whatever, to those conducted by seculars.

The experiment of mixed education has, however, almost proved a failure in Ireland. In the cases in which it was administered by Religious it could not do any harm, but in other instances it might easily prove a dangerous experiment. So long as the Church was satisfied, Mother McAuley was content that the poor-schools of the Order in Ireland should remain in connection with the Board ; but she hoped the day was not far distant when a separate grant would be assigned for Catholic children. The Godless Colleges may be regarded as a further development of a pernicious system, which insists that pupils will observe silence about their religion—the very thing they ought to glory in—and gather their theology from a set of books made to suit every variation of creed,* from the Catholic to the Unitarian, inclusively.

* How differently Catholic and non-Catholic writers regard the question of religious instruction, their respective writings best show. Compare the rules laid down by Venerable John B. De la Salle, or the Ursulines, etc., with the timid suggestions offered by Mr. Abbot, for instance. The latter gives, if we remember rightly, two specimens of his mode of imparting religious instruction : in one of them he directs the pupils to turn over the pages of their Bibles and compare the relative lengths of St. Paul's Epistles ; he then explains why *Hebrews* is placed last, *Romans* first, etc. It is unnecessary to remark that the information he gives on this subject would not be considered orthodox by Catholics. In his other specimen of a "common ground" instruction, he tells his juvenile audience, that in making a vacation tour, he met at an inn, in a remote district, a woman dying of consumption, who seemed happy, because, as he gravely informs them, she was a Christian ! And he suggests to his fellow-teachers, that should any thing so wonderful come into their experience, they should, in relating it, abstain from all comment, leaving their scholars to draw their own conclusions. What, then ? Is a Christian woman a *rara avis* in New England ? Or do women in general cease to be Christians when at-

So far as this system regards secular instruction, it is, when properly carried out, one of the best known. The school-books are progressive, without being nonsensical, and were not only adopted in the schools for which they were written, but even found their way into the royal school-rooms in which the numerous princes and princesses of England received their education. But, whatever may be their literary merits, the term *National* applied to them is a misnomer.* Their whole drift and tone is anti-Irish, as well as anti-Catholic. The series scarcely contains an allusion to a Catholic Saint. The sketch of Irish history does not even contain the names of Sarsfield, Grattan, O'Connell, Shiel, etc. The Biography of Poets ignores Moore, the delightful "poet of all circles," and the pure and elevated Griffin, whose works have become as "household words" in his country.

The educational works of the Christian Brothers† are thoroughly

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tacked by consumption? We hope not. But when the gentleman's published specimens are such, what must his ordinary religious discourses be like?

Non-Catholics labor in the cause of education with a zeal worthy of better results, but the most essential element of right education is wanting to their plans; and when we see any really good ideas in their writings, they seem to us almost like the stray beams of truth which found their way into the mythologies of other days.

* In 1858, J. W. Kavanagh, Esq., one of the ablest and most enthusiastic promoters of education in Ireland, discovered some cases of proselytism in certain schools, which he immediately reported to the Board. Instead of thanking the honest Head Inspector, the Board gave him to understand, that if he desired to preserve *its* good opinion, he must not notice so trivial a matter as proselytism; upon which Mr. Kavanagh, seeing he could not retain his honorable post with a good conscience, immediately resigned. He afterwards wrote a series of powerful letters on the evils of "Mixed Education" as carried on in Ireland, using the *Cork Examiner*,* the leading journal of the south, as a medium of communicating his sentiments to the public. After this *exposé*, the patronage of the Bishops and clergy was withdrawn from the National Schools, and strenuous efforts were made, and are still being made, to procure a separate grant for Catholic education, as is given in most countries in Europe.

† Perhaps a still finer series is that entitled "The Metropolitan," by a member of the Holy Cross Order. Most school-book writers lose sight of the fact that in the systems of education now in use in English-speaking countries, children are obliged to repeat their reading-lessons so often that they cannot avoid committing them to memory. Now, a child should never be allowed to

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* Editor, Thomas Crosbie, Esq.; Proprietor, John F. Maguire, Esq., M. P.

religious and national in character, in which respect they contrast favorably with the National school-books. The schools conducted by that devoted body of men are, perhaps, unsurpassed in their kind. Those of Richmond-street, Dublin, and the North Monastery, Cork, are well worthy of the notice of the educationist. In the latter, Gerald Griffin was employed, as he pleasantly says in a letter, to teach the little boys of Fair Hill "that *o x* spells *ox*." Few literary tourists pass through "the beautiful citie," without visiting the grave of the author of "The Collegians."*

The evils resulting from the absence of a Catholic tone in the school-book were counteracted, to a great extent, by establishing libraries, and thus supplying the children with Catholic works. Secular instruction being subject to many changes, Mother McAuley wrote no general rules on it, satisfied that the Sisters would adopt improvements as they were introduced elsewhere.† With

memorize any thing not worth remembering; and yet, how can this be avoided, if the very text-books abound in nonsense, vulgarities, and, not unfrequently, something worse? Having looked carefully through the Metropolitan Readers, we failed to observe any thing but what is useful and interesting, and, therefore, worth remembering. We know that some maintain that it is not possible to write books at once useful and interesting to the narrow capacities of small children. Were this the case, better let them remain without books until they are old enough to appreciate what is good and useful. But it is not so. Canon Schmid combines utility and pleasure in his books for children: Mrs. J. Sadlier, to whom Catholic popular literature is so deeply indebted, does the same, though in a different style. And though Faber's "Tales of the Angels" may be understood by children under eight years of age, we should not care to see any one too old to derive pleasure and profit from its perusal.

* In the cemetery of the North Monastery, Cork. A small stone, on which is engraved the name, "Brother Gerald Joseph Griffin," marks the spot.

† While enjoying on one occasion the hospitality of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, we perceived that their pupils were required, before graduating, to read a course selected from the best authors; and, in a few casual conversations with their pupils, we were surprised at the correct taste and judgment they evinced when discussing the beauties of the English classics. Girls who have left school are not always to be blamed for wasting hours over the brainless, senseless reading which destroys all taste for true literature; this sin ought rather be laid at the door of their parents and teachers who neglected to form and cultivate in them a relish for solid and elegant literature, an acquaintance with which is so essential to the upper and middle classes. But as the system of education is the same in all the Houses of the Sacred Heart, the pupils of these admirably conducted institutions will be highly censurable if, having left school,

regard to religious instruction, which is always the same in matter and importance, she is very definite. Half an hour at least was daily devoted to it; each child was required to master the diocesan Catechism before studying a higher one; the principal texts of Scripture quoted in proof of each article of faith, and the prophecies relating to the most striking events of our Lord's life, were committed to memory. The daily oral instruction lasted about twenty minutes in each school, the subject being supplied by the four divisions of the Christian doctrine, taken in order; the course would last about a year. On the approach of a festival, the children were instructed on the mystery, or the Saint to be commemorated.

Mother McAuley laid immense stress on the instruction of children, rightly judging that a vast amount of crime is the result of ignorance—not ignorance of mineralogy and geometry, however, but ignorance of the law of God and the duties of Christianity. Hence, she desired that the children should receive a thoroughly Christian education*—an education of which religion is not a mere

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they indulge in useless or pernicious reading, after having their tastes so finely developed and cultivated by the gifted Ladies who so ably superintend their education, and who know so well how to fit their scholars for earth without *un*fitting them for heaven, that we are not surprised to learn that, in Europe, princesses are sometimes numbered among their scholars.

* Compare the writings of Catholic and non-Catholic educationists, and nowhere, perhaps, will you find the difference between the Catholic and all other religions more strongly marked. The Catholic educationist not only gives religion the first place, but brings it into every thing, making children literally eat, drink, pray, study, "all for the glory of God and in the name of our Lord Jesus." The non-Catholic educationist, if he have any *definite* creed, which is seldom the case, is apparently ashamed of it; and if he happen to advert to it, does so in a stealthy manner, as though it were something bad or dangerous, and therefore to be approached with great caution. The Catholic educationist not only identifies every thing else with his religion, but undertakes his office solely because of religion, and is willing to teach all other branches, chiefly because the faith of children might be endangered by study in profane literature under such as belong not to the household of the faith. The non-Catholic may speak of morality, but does not pretend to give any distinct notions of religion. The Catholic, while admitting temporal prosperity to be a blessing from God, and therefore lawfully to be desired, ever keeps before the eyes of his pupils that eternal prosperity which is within the reach of all, and which is, for all, the one thing necessary. The non-Catholic regards poverty as a curse, and tempo-

ornament, but the basis, the sustenance, the essence, the inseparable accompaniment. In her opinion, an indefinite religion was but little use, even with regard to this world. Faith must precede reason; dogmas must be given as dogmas, not as conjectures; the lives of the instructresses must be practical illustrations of the instructions; every thing bright, and good, and beautiful must be called into requisition to impress the susceptible mind of the child with love of virtue; to cast around her holy and gentle influences to which it will be a joy in after-years to revert, the very remembrance of which will ward off temptation, and often make "the fiery darts of the most wicked one" fall harmless in their course. With these accompaniments, intellectual culture may be as high as possible; without them, it is like steam, capable of doing immense good so far as its power is concerned, but likely to do tremendous harm when it is not properly controlled. To polish the intellect and neglect the heart, is like putting a fine sword in the hands of a man who has not learned how to use it; or, rather, in the hands of a madman, who, for the novelty or pleasure of using it, will care little whether he uses it to inflict injury on himself and others, or not.*

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ral success as the greatest of blessings, and ever seeks to spur on his pupils with delusive hopes of attaining greatness, which the few only can achieve, for the majority in every country must be "hewers of wood and drawers of water," laborers who must literally "earn their bread by the sweat of their brow!"

* "A. Potter, D. D.," who will not publish without the approbation of the Superintendent of Common Schools, (rather humiliating for a *D. D.*,) in a work entitled "The School," tells us that "more has been written on the subject of education within the last fifty years than during all previous time;" also, that "formerly, when writers treated of education, they had reference only to 'our noble, gentle youth,' as Milton called them," and that "this was the case with Milton himself." *All* the writings on the subject could not have come under the Doctor's observation, else he had told us that schools *supported by the State* were established in Rome before they were heard of in Scotland or New England; that the illustrious Saint Joseph Calasanzio, a Catholic priest, inaugurated, in 1597, the noble system of *gratuitous instruction*, which his disciples carry on to this day; that a little later, another Catholic priest, John Baptiste de la Salle, founded a Congregation for the same object, whose pupils now number nearly 500,000; but, of course, these men were behind the enlightenment of the present age. Calasanctius calls his schools "pious"—"*Scuole pie*;" De la Salle calls his "Christian"—"*Ecoles Chrétienne*." Had both founded "godless schools," perhaps Dr. Potter had heard of them; but, even admitting his sweeping as-

Mr. Kay, in his work on the "Education of the Poor in England," says of the educational system of the Christian Schools :—

"The Brothers consider that *if they neglect to develop the intellect of their pupils, they cannot advance their religious education satisfactorily;* they consequently spare no pains to attain the former development, in order that the latter, which is the great end of their teaching and of all instruction whatsoever, may not be retarded."

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sertion to be true, the present state of morals would suggest to some, that there may have been more *written* than *done* in the cause of right education.

"It is alleged," says the same writer, "that notwithstanding the progress of education, crime and immorality increase. If the present be compared with any distant era of history, even the most brilliant, it will be found that the reverse is true (?). In the reign of Elizabeth, for instance, there were in England from three to four hundred executions every year for capital crimes." To make this comparison hold, it seems to us that he ought to define what constituted capital crime in the days of Elizabeth. At all events, its value is very much lessened in our eyes when we consider that, if these States were still under England, and that the laws of the good queen could be enforced, the majority of Americans should become either martyrs or renegades to their present belief. When we consider that denial of the queen's supremacy in spirituals was a capital crime; that sheep-stealing was in the same category; that hundreds suffered solely for conscience' sake; that Elizabeth scrupled not to murder her guest and cousin; that, whatever her talents may have been, there is no woman in history that can at all approach her in cruelty, we shall not be surprised that the number of executions in her reign is very great, especially as it lasted forty-four years.

Again, he gives some terrible statistics of Spain, a Catholic country, with quotations from tourists. People are pretty well agreed as to the amount of reliance to be placed on the statements of tourists. He might, however, have given the following passage, which shows that every Catholic country is not quite so bad as Spain :—

"There are more murders committed in England and Ireland in the course of a few months, than throughout the whole of Italy in as many years."—*Lady Morgan's* "Italy."

Dr. Potter ignores the improvements made in educational affairs in Catholic countries, else he had told us how Rome came to have "the highest educational standard, *one in six*, that any State can reasonably hope to attain."

We hazard the opinion that in no Catholic country in the world, in present or former times, would the Doctor find any thing approaching the state of things he describes under the heading, *Present State of the Common Schools*, as existing in the State of New York. In hastily glancing through his work, we could not forbear exclaiming, "When the friends of the system speak thus, what will its enemies say?"

This was exactly the view Mother McAuley took of this subject; secular instruction she regarded as a means, not as an end; but as a means *essential* to the ultimate object she had in view, which was the salvation of the souls of the children. Hence, she required the Sisters to have a full knowledge of what they taught; and to refresh their memories, half an hour was daily devoted to what she called "preparing for school." The very text-books written by non-Catholics contain many a statement which pupils should be taught to take *cum grano salis;* and how can teachers enable them to do this, if they themselves have to depend on the class-books alone for their information?

Between the days of Nano Nagle and those of Catherine McAuley, a great change had taken place in the educational aspect of the country; the prospectus of the former may provoke a smile from the educationist of the present day; the whole course of secular instruction comprising only, "Reading, Writing, Needlework, and *Spinning.*" She did not attempt to teach algebra and conic sections to children destined to spend their lives in servitude or indigence; conchology and geology have no place in her programme—even arithmetic is not named—girls who will never have a larger capital than the week's wages of a laborer, can do all the counting they require on their ten digits. As for music, a few hymns to Our Lady of Sorrows, which might comfort them in the troubles of after-life, were all they learned in that line. It was, indeed, enough for a people just emerging from a second barbarism; for girls whose fathers and brothers had a weekly custom of wrestling for physical pre-eminence in the suburbs of Cork.*

In looking over the numerous conventual establishments in Ireland, the keen penetration of the Foundress saw that they were all too exclusive. There were Ursuline Schools for the rich, and Presentation Schools for the poor; but no provision was made for the middle classes. This was also the case with male institutions. There were Jesuits for the upper classes, and Christian Schools for the lower, while boys of a middle grade, who could not afford to go to the first, and whom an honest pride would prevent going to

* Very Rev. Dominic Murphy, Dean of St. Finbarr's, Cork, in his "Memoir of N. Nagle," quotes the above edifying fact from the *Cork Remembrancer.*

the second, were unprovided with Religious teachers. To supply this want, she desired that the Sisters of Mercy should open day-schools for the middle classes, in places where this necessity existed, provided their schools could not interfere with the prosperity of other establishments; and she opened them herself, as we shall subsequently see, in Carlow, Cork, Galway, etc.

Perhaps no one person ever did so much for the cause of education in the lower and middle classes as did Mother McAuley; but then she seemed an educationist by nature, born, not made, as was said of the poets of old. But no one could fail to become an excellent teacher, however dull her natural intellect might be, who constantly labored and prayed so earnestly to become one. She did not ask Divine Providence to work miracles for her, she put her own hand to the work, she applied to it as if the salvation of the whole world depended on her exertions, and then calmly left the issue to Him. And He blessed her labor beyond her own most sanguine expectations. She lived to see her Order conferring a Christian education on thousands of the poor; and to-day, if she looks down from heaven on her scattered children, she will find their pupils to amount to nearly two hundred thousand—including those of industrial, infant, and literary schools—scattered through the British islands, North and South America, Australia, New Zealand, &c.

The men and women who have devoted themselves to the promotion of education, the most benevolent of all projects, involving as it does the temporal and eternal well-being of millions, are not the property, though they may be the glory, of distinct nations. Whether they toiled under the blue sky of Italy, like Angela di Merici, or among the aborigines of Canada, like Mary of the Incarnation; whether they resign the insignia of a noble house, like Giuseppe Calasanzio, or lay aside the trowel, like the royal-hearted, rough-looking mason, Tata Giovanni; whether they forsake friends and people, like Eliza Anne Seton, or the highest literary position, like the gifted, amiable Gerald Griffin; whether they spend their lives rescuing beggars from ignorance, like Edmund Rice, or begin their work against terrific obstacles in a country which had just dethroned God and deified reason, like the vener-

ated Foundress of the Society of the Sacred Heart ;—they are truly cosmopolitan, they belong to the human race, they are the real philanthropists, they are the true philosophers, they are the very chivalry of Christian teachers. All who follow in their wake must catch up a little of their enthusiasm. And if, in gazing on the spiritualized features of Angela of Brescia, as the painter has transmitted them to us, or the mild blue eye of Catherine McAuley, or the genial countenance of Mary Anne Aikenhead, or the sedate and pleasing face of Eliza Anne Seton, we sigh to think that we had not the good fortune to be pupils of those who were gifted and saintly in so high a degree, we may still be grateful to be among their disciples, and their lives will ever remind us, "that we can make our lives sublime."

Let us strive to draw our inspiration from these grand models, these glorious imitators of the Divine Teacher ; and in the hour of weariness and depression, when effort seems useless and hope delusive, let us not forget that our saintly predecessors in the great work of Christian education passed through many a similar ordeal, and yet achieved brilliant success. And if our best efforts accomplish but little towards eradicating the bad habits of our pupils, and replacing them by good ones, do we not know that we labor for a grateful Master, who recompenses, not the success with which He blesses our endeavors, but the zeal and loving perseverance with which we shall have toiled to increase His kingdom in heaven by propagating the knowledge of Him on earth ?

But we have already digressed too much. It is time that we return to our subject.

CHAPTER XXI.

New trials.—Death of Sister Aloysia O'Grady and Sister M. Elizabeth Harley. —Resignation of the Foundress.—Supernatural joy at the death of a member, always characteristic of Religious Orders.

A FEW days after this Reception, Mother McAuley lost a promising novice, whose friends, for some reason now unknown, insisted on her entering the novitiate of George's Hill. It was thought that they took offence at not being invited to the Reception, but this could scarcely be, for it was strictly private,* in consequence of the illness of Sister Aloysia, whose death was hourly expected. Though Miss Carroll was anxious to remain, the Foundress thought it most prudent to restore her to her parents, and thus prevent a storm injurious to the rising Institute. Miss Carroll was not destined, however, to promote the glory of God and the good of the poor in any other Order, for, after entering the Presentation Convent, in compliance with the wishes of her friends, she soon returned to the Sisters of Mercy, with whom she happily persevered, her friends making no further opposition to the manifest will of God. Shortly after Sister Anna Carroll's departure, Miss Catherine Byrne, the daughter of Mother McAuley's early friend, and her associate since 1827, manifested some unsteadiness of purpose, and soon left to enter a Dominican convent, in a manner and under circumstances peculiarly painful to the Foundress. As this lady is still living, 1866, we shall enter into no particulars of her departure.

On the 8th of February, 1832, Sister Aloysia O'Grady died the death of the just. Among the virtues of this young Sister, charity to the poor was the most conspicuous. Her life in the Institute had been so perfect, that her companions never saw any thing in

* So little were the Sisters prepared for visitors on that occasion, that they did not even assume fashionable dress, as is customary at Receptions. Some years after, a postulant asked one of the "first seven" what they had worn at the first clothing. "We wore cherry-color dresses, *black* cherry, my dear," was the reply. They were received in their postulants' dresses.

her but what was edifying. She consoled the indigent with utmost kindness ; their corporeal wants scarcely less than their spiritual necessities enlisted her sympathy, and she never felt more happy than when serving Jesus Christ in His suffering members. The smoky lanes, dingy alleys, and close garrets of a great city were more attractive to her than its parks and ball-rooms. The fatigue induced by her immense exertions for the poor, from her entrance in 1829, proved too much for her delicate frame, and as there was no one to moderate her labors during Mother McAuley's absence in George's Hill, she soon succumbed, consumption set in, and in August, 1831, physicians despaired of her recovery.

The Foundress, while at a distance, was overwhelmed with grief ; she had just lost the seraphic Sister Caroline. One wound was scarce closed when another was opened. She had, however, the consolation of bestowing her tender, unceasing care on this dying saint. Death was about to leave a blank in her little community, and give it another advocate before God. Consoled by the presence of her beloved Mother and Sisters, fortified for the momentous journey from time to eternity by the adorable Viaticum, reassured by the last unction, which cleansed her soul from the most trivial imperfections, Sister Aloysia O'Grady calmly breathed her last ; and no sooner was she laid in the vault of the Carmelites, than it became painfully evident that Sister M. Elizabeth Harley was destined soon to follow her.

The Foundress hoped that this excellent Religious would prove a valuable auxiliary in consolidating the young Institute, but God willed that she should aid it as an advocate in heaven. Whatever inconveniences Sister M. Elizabeth suffered from incipient consumption, she bore them in silence, and would have continued to perform her accustomed duties till her strength completely failed, had not her altered appearance created alarm. Every thing the most devoted affection could suggest was done for the dear invalid, but she was already beyond the reach of medical skill. Since her return from George's Hill she had been assiduous in assisting the dying Sister Aloysia, and had frequently thanked God for the graces bestowed on that holy soul, whose fervor the acute pains of a slow consumption did not in the least diminish. After the

death of this Sister, her affectionate nurse remarked to a novice :

" I have often thought it a blessing to die of a lingering disease, but now, if such were God's will, I should prefer my last illness to be short."

God granted her desire. She was at Mass and Communion with the community on Easter Sunday, though she died the following Wednesday. On Tuesday, the Foundress noticing that she was trying to make her accustomed spiritual exercises, though unable to rise, said to her :

" My darling, don't say any long prayers ; just raise your heart to God, and think of Him. That will be enough for you."

" What prayers shall I say, dear Mother ?" asked the Sister.

" Oh, any little aspirations will do, my child," returned the Foundress. " Suppose you say, ' Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, assist me !' "

Such was the obedience of Sister M. Elizabeth, that some hours later, on entering the infirmary, Mother McAuley found her faintly murmuring, " Jesus, Mary, and Joseph," &c. ; nor would she use any other aspiration without express permission. Before her death, she suddenly grew better, and her sisters, delighted to perceive a favorable change in one whose life was so precious to them, came to congratulate her. Fearing lest they should fatigue her, Mother McAuley sent them away, and said to the invalid :

" My child, close your eyes now, and sleep ; you must be weary." The Sister smiled archly, and said :

" Now, Reverend Mother, remember you *told* me to sleep ;" but she " spoke of the sleep of death."

Mother McAuley remained in the infirmary, but kept perfectly quiet. After an hour or so she stealthily approached the bed : a look assured her that Elizabeth Harley had slept the sleep that knows no waking ; though the smile, induced, no doubt, by the success of her innocent stratagem to obtain permission to die, still rested on her wasted lips. The Sisters, who had not the consolation of uniting in prayers for the dying, repaired to the choir to chant the office for the dead, and many a tear fell, and many a voice trembled with emotion during the solemn chanting of the

consoling and beautiful *Requiem æterman dona ei Domine.* Few would have thought that she who headed the funeral procession was the most grieved of all, so bravely did she sustain her cross, and so unselfishly did she devote herself to the task of comforting others. It being Easter time, she repeated in the refectory, in tones of exultation, the Paschal grace : *Hæc dies quem fecit,* &c. This is the day the Lord hath made ; let us rejoice and be glad. She reminded them that the trial came from Him whom we should not only obey, but love with all our hearts, and insisted that, in obedience to the Church, they should all "rejoice and be glad."

Indeed, supernatural joy at the death of a member has been always characteristic of Religious congregations. In some, there is a beautiful custom of singing a *Te Deum* in thanksgiving when one of their number is translated from the miseries of this life to the glories of the other. St. Chrysostom tells us that the Religious of his time received the news of approaching dissolution with gratitude ; that hymns and canticles, not wailings or dirges, were heard at their funerals; and that when any of them departed this life, the others were never allowed to say that such a one was *dead,* but only *perfected, consummated.* When a Carmelite has received the last sacraments, she is immediately congratulated on her approaching happiness by the rest of the community. It is remarkable that in recording the demise of any of her spiritual children, Mother McAuley never uses the word *death.* She records it thus : "Our dear Sister —— is no longer an inhabitant of this passing world," "has had, we hope, a triumphant entrance into heaven," "has quitted this miserable life," &c.

Nine years after Sister M. Elizabeth's "departure for heaven," the Foundress noticed a young lady just entered the Carlow Convent of Mercy, as bearing a remarkable personal resemblance to her departed child. "I trust, dear Reverend Mother," said the postulant, "that I shall resemble her in virtue as well as in countenance."

The Foundress turned her mild blue eyes on the ardent young sister, and said, with a smile :

"Your case is not by any means hopeless, my child," but her

tears flowed unbidden at the remembrance of her departed companion, and she turned aside to conceal her emotion.

In concluding this chapter, we shall relate a little circumstance which deeply pained the Foundress the day of Sister M. Elizabeth's death. While attending her, Mother McAuley was frequently called to the parlor to confer with some charitable ladies who had kindly offered to preside at a bazaar, to be held for the sick poor, during Easter Week. On the 25th of April, a lady, belonging to that large class which is more liberal of criticisms than of any thing else, called, and delivered a pompous, if not elegant, discourse, on "the absurdities of Miss McAuley," who listened humbly and without reply, and did not even try to put a stop to the unpleasant scene, by informing her severe censor that a dear Sister was at that moment dying in the house. God rewarded her patience, for before the lady had been much more than an hour speaking, she suddenly ceased; and, touched by the patience and humility of the Foundress, and saddened, perhaps, by the tear that glistened in her tender eye, she apologized for her rudeness, and on rising to take leave, left fifteen pounds for the poor.

CHAPTER XXII.

The cholera in 1832.—Zeal of the Catholic Clergy.—Excitement of the people.—Mother McAuley takes charge of the Cholera Hospital, Townsend-street.—The garrulous nurse.—Extract from Dean Gaffney's Memoir of the Foundress.

AT the time of Sister M. Elizabeth's death, April, 1832, the cholera had just made its appearance in Cork. In a few weeks it was omnipresent in Ireland.

Those who remember the first visit of the Asiatic cholera may well shudder at the terrific recollections it awakens. Its victims were counted by thousands, whole families were daily swept away with fearful suddenness. Rich and poor, learned and ignorant, young and old, were hurried to a common grave, almost as soon as life left them, if not sooner. Against this deadly epidemic, youth was no security, riches no guarantee, beauty no protection. You saluted an acquaintance in the morning; you met his funeral in the evening. You transacted business with a friend now, in a few hours you heard of his interment. A neighbor called to have a friendly chat; he takes leave, and behold, he has scarcely reached your threshold, when his blackening face, writhing in paroxysms of agony, gives you the horrible intelligence that the plague has seized him. A poor man looks with pride on his beautiful child to-day, to-morrow he lays a little corpse on the hideous cholera cart, and soon the frightful contortions of his stalwart frame prove that he is in deadly grapple with the fierce pestilence. As this dismal disease spread, the minds of some became so hardened that compassion for the wretched victims gave place to an instinct for self-preservation, which tempted children to abandon the couch of dying parents, husbands to fly from plague-stricken wives, and mothers to shudder as they bent over the cradles of their sickening babes!

No sooner had the plague appeared, than the Archbishop pre-

sented himself at the Convent, on behalf of his suffering flock. The Sisters knelt to receive his blessing, and then rose up and made the Cholera Hospital their home. No words can describe the zeal of the Foundress. Ever at the side of the dying, she seemed "like an angel 'mid the vapors of death,"* whispering words of consolation to many who had previously refused to be comforted. She would allow no one to be buried till she had assured herself by personal inspection that life was really extinct, nor would she allow the nurses to cover the faces of those supposed to be dead, till a stated time elapsed. These were necessary precautions, which probably saved thousands from a fate more dreadful than even death by cholera. For in such a violent disease, exhaustion, produced by intense suffering, might occasion a temporary cessation of respiration, and give the appearance of death, which, however, can occur only when "some organ, *absolutely* essential to existence, is *irreparably* destroyed." She was very severe with nurses who neglected the sick, or seemed in too great a hurry to get rid of the dead; nor did she spare some physicians, who, undismayed by the horrors of the dreadful crisis, thought only of the honor of discovering a specific against the pestilence, and who, in their ardor for experimenting, seemed to forget that their patients were human beings.

Brandy, laudanum, and heating applications were the ordinary remedies, and the tired, sleepy nurses sometimes evinced a propensity to solace themselves with the first; but they soon perceived they could not be guilty of the least intemperance with impunity. For a while, the deaths averaged six hundred a day, and many of the patients had to be instructed in the first rudiments of Christianity. It was sometimes difficult to rouse them from the stupor or lethargy which followed violent cramps; but the Foundress and her associates were indefatigable, they determined to save the souls, if not the lives of the sick, and no sooner had they instructed a patient than the sacraments were administered. Rev. Mr. Carroll never left the hospital till the last vestiges of the epidemic disappeared; and all the Catholic clergy vied with each other in assisting the sick.

* Gerald Griffin.

The presence of the Sisters was of great assistance to the medical staff. The populace, under a general impression that the doctors murdered all who died, at first not only refused to submit their sick to medical treatment, but they watched the sick who were being carried to the hospital ; and, after having robbed the cholera carts of their miserable freight, broke them, and flung the fragments into the Liffey. Even the venerable Archbishop and clergy could not prevail on them to send their sick to the hospital. When, however, the poor terrified people saw the Sisters of Mercy accepting and administering the prescriptions of the physicians, they became satisfied, and in a little while their frenzy was entirely calmed.

Protestant patients crowded to the Sisters, and most of them, after waiting vainly for a visit from their own minister, begged to be instructed in the Catholic faith. While Catholic clergy lived in the crowded wards, other clergy could not be induced to set a foot in them. Indeed, if the ministers were self-sacrificing enough to desire to fulfil their obligations to the dying, their wives were generally ready to maintain that the marriage vows were more binding than the ordination vows, and the theology of the ladies invariably prevailed. Once, indeed, when the season was far advanced, a clergyman passed through the broad corridors, and called aloud to inquire whether a friend of his, who was sent in some days ago, were still alive. A nurse politely requested him to come and see, but a sudden panic seizing him, he fled for his life. The nurse, who had a wonderful facility for speaking unnecessarily, was painfully candid in expressing her private opinion of the poor minister's zeal. Raising her voice to the squealing key, as he hurriedly receded, she gave him, to the great amusement of all within hearing, a very uncomplimentary lecture, of which only the echo reached him. Patients, just escaped from the jaws of death, stretched out their heads with ears erect, to hear the one-sided argument, and convalescents tottered to the doors with similar intent. The physicians could not preserve their gravity, and laughter was heard for the first time in the dismal Cholera Hospital.

From Dean Gaffney's Memoir of the Foundress, we make the following extract, relative to her labors in the Cholera Hospital :

"But the hospitals, where the cry of the infant was wildly mingled with the moans of its expiring mother; where the stout, strong man made the iron bedstead on which he lay tremble, as his writhing frame quivered in the fearful paroxysms of his malady; where pestilence, in its most terrific form, pointed to the purple features, clay-cold limbs, and whispering accents of its crowded victims, and laughed to scorn the subtlest skill of the physician,—there, in the very sanctuary of disease, what desperate devotedness would venture? Even there was the Sister of Mercy, and not only to enter, but to take up her abode entirely for months; and, true to the example of Him who laid down His life for others, she gave herself a willing victim upon the altar of charity. So great was the devotedness of these Religious, that one of them contracted an infirmity under which she labored many months, and of which she was healed with difficulty. A zeal so intense, a charity so devoted, was worthy of reward even in this world;—while hundreds were dying around them, they seemed to bear a charmed life. Not one Sister of Mercy fell a victim to the malady."*

* They were not so fortunate, or rather they were more fortunate, during the epidemic popularly termed "the famine fever." Several Sisters died of this. In some houses nine in ten were attacked at the same time: in one convent every Sister was in the infirmary but one, who, to keep up some appearance of community life, used to ring bells for all the exercises, though there was no one to answer them.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Distress of the poor in 1832.—The Duchess of Kent.—The Princess Victoria.—The Catholic queens.—A royal donation.—New accessions.—Profession.—Extract from Very Rev. Dominic Murphy.—Mary Teresa McAuley's interview with the Archbishop.—Her last days.—Her death.—Grief of the Foundress.

IN autumn, 1832, the Foundress and her spiritual children quitted the hospital, the pestilence having entirely ceased. They had no leisure to rest, however; the cholera left them hundreds of widows and orphans to provide for. The House of Mercy and Orphanage were crowded to excess, and the yearly revenues Mother McAuley had settled on them were quite inadequate to their present wants. A bazaar was the first expedient that suggested itself to her anxious mind; but those to whose opinions she deferred prophesied that such an undertaking would prove a complete failure. Yet she soon won them over to her views, and insured the success of the enterprise by extraordinary means.

King William IV. was then old, and the eyes of many turned hopefully towards the future Queen Regnant, the Princess Victoria, then in her fourteenth year. The Foundress determined to make an appeal to the heiress presumptive, through her natural guardian, the Duchess of Kent, in behalf of those whom the cholera had reduced to misery, by depriving them of their parents or husbands.

This was indeed a bold stroke. Little sympathy and assistance could the character or position of Catherine McAuley expect from a princess of the Brunswick line, a line which received the British crown on condition of endeavoring to extirpate the imperishable Church—in the British empire, at least. The terms *queen* and *alms giver* were no longer synonymous, as in former times. The

Maudes, the Marguerites, the Adelicias, the Philippas, whose gemmed hands so affectionately ministered to lepers, had passed away. The last Catholic princess* of England had fled from its inhospitable shores, disguised as a washerwoman, and bearing in her trembling arms the infant heir of dominions on which the sun never sets. Mary Clementina, the bride of the chevalier, never reigned, and her son, Cardinal York, was perhaps happier in his quiet villa at Frascati than any of his ancestors, direct or collateral, had been at Holyrood or Whitehall. Undaunted by the bigotry which the reigning family had ever evinced, Mother McAuley wrote a touching epistle to the Duchess of Kent, in which she eloquently set forth the distress the cholera had occasioned among the poor, and entreated that her royal highness, and the princess, her daughter, would be graciously pleased to patronize the charitable works she was inaugurating chiefly for persons of their own sex ; adding that such charity would be well calculated to draw down the benedictions of heaven on the youthful princess who was destined to become the sovereign lady and mother of the realm—(her present majesty.)

The duchess returned a most gracious reply, and, in a few days, a large assortment of fancy work, executed by the royal fingers of mother and daughter, was officially delivered at Baggot-street. Card, Berlin, and raised work, wrought by the duchess, a large velvet muff elegantly embroidered, and several drawings by the Princess Victoria, made up the contents of this valuable contribution. Each article had its value further enhanced by the royal autograph of the fair donor, which was affixed. This was a precedent worthy of imitation. Thousands, who otherwise had done nothing for the poor, now flocked to the hall, and the bazaar was the most prosperous ever held for the poor of Dublin.

In October, 1832, the second ceremony of reception took place. Four Sisters received the holy habit from the hands of the Archbishop. An immense concourse of seculars attended, the Foundress taking care to make amends to the disappointed public for their exclusion from a former ceremony.

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* Maria d'Esté, Queen Consort of James II.

The first ceremony of profession took place on the 24th of January, 1833. Four of the "first seven" ladies received a year before were admitted to make their vows, the Archbishop presiding. This event is thus noted by the simple Annalist :*

"The Sisters seemed inspired while devoting themselves. The procession was very imposing, and the music most effective ; the fervent novices pronounced the holy vows which bound them for life in poverty, chastity, and obedience, to the service of the poor, sick, and ignorant, in a manner that evinced their lively gratitude to God for such a vocation. Their love seemed to emulate that of the saints, who, from the exercise of the same virtues and the practice of similar duties on earth, are now enjoying their Father's smile in heaven."

During the year 1833 several promising subjects entered, and among them two widows, Mrs. McCann and Mrs. Jarmie ; the latter was just three times as old as the former, yet she survived all her young contemporaries, dying in 1858.

Alluding to the early days of the Order of Mercy, Very Reverend Dominic Murphy, Dean of St. Finbarr's, Cork, writes :

"Whether it was that God wished to try the young community in the hard ordeal of tribulation, or that He designed to reward a devotedness so perfect and a charity so sublime by a speedy admission to the heavenly mansions, it would not be easy to say, but it is a singular circumstance attending the commencement of this Order, that during the first six years of its existence no fewer than fifteen of its members were struck down by death, and passed in the very freshness of their youth and the zenith of their usefulness to the possession of that reward promised to those who leave father and mother and all, to take their Divine Saviour as the portion of their inheritance. Not one of the fifteen had reached her twenty-third year."

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* Annalist, in conventual parlance, means the Sister whose office it is to note down as they occur events important to the Order. From these annals the history of the Order may afterwards be compiled ; also Circular Letters, &c.

† We do not find fifteen deaths recorded in the Baggot-street Register for the first six years, but there being no second house of the Order during that period, some novices or postulantes may have been obliged to go out for change of air ; in this way the fifteen might be exceeded.

But the greatest sacrifice God ever asked of her in whose regard He never permitted the tomb to be closed, was her angelic niece, Sister Mary Teresa McAuley. She had been the companion of her aunt's toils, the sharer of her anxieties ; her virtues were a source of consolation to all, her example a continual sermon, silent, indeed, but more eloquent than any words. While yet in the infancy of her spiritual life, she had practised the most rigorous mortifications. She had worn a rough girdle till it cut its way through her flesh, and her scanty sleep she was accustomed to take on the boards, in the most penitential posture she could assume. Her labors in the Institute were so great, that her aunt was obliged to command her to moderate them. Symptoms of consumption appearing, and the saintly novice being dispensed, now with one duty and again with another, began to imagine that her weak health was an indication of her incapacity to fulfil the duties of an active order, and a warning to devote herself to God in a life of strict contemplation. For a while she suffered terrible suspense, and, from a feeling of delicacy which will be easily understood, she refrained from explaining her difficulties to her aunt. Resolved to accomplish God's will, whatever it cost her, she frequently exclaimed : " Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do ?" But no voice from heaven responded. At last she summoned courage to tell her spiritual Mother that she was desirous of joining the Carmelites. The Foundress, fearing lest her deep affection for this dear daughter might insensibly influence her decision, refused to give any opinion on the subject, but gently said :

" If God wants you to be a Carmelite, my darling, you shall be one. I myself will aid you instead of preventing you. I only ask that you will do nothing rashly."

Mother McAuley procured her a private interview with the Archbishop, whom she loved and reverenced as her Father in God, and in whose wisdom and sanctity she placed unbounded confidence. The reader will remember that it was Dr. Murray who received her abjuration and baptized her, in 1828.

His Grace commenced by inquiring whether she was willing to believe that the decision he should come to, after hearing her difficulties, &c., would be the manifestation of God's will in her re-

gard. She replied in the affirmative, promising to remain with the Sisters of Mercy or go to the Carmelites, as he directed.

"Then," said his Grace, "you may tell me all."

She mentioned her uneasiness at not being able to teach, visit the sick, and instruct as the other Sisters did, adding that she could hardly believe herself called to an Institute whose peculiar duties she was so seldom able to fulfil. She then asked whether a contemplative life was not more perfect.

The Archbishop showed her that though a contemplative life may be more agreeable, still it was not the life our blessed Lord and his apostles led on earth.

"Our Lord," continued his Grace, "led such a life as your rule proposes. He obeyed his parents, He worked like the poor, He instructed the ignorant, relieved the sick, performed, in short, all the works of mercy. He made retreats, and passed much of his time in prayer. So do you. In His exterior works your vocation is to imitate Him as far as your superiors direct. For, remember, though the exterior duties must be done, it is not those who *wish* to perform the works of mercy that are always required to do so in religion, but those *appointed*. Any Sister not employed in such or such a duty ought not to be uneasy, so long as she holds herself in readiness to perform what obedience may enjoin. Your health was good when you came here some years ago. To leave now because of weak health, or any other cause, would be to take a rash step, to yield to a dangerous delusion."

Much more passed at this interview, and his Grace on retiring assured the consoled and grateful novice that her doubts and fears would immediately pass away, which accordingly happened.*

Mother McAuley was most grateful to God for restoring peace of mind to one whose happiness was so dear to her; and her niece, on her part, thought only of preparing for her profession. Her life became daily more saintly; all her solicitude was directed to the wants of others—of herself she seemed to take no heed She often spoke with delight of the happiness of being consecrated

* S. M. Teresa gave an account of the above interview to S. M. Frances Warde, from whom we had it. It is also mentioned by Dean Murphy in his Memoir of the Foundress.

to God under the patronage of the sweet Mother of Mercy. Her life, indeed, seemed faultless. Alas, how little did her companions think that this beauteous flower was soon to be transplanted into a holier soil!

One evening, in autumn, 1833, Sister Mary Teresa observed one of the orphan children on the roof of an outhouse, which she had climbed with childish recklessness, and from which she was in imminent danger of falling. In the effort to rescue the foolish little one, she burst a blood-vessel, and had barely strength to return to the convent. With a glance, her aunt saw that recovery was hopeless. On learning this, the Archbishop, being ill himself, sent their mutual friend, Dean Gaffney, to receive her vows. After Extreme Unction, she requested that all the Sisters should be sent for, and, in the most humble and pathetic manner, begged pardon of each for the scandal she said she had given. Of this, the Annalist says: "This effort so exhausted the dying spouse of Christ, and so deeply grieved the Sisters, who could never discover even an imperfection in her, that poor Reverend Mother was nearly overcome, and almost resolved never to allow such a scene again."

Dr. James McAuley visited her daily. The day before her death, as he embraced her in an agony of grief, she said to him:

"Dear uncle, you never refused me any thing. I now entreat you to return to the Church in which you were born, and in which I rejoice to die."

On the morning of the day she died, as Dr. R——, a physician, who had known her from infancy, seated himself by her bed, she suddenly asked him how many hours he thought she had to live. Moved to tears by this question, he gave an evasive answer.

"Don't be afraid to tell me what you think, doctor," she observed. "People who are attached to life are terrified at the prospect of death, but a Religious rejoices at its approach, viewing it as an end of banishment and the beginning of real happiness."

When he ordered her infirmarian to wrap her feet in hot flannels, she said, with a playful smile:

"Now, doctor, tell me frankly, have you not ordered these to keep off the chill of death, which is gathering on me?"

The Feast of St. Martin of Tours was an important day in the annals of Catherine McAuley. On that day, 1822, she closed the eyes of her adopted father. On the same day, 1833, the soul of her "darling Mary Teresa," as she fondly styled her, was summoned from this miserable world; and, on the same Feast, eight years later, she herself slept in Christ.

On this day, 1833, an expression of unearthly joy suffused the lovely countenance of the dying Religious. Her uncle, who could not reconcile himself to the thought of her death, continued to call in the ablest physicians. One of these, called in for consultation, manifested great surprise that one so young and beautiful could meet death with such delight. With a heavenly smile, she said to him:

"Be not amazed, doctor, that 'I go rejoicing.' Serve your God well, and He will console you when all else is about to vanish forever."

Then, with that exquisite courtesy which she possessed in common with her aunt, she added:

"I thank you, sir, for the pains you have taken to alleviate my sufferings. I pray that God may reward your charity, and that, when you come to lie on the bed of death, you may feel as happy as I do now."*

Towards evening, her increasing longing to be dissolved and be with Christ appeared by her beautiful aspirations. Never before had she looked so lovely. Her appearance created universal surprise. Yet it was not so wonderful: if the approach of the nuptial hour gladdens the heart of an earthly bride, and causes the maidenly blush of happiness to mantle on her cheek, why should not the bride of Heaven, the spouse of the Lamb, rejoice when the angels give tidings of His coming—"Behold, the Bridegroom cometh: go forth to meet Him."

Yet she did not expire without a struggle. Towards night she was assailed with grievous temptations to despair, so violent that they made her beautiful countenance writhe in agony. The Sisters

* The physician to whom Mary Teresa spoke thus was then a Protestant. Years after, he declared that he regarded his interview with her as a special grace, whose blessed effects he still felt.

surrounded her in earnest prayer, but this trial continued more than two hours.

"Oh!" exclaimed the Foundress, "I know our Lord would comfort her if the Mother of Mercy would only say one prayer for her!"

At the mention of her beloved Mother of Mercy, she smiled faintly, and, after a little more excessive suffering, her wonted serenity was restored. "It ought to be mentioned," says the Annalist, "that nearly her last words were an appeal of charity in behalf of a straying soul."*

About midnight she pronounced the sacred names of Jesus and Mary, and then closed her eyes to earth. Her head rested on the bosom of that aunt who had loved her with more than maternal tenderness; her face, radiant as ever, soon became expressive of an abandonment deeper than that of sleep; but it was some time before those who watched her so closely could be convinced that she was indeed no more.

Who can describe the anguish of the bereaved Foundress? The mind of the deceased, like that of her aunt, was great and comprehensive, and her virtue far beyond the ordinary standard. The winning playfulness of her manners, especially at recreation, was but the unbending of a superior intellect. The friendship between the mature aunt and the young niece had never been sullied by the most transient estrangement. Calmly, and with a tearless eye, that aunt gazed on the beloved form that now lay in silent loveliness on the couch of death, while the sobs and tears of the Sisters interrupted the requiem. Yet, if a word could call back the departed spirit, Mother McAuley had not given utterance to that word. "I loved my Mary Teresa too much," said she, "and God took her from me. We must love Him as well when He takes as when He gives. May I never be free from His cross!"

Years after, when she laid her nephew, James, in the tomb, she wrote: "My earthly joys are all cut down now, *thank God;*" but she never had a dearer "earthly joy" than Mary Teresa.

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* It is remarkable that nearly all the early Sisters died almost in the act of doing or suggesting something for the good of the poor, of sinners, etc. The wonderfully happy deaths they all had was attributed to the great devotion to St. Joseph that prevailed in the Order.

When it was noised abroad that this beautiful one was no more, many a gay, thoughtless girl, to whom the memory of her piety was a sort of talisman, and in whom the greatness of her early sacrifice had awakened a feeling akin to reverence, wept with emotion on seeing how soon God had rewarded this young and lovely being. "In a short time she fulfilled a long space." Happy was she in wisely choosing Him for her Spouse at whose judgment-seat she was destined so soon to appear! *

"I have always observed," says a spiritual writer,† "that good persons are ever compassionate, and easily moved to tears." But who could be more compassionate than Catherine McAuley? In this point, above all others, she strove to resemble Him who gave His life for men. Her letters and other writings are replete with beautiful allusions to the "mercy, compassion, sweetness, patience, and tender pity" of our Redeemer. These consoling attributes were, as might be expected, the objects of her special devotion. In the following prayer, which she wrote in compliance with the request of a Sister, see how sweetly she appeals to His "compassionate, tender pity:"

"My God, I am Thine for time and eternity! Teach me to cast myself entirely into the arms of Thy loving providence, with the most lively, unlimited confidence in Thy compassionate, tender pity. Grant, O most merciful Redeemer! that whatever Thou dost ordain or permit may be always acceptable to me. Take from my heart all painful anxiety; suffer nothing to sadden me but sin, nothing to delight me but the hope of coming to the possession of Thee, my God and my All, in Thine own everlasting kingdom!"

The sentiment of tender compassion for the wants and miseries, spiritual and temporal, of others, Mother McAuley esteemed as a necessary quality in all who aspired to join her Institute. She wished that the Sisters should feel and *show* sympathy and affection for each other, especially in the hour of trial; for she knew that if they did not practise this at home, they could not, when abroad, evince "the tenderest pity and compassion for the poor,"

* The date of Mary Teresa's death is variously given as the 11th and 12th of November, from the circumstance that she died about midnight.

† Saint-Jure.

as the rule obliges them to do. Yet she herself performed the last offices and said the last prayers for her own relatives without betraying the least emotion, or even shedding a tear. The probable reason of this was, that she did not wish to inflict her troubles on others, or that her grief at the moment was too deep for tears. The Sisters loved her the better when they learned that she wept in secret as each dear one was taken from her. At the death of others, however, she always wept, but her tears were sweet ones.

Mother McAuley's letters contain several allusions to Mary Teresa, who was evidently her *beau ideal* of perfection. When a very handsome lady entered, she would describe her as being "not unlike *my Mary Teresa.*" Another "had almost mind and as formed a character as my darling Mary Teresa." Another "is all ardor and zeal for the *poor, like my Mary Teresa.*" Another "bears some resemblance to *my Mary Teresa,* and is just as innocent." Similar phrases are of frequent occurrence in her notes.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Rule and Constitutions of the Order of Mercy.—Lay Sisters.—Very Rev. James Rice.—Opposition to the new Institute.—The Pope sends his approbation, and his apostolic benediction to its members.—Mother McAuley gives an account of the foundation of the Order.—Letters.

ALTHOUGH the Rule and Constitutions of the Institute were not completed till 1834, or approved till 1835, yet in substance they contain nothing but what had been observed from 1827. The Foundress, in composing or compiling them, had but to collect the pious practices she herself had established. The basis of her Rule was that of St. Augustine, of which the Presentation Rule is but another form ; but time and other circumstances required many alterations, which cost her immense labor and incessant prayer. She often observed to the Sisters, that every word of the Rule they practised was the fruit of prayer. Taken as a whole, it may be regarded as a faithful exponent of her views on religious perfection, and in writing it she unconsciously drew her own portrait. It is concise, but nothing essential is omitted. Ardent charity, profound humility, and tender piety pervade every section. A high degree of religious perfection is exacted, but with so much sweetness and prudence, that at first sight it seems easy to observe rules in which common sense forms the basis of the most exalted virtue ; yet no one can observe even one* of them in its perfection without becoming a saint.

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* As, for instance, the following :

"The Sisters shall most studiously watch over themselves, and guard against the insinuations of self-love, lest they lose the merit of their good works by self-complacency or vain-glory, or by having in their actions any other motive or end in view than to please God. They are never to act *through inclination or caprice*, but all shall be performed with regularity and exactness, and referred with the utmost fervor to the Divine honor, in union with the most holy actions and infinite merits of Jesus Christ."

The chapters on the Visitation of the Sick, the House of Mercy, Lay Sisters, &c., were entirely composed by the Foundress, who had a remarkable talent for saying a great deal in a few words. In the first section of Chapter on the Visitation, she proposes the example of Jesus Christ, which "has in all ages of the Church excited the faithful in a particular manner to instruct and comfort the sick and dying poor." In the next she remarks that "the miraculous cures performed by our Saviour, and the power of healing granted to the apostles, evince His great tenderness for the sick," and that "the most eminent saints (of some of whom she gives a list) have devoted their lives to this work of mercy." In conclusion, she says: "Such bright examples and the great recompense promised, are strong motives to encourage the Sisters to fulfil with fervor and delight every part of this most meritorious duty."

In the third she speaks of the interior dispositions which should animate "those whom Jesus Christ has graciously permitted to assist Him in the person of His suffering poor." She then goes on to describe the manner of instructing and consoling them, the regulations to be observed, the visit to be made to the Blessed Sacrament before leaving the convent and on return, and the graces to be asked in these visits. The eighth section contains the secret of her wonderful success in winning souls to God, for though she says that the Sisters must always have spiritual good most in view, still she believes that this cannot, in general, be promoted but by drawing poor human nature to it by "the cords of Adam," by unfailing and sincere kindness:—

"Great tenderness should be employed, and when there is not immediate danger of death, it will be well to relieve the distress first, and to endeavor, by every practicable means, to promote the cleanliness, ease, and comfort of the patient; *since we are ever most disposed to receive admonition and instruction from those who evince compassion for us.*"

Not a word could be added to this beautiful chapter. Even the very tone of voice is prescribed: "The Sister should speak in an easy, soothing, impressive manner, so as not to embarrass or fatigue the poor patient."

In Lay Sisters Mother McAuley requires "good constitution,

plain education, manner, and appearance, suited to *Religious who must be seen in public,* "because," says she, "they ought to be persons who could occasionally accompany the Choir Sisters, without any remarkable exterior difference." Speaking of Lay Sisters, one of her biographers* says :—"Reverend Mother McAuley took great pains to form them to the Religious life, fully convinced that they required more instruction than those whose education was of a higher order, and whose domestic rearing was a remote preparation for the restraints of conventual discipline. From their practical knowledge of business they were very valuable in carrying out the directions of the Choir Religious in the House of Mercy, as regarded needlework and the laundry ; they were also very useful in the extern department of the House, which is very extensive and important, and which has existed from the very commencement."

Mother McAuley thus beautifully concludes the chapter she wrote on this subject :

"The state of Lay Sisters is very similar to that which our humble Redeemer made choice of in this world, who dedicated himself to the service of others, without ever requiring to be served Himself. It will greatly animate them in all their labors to reflect that they are working for a heavenly Master, who will take into account their toil and pain, lighten their difficulties, and most generously reward every exertion they will have made for the love of Him."

In August, 1834, Very Rev. James Rice,† an Augustinian Friar of much learning and piety, visited Baggot-street House, which we will henceforth call St. Mary's, and being greatly pleased with the manner in which the works of mercy were performed there, asked whether he could be of any assistance to the Institute, at Rome, whither he was proceeding. Mother McAuley replied that she was anxious to receive the approbation of the Holy See for the Order, but feared it was too soon to urge this. When the application was made, however, Father Rice used his influence to sustain it.

The Rule and Constitutions had already been approved by his

* Mother Mary V. Hartnett.

† Very Rev. James Rice was brother to Edmund Rice, Esq., of Waterford, who founded the Christian Schools in Ireland, 1802.

Grace the Archbishop, who affixed the following, with his seal, to the copy submitted to his inspection :

"We hereby approve of these Rules and Constitutions, compiled (or composed) for the Religious Congregation of Sisters of Mercy ; and we declare that it is not our intention that they shall oblige, under pain of mortal or venial sin, except inasmuch as the transgression of any article may be a violation of the vows or in itself a sin, independently of the Rules.

"✠ D. Murray, Archb.

"Dublin, January 23, 1834."

About this time, the opposition to the Institute was renewed with great violence, and coming from parties worthy of respect—Priests and Religious—was calculated not only to deter postulants from entering the Order, but tend to make those unhappy who had already made their vows in it. For, in a country so loyal to Rome as Ireland is, the report that a religious body is not approved by Rome, would soon annihilate that body. As soon as Mother McAuley heard that a certain Religious was circulating through the city that "there was not a stroke of a pen from Rome in favor of the Sisters of Mercy," she became seriously alarmed. It being quite true that her Institute had not been formally approved, though the Archbishop had obtained permission for its formation, in 1829, she laid the whole matter before him, and he immediately applied to Rome for a formal approbation. To the inexpressible consolation of the young community, this was granted on the Feast of the Finding of the Holy Cross, May 3, 1835. The Archbishop was urged to apply for this, not by the friends, but by the opponents of the Institute. So wonderful are the ways of God ! With this solemn Approbation, his Holiness Pope Gregory XVI. sent his Apostolic Benediction to the Foundress and her associates.

Much of the opposition made to newly founded Institutes is probably well meant, and, far from injuring them, is of essential service ; but were it otherwise, the malice of men cannot destroy what the power of God upholds. Yet among Religious themselves, there ought surely to be no misunderstanding, or at least no mutual censure. They have all a common Father, God, and a

common Mother, the Church. They are all equally spouses of Jesus Christ, and each will take her place for eternity, not according to the antiquity of the Order, for with Him before whom a thousand years are as yesterday, no Order is ancient and none new; nor according to the aristocracy of her birth, for virtue is the only aristocracy appreciated by God; nor to the veneration in which she is held, for He looks to the heart, and rewards the virtue we *possess*, not that which may be falsely attributed to us; nor to her style of habit, unless, indeed, it covers a holy Religious; nor to the riches of her house, for poverty is the only wealth He prizes in Religion;—before Him we all take our rank according to our individual perfection; and it may be, that, on the great accounting day, "the last shall be first and the first last, for many are called but few are chosen."

The Order of Mercy owes this gratitude to the Orders existing in Ireland at the period of its foundation, that they all reached out a helping hand towards it, and showed it unvarying kindness and generosity. The Presentation Order bestowed much of its form and part of its rule on the young Institute. The Ursulines educated a large proportion of its subjects, and the Sisters of Charity gave it the example of coming outside the cloister to do good. The Carmelites and Poor Clares were unceasing in their kind attentions; the Nuns of Loughrea, Newry, Carlow, Galway, and other places, lavished the most tender courtesy on Mother McAuley, when foundation business brought her among them, and extended their hospitality with such graceful kindness, that in every instance they persisted in regarding themselves as the obliged party. To this day, the Order of Mercy owes some of its best members to the ancient Ursuline Order, and the modern, but not less admirable Society of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, whose pupils, as Sisters of Mercy, fail not to diffuse the piety they imbibed in these seminaries of virtue and learning.

The opposition given to her Institute by a few Religious, Mother McAuley either forgot, or regarded as well meant, for towards the end of her life, she wrote: "I never knew an unkind Religious;" but had the case been otherwise, her gentle pen had refused to record her experience. When Priests opposed her, she always be-

lieved they did so for conscience' sake; even the bitter and sarcastic letters she received on a few occasions, did not lessen her esteem for the sanctity she supposed the writers to possess. Hearing a novice one day say something about "a very holy Priest," she said, with a smile:

"I have known a great many Priests, but I never knew one who was not 'very holy.'"

The very objects of the Order of Mercy naturally enlisted the sympathy of the clergy; for compassion towards the poor is a peculiarly priestly virtue, the precious oil of Aaron which perfumes the sacerdotal character. The ancients speak of Priests* as men whose tears were always flowing over the miseries of humanity so constantly kept before their eyes. Mother McAuley found her warmest friends, but also her most violent opponents, among the clergy. One of the latter feared she might interfere with the Sisters of Charity, either by withdrawing ladies whose vocation attracted them to the same good works, or by dividing the public charities which they administered. Strange it did not occur to him that there is, and, so far as we know, ever will be, more sorrow and misery in this poor world than Charity† and Mercy, in their human embodiments, will ever be able fully to relieve.

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* Formerly Priests wore a cloth by their side, to dry the tears they were supposed to shed so frequently over the sorrows of poor, fallen nature. It was called *Mappula*, and was the predecessor of the modern *Maniple*. See *Ven. Bede*, &c.

† When we speak of the "*Sisters of Charity*" we always mean those founded by Miss Aikenhead in Dublin, not the Congregation founded by St. Vincent, which is more correctly styled, "Of the Daughters (*Filles*) of Charity." A large painting in the fine Hospital, Stephen's Green, Dublin, will have made hundreds familiar with the physical features of Miss Aikenhead. Her soft brown eyes, and the warm tints of her complexion, seem to belong to a more southern clime, and half disguised as the figure is with the picturesque dress of her Society, the beauty of the picture will interest in the original, those who see it. It represents the Reception of Sir Michael Bellew's daughter, who became a Sister of Charity several years ago. Many types of beauty are seen in the group. The apostolic sweetness of Archbishop Murray's venerable countenance contrasts finely with the fresh beauty of the kneeling postulante, who does not appear to have seen eighteen summers, and might well form the subject and inspiration of Gerald Griffin's well-known lines on "*The Sister of Charity.*" "Her vesture, blended of silk and of gold," forms a contrast to the coarse black serge

To a lady desirous of joining the Institute in 1833, Mother McAuley wrote the following graphic detail of the daily duties :

"Office and Meditation over by seven. Mass at a quarter past seven—over by eight. Breakfast at a quarter past eight. After breakfast, the Sisters attend to their different employments until nine, when we have public lecture for all. At half-past nine, the Sisters appointed to visit the sick prepare to go out ; those in charge of the schools, prepare for them. The Sister who superintends the extern distressed persons, takes her place in the work-room. Reverend Mother or a senior Sister remains in an adjoining room, to receive and answer applications. At a quarter to twelve, we again assemble in choir for particular examen. At twelve, Angelus, Acts of Faith, Hope and Charity, Litany of Jesus ; after which we resume our employments. Those who went out first have now returned ; others go out, who return after three. Dinner for the House of Mercy at three. Our dinner at four, after which recreation in community-room; but as the Sisters who read and attend table, and the Lay Sisters, have yet to dine, it is not called general recreation. At five, Vespers in choir, after which Lecture till six, then Angelus, Matins and Lauds, etc. At a quarter to seven, visit ; then tea ; afterwards general recreation till nine : and you never saw such a happy and merry party, nor ever will, except in a Religious community.

"At nine, general examen, Litany of the Saints, morning meditation prepared, then to rest.

"This one day is our whole life. You might suppose the daily and uninterrupted repetition of the same duties would prove tiresome : it is not so; the Religious life affords more lively, solid, and lasting happiness than all the variety the world could give."

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of Mother Aikenhead, as do her jewels with the brass crucifix which rests on the bosom of the same venerable personage. Miss Bellew was professed in the Congregation, but was called to her reward soon after.

* The above contains all the spiritual exercises daily made in common (unless at special times, as Lent), except five Paters and Aves, and the Litany of the Blessed Virgin after Vespers, said daily, by Mother McAuley's regulation, for the Bishop and Clergy of the diocese ; the Litany for a Happy Death, or for the Dead, said after Matins. The Rosary is said in private. A visit to the Blessed Sacrament precedes each duty.

Some years later, a Priest desirous of having an account of the rise of the Institute from the Foundress herself, designing to embody it in a sermon which he engaged to preach at a Profession, commissioned the Superioress of the Convent of Mercy, Limerick, to apply for it. The reply of Mother McAuley is very characteristic:

"I would find it very difficult to do what Rev. Mr. C—— seems to require; the circumstances which would make it interesting could never be introduced in a public discourse. It commenced with two, Sister Doyle and myself. The plan from the beginning was such as is now in practice. In 1827 the house was opened. In a year and a half we were joined by such numbers that it became a matter of general wonder. Most Rev. Dr. Murray gave us most cordial approbation and frequently visited us. All was done under his direction, from the time we entered the House, which had been erected for the purpose of charity. Very Rev. Drs. Blake and Armstrong were the persons chiefly concerned; they received all the ideas I had formed, and consulted together for at least two years, before the House was built. I am sure Dr. Blake had it constantly before him in all his communications with Heaven, for I never can forget his fervent prayers while it was in progress.

"Seeing our number increase so rapidly, anxiety was expressed to try and give the House stability. We who began, prepared to do whatever was recommended by authority, and in September, 1830, we went, with dear Sister Harley, to George's Hill, to serve a novitiate for the purpose of formally establishing it.

"In December, 1831, we returned, and the progress has continued as you know. We are now (1838) above one hundred in number, and the desire to join us seems rather on the increase. Though it was thought foundations would retard it, the case appears to be quite otherwise. There has been a most marked providential guidance, which the want of prudence, vigilance, and judgment has not impeded; and it is here that we can clearly see the designs of God. I could mark circumstances calculated to defeat us at once, but nothing, however injurious in itself, has done us any damage. The loss of property has been supplied; the deaths of the most valuable Sisters have passed away as of no consequence; the alarm spread abroad by such frequent deaths did not prevent others crowding

in ; in short, it evidently *was* to go on and surmount all obstacles, many of which were great indeed, and proceeding from causes within as well as without. One thing is remarkable, that no breach of charity ever occurred among us. The sun never, I believe, went down upon our anger. This is our only boast ; otherwise we have been deficient enough, and far, very far from co-operating generously with God. But we will try to do better in future, all of us,—the *black-heads* * will strive to repair the past, please God."

Thus, she always said as little as possible of herself, and strove to attribute to others a share of the merits of her own works. Like the soul which is hidden, though it animates the whole body, she was present to aid in every emergency; but though she presided more or less in every department, she referred the credit of all, to the Sisters in charge of each.

* The Professed Sisters.

CHAPTER XXV.

"Little Catherine."—Generosity of the Foundress.—The Lord Bishop of Dromore.—Chief events of his life.—His connection with the Foundress.—His love for the Institute.

IMMEDIATELY after Mary Teresa's decease, her only sister, Catherine, then in her sixteenth year, expressed her intention of becoming a Sister of Mercy. She had lived in the convent from the time of her father's death, but was now anxious to be a member of the community. Her uncle, who was also her guardian, would not hear of this. Not appreciating the spirit of charity which prompted her sacrifice, and wishing to test her sincerity, he insisted that she should spend at least a year at his house, in which arrangement Reverend Mother at once acquiesced. He felt sure that estrangement from her aunt, and a closer view of the attractions of the gay world, might induce her to abandon a resolution which he fancied had been adopted in a moment of unreflecting enthusiasm. As she was of a very lively disposition, she enjoyed herself highly in society, and made every one about her happy ; but neither his reasoning nor the fascinations of brilliant society could alter her determination, and when the year expired she asked leave to return to St. Mary's. The doctor was greatly annoyed ; he cast the whole blame, if blame there were, on his sister. "She had used her influence unduly ; she had bewitched the child. It was cruel to induce their niece to take a step which she might hereafter bitterly repent." Old sores were opened. A disagreeable scene was enacted. Though an estimable man in many respects, Dr. McAuley was, or affected to be, totally incapable of appreciating the motives of the illustrious woman whose heroic virtues were casting a halo round his name. Little Catherine entered in 1834, and assumed the name of Mary Agnes. Like her aunt,

she was a model of charity. Cleansing poor neglected orphans, and performing for them the meanest offices, were her favorite occupations. Though not possessed of the beauty and high intellectual endowments of her fair sister, she was exceedingly beloved for her gentleness, gayety, and devotion to the poor. Mother McAuley usually calls her "My innocent, playful Catherine."

The same year, a gentleman, a friend of Mr. Callahan's, applied to the heiress for a loan to retrieve his shattered fortunes. "How much do you require?" said she.

Mr. P. was silent. "Your wife and children," she continued, "want many things (for she knew they were living, or rather starving in a grand house). Here are five hundred pounds, but remember all I have belongs to the poor. I will trust you to repay me."

In this instance her hopes were disappointed. The ruling passion soon made a dead set on this unfortunate man; wife, children, and benefactress were forgotten at the gambling-table. He sat down to increase his store; he stood a beggar. The Sister of Mercy instantly revenged herself by providing for his helpless family. "Throw stones at a beautiful tree," says an Eastern poet, "and in return it will shower on you fruits and flowers."

In 1833, Mother McAuley's revered friend, Dr. Blake, was raised to the episcopate. This, a great gain for the Church of Dromore, was a serious loss to her. His countenance and support were a protection to the Institute, because he deservedly bore the reputation of a saint. She was guided chiefly by his counsel, and he often supplied her with means to carry out her charitable plans. As this esteemed prelate was by far the best friend the rising Order had, a glance at the principal events of his life will not be out of place here.

We begin by an anecdote which Cardinal Wiseman gives of him: "Now that Dr. Blake has gone to receive the reward his amiable virtues deserved, and that all delicacy in what reflects honor on him is removed, I may relate here what I heard from himself of his early career. When a student at Rome, he said, he was considered remarkably slow and dull. This was partially owing to very great indistinctness in his speech, accompanied by stammering.

On one occasion, venturing to interpose his opinion in some discussion among his comrades, one of them rudely interrupted him, saying: 'What business have you to speak, who are the dunce of the college?' The wound was smarting, but salutary. The meek boy made no reply, but retired heartsore into solitude. He reflected on what had been publicly said to him, without rebuke from any one, and with the silent concurrence of all. Yes, that was his character among them, that the opinion even of the kindest of his friends. If they had not told him of it, one had let it out to him. To this rough monitor he ought to be thankful for telling him the truth. And now, what was to be done? The reproach must be wiped away, the character reversed. Its causes, real or imaginary, must be cured at any cost. This must be the unremitting task of his school-life.

"He wrote on a slip of paper, 'THE DUNCE OF THE COLLEGE,' in plain, unmistakable letters, and placed it on his desk, where, unseen by others, it should ever be before his eyes. During the regular hours of application, there it was; at times of extra study, while others were at recreation, this stinging goad was at his side. He adopted a slow and deliberate utterance, which accompanied him through life, but which perfectly remedied his original defect. He soon rose honorably both in his class and in the estimation of his school-fellows—those severest but most accurate of judges—who, however, knew not of the spell that formed the secret of his success. And so he passed through all the honored degrees of his sacred profession to its highest attainable dignity."*

Shortly after his return to Ireland, Dr. Blake was appointed parish priest of SS. Michael's and John's, Dublin. In 1814 he headed the regular and secular clergy of Dublin diocese, who protested against the famous rescript of Monsignor Quarrantotti,†

* "Recollections of the Four Last Popes."

† This prelate, upon whom an official position devolved while His Holiness Pope Pius VII. was a prisoner in France, addressed to Dr. Poynter, Vicar Apostolic of London district, a rescript commendatory of the bill which proposed to give the sovereign of England a voice in the election of bishops, &c. Against this the whole hierarchy of Ireland remonstrated. After much discussion and excitement, the Pope ordered Cardinal Consalvi to draw up an explanatory rescript, and removed Monsignor from his official post.

which they pronounced "entirely non-obligatory upon the Catholic Church in Ireland." In 1825 he was summoned to Rome to restore the Irish College, which had been suppressed during the French occupation of Rome, and then incorporated with the College of the Propaganda. Having successfully accomplished this, he was recalled to Dublin in 1828, and became parish priest of St. Andrew's, Westland Row, to which district St. Mary's belonged. He commenced the spacious church which now adorns that locality, and which was still unfinished in 1833, when he was raised to the See of Dromore.

Nothing could exceed his kindness to the Institute. He obtained of the Archbishop that an annual sermon should be preached in his church in aid of its charities. As Vicar-General he acceded to every arrangement that Mother McAuley proposed for the spiritual direction of the various departments of her Institute.

His opinions of the Foundress will be more worthy of credit when we add, that he was most cautious to avoid the least exaggeration; and, if he carried any virtue to excess, it was exactness in this particular. His ideas of the sanctity of God and the corruption of poor human nature, were such as led him to incline to the opinion that no Saint save the sinless Mother of Jesus, had ever been admitted to the Beatific Vision, without at least passing through Purgatory. In him, ardent love of God was mingled with an intense fear of His inscrutable judgments, which caused a horror of the most trivial imperfections. His charity to the poor soon beggared him. Persons often gave him large sums of money without directing how they were to be disposed of. Thus, if it sometimes happened that he was a rich man in the morning, evening was sure to find him without a shilling. He frequently gave large alms to the Institute; and, when the Sisters would attempt to make some acknowledgment, he would always playfully turn off the subject, saying: "You save me a great deal of trouble; besides, you can make a better use of money than I." His amiability and gentleness accompanied him till death; but he retained no traces of *the dunce of the school.* On the contrary, he was as eminent for learning as he was for sanctity. In 1832, he delivered

a splendid course of Lenten sermons; and, though he had commenced the erection of his church in Westland Row, and had some difficulty in inducing his parishioners to co-operate with him, he sent the whole proceeds of them to the Sisters for distribution. But Mother McAuley having learned that this caused murmuring among the persons who had been in the habit of receiving the offerings made at previous Lenten sermons, and who, though poor, were not altogether the class whom the Sisters would select as the recipients of such alms, declined to distribute them, thinking that it was better to do a little good in peace, than a great deal at the cost of a little disturbance.

As spiritual director to Catherine, Dr. Blake seems rather to have kept behind his illustrious penitent to prevent a stumble, than gone before her to beckon her onward. When first she consulted him, she not only had no idea of becoming a Religious, but a positive objection to such a step. We have seen how she became one, and we shall soon see how she attracted hundreds to follow her example. Even after his elevation to the bishopric of Dromore, he continued her faithful friend, adviser, and consoler; and no affair of moment was undertaken at St. Mary's without the approbation of the Lord Bishop of Dromore, who, notwithstanding his high and arduous avocations, found time to counsel and befriend his spiritual daughter, whom he regarded as the second among his countrywomen—St. Bridget being the first. The mutual affection of these two great souls never waned, each revered the other as a saint, and their love was thoroughly in God and for God. Before his departure to a brighter world, "the Angel of the Church of" Dromore had the consolation of founding a Convent of Mercy near his residence in Newry. He always regarded the members of the whole Order as his children, and never came among them anywhere without reminding them of the sublime virtues of their Foundress. "Ah," he would say, "what do any of us do in comparison with what she did? The all-consuming love of Jesus burned in her breast, and no one could approach her without catching some sparks. *She* turned to account every grace, every opportunity of doing good. Alas! she left us too soon; but God's holy will be

ever adored! May we profit of her example still fresh before our minds, and be grateful for the favors He has so lavishly conferred on us through her."

Bishop Blake survived the Foundress nearly twenty years, and was succeeded by a prelate hardly less friendly to the Order of Mercy, Right Rev. John Pius Leahy, O. P., late of St. Mary's Priory, Cork.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Virtues of the Foundress.—Faith.—Hope.—Charity.—Prudence.—Justice.—Fortitude.—Temperance.—Humility.—Obedience.—Chastity.—Poverty.—Devotion to the Blessed Sacrament.—Anecdotes.

BEFORE speaking of the foundations which St. Mary's commenced to send out in 1834, we will glance at the virtues conspicuous in the Foundress; and, first, at her faith, a virtue without which no other virtue can exist in the soul in a supernatural manner. All we have related shows in how high a degree she possessed this virtue. With immense obstacles, and at great risks, she openly practised the Catholic faith as soon as it was possible for her to be instructed in it; and we have seen how earnestly she strove, in season and out of season, to extend that blessing to those who possessed it not, to preserve it in such as had the privilege of being baptized in it, and to induce all whom she could influence to value that precious treasure as the greatest of God's gifts. Her life was but a continual effort to increase the household of that Faith, to instruct the ignorant in its sublime mysteries, and to serve the poor through that motive of faith which caused her to see Jesus Christ in His suffering members, who are His more special representatives.

The theological virtue of hope was always conspicuous in Catherine. In childhood, it taught her to expect of God direction in her doubts, and a knowledge of the true path to heaven. Through hope, she was willing to renounce all things to practise her faith. Through hope, she scorned the many brilliant alliances offered her, and devoted herself unreservedly to Him who has made such glorious promises to those who choose Him for their portion. Hope enabled her to part cheerfully with all she held dear; it inspired her with courage to undertake the most arduous enterprises; it sustained her in her trials, and taught her to take up generously

the heaviest crosses. It gave joy to her heart and serenity to her countenance ; it made her long to be with Christ, and, in her dying moments, it infused such a foretaste of coming beatitude, that, habitually reserved as she was concerning the sublime operations of grace in her soul, she could not forbear exclaiming several times : "Oh, if this be death, how could I have ever feared it !"

Charity, the greatest of virtues, the only one we shall retain in heaven, consists in loving God above all things, and our neighbor for His sake. This virtue induced Catherine to devote herself to works of mercy from her childhood, to abhor the very shadow of deliberate sin, and to teach all whom she could attract within the sphere of her influence, to love that Supreme Being to whom she was entirely devoted. This divine love which burned within her caused her to remain long rapt in profound contemplation of the Eternal Lover of her soul. And because her arduous duties hindered her from applying as she wished to this heavenly exercise, she often rose from her bed* when sleep was sweetest, and prevented the sun to bless God, while her companions still slumbered It was this same love that imprinted on her countenance, while in choir, or engaged in any duty which had more direct reference to God, an expression of devotion and reverence which struck the most casual observer.

Love urges us to procure the glory of God ; love will not permit us to be indifferent to the spiritual or even temporal prosperity of our neighbors. Catherine, far from being deficient in that zeal which is not merely an accompaniment, but an integral part of sanctity, burned with an ever-increasing desire for the salvation of souls. Long and earnestly did she pray for the glory and extension of the Holy Catholic Church, the perfection of those com-

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* "One of the Sisters used to undertake the responsibility of awaking the others; and sometimes, in the dark mornings, mistaking the hour, she used to call them at three instead of four, as had been agreed on. To this, Catherine felt no objection as regarded herself—the only privilege she ever sought among the Sisters was to be permitted to rise earlier and work more. On these occasions, she would, instead of retiring to rest again, employ herself in prayer, to nourish her soul against the day's requirements; and, if she found any of the Sisters staying up too, she would engage them to join her. This happened very often."—*Early Days of St. Mary's. Mother Mary V. Hartnett.*

mitted to her care, the conversion of sinners, and the relief of souls in purgatory. That the Sisters might not forget their duty of interceding, as it were, between God and sinners, she ordains in the Rules, that even the novices be directed "to pray continually for the intentions of the Holy Father and the propagation of the Faith, and frequently to offer up Mass and Holy Communion for these intentions." Her zeal for the spiritual advancement of the Sisters was boundless. She often expatiated on the perfection peculiar to the Institute, in whose members she desired to see united the contemplative lives of the Carmelites with the active zeal of a St. Vincent de Paul. "Religious Houses," she would say, "especially those founded for the service of the neighbor, ought to be so many magnets to attract all hearts to Jesus Christ."

Some houses were slow in receiving subjects of great beauty or talent, lest they should not be easily governed; but Mother McAuley was always glad to admit beautiful or learned ladies, judging that the most lovely are not too lovely for God, and that the more learned they were, the better they could draw souls to Him, if, to their varied acquirements, they would consent to add the beautiful lesson of our Redeemer: "Learn of Me, for I am meek and humble of heart." Experience has proved that persons of more than average literary ability are generally the most humble and submissive; and when a little trouble does occur in Religion, it usually originates among the most illiterate and least pious.

When the Archbishop paid his Christmas visit to the community, in 1836, looking around at the promising array of novices, most of whom were known to him, he exclaimed, "I declare, Miss McAuley, I really believe you are the greatest enemy the fashionable world has." He might speak thus, for her Institute had already robbed the parks and ball-rooms of their fairest ornaments.

To gain souls to God, Catherine often used extraordinary means, and she could say, with her friend the Apostle of Temperance, "I feel that no sacrifice, whether of health, or of property, or of life itself, is too great to save from ruin or perdition the humblest of those for whom our Saviour shed His most precious blood."

A counsellor of high repute in his profession, who had passed most of his life in neglect of his religious duties, met with an acci-

dent, which almost cost his life. In youth, he unfortunately observed some defects in clergymen, and confounding their doctrine with their profession, he declared he would cease to belong to a Church which tolerated such imperfections in its ministers. He forgot that Priests, in their highest estate, are men, not angels, and as men, and even as just men, liable to fail in many things; and obliged daily to repeat, "Forgive us our trespasses." Strange as it may seem, no persons ever exact greater perfection of ecclesiastics and Religious than those who excuse themselves completely from practices of piety. The sister of this gentleman besought him with tears to see a Priest, but he replied that he would die as he had lived. At last, he offered to have an interview with Miss McAuley, provided she consented to come in the evening. Remembering how Jesus condescended to the weakness of his timorous disciple Nicodemus, the Foundress, accompanied by a Sister, drove to Merrion Square, where this gentleman resided, late in the evening. Her words made such an impression on him, that he promised all she required, and he fully redeemed his promises.

After she sent young persons to situations, she continued to watch over their health and comfort with maternal solicitude. She encouraged them to visit the convent frequently, and when she could not see them herself, charged a Sister to bring her all information concerning them; and if she learned they were in any danger, she would remove them from it. A young woman, whom she sent to a situation, in 1833, suddenly refrained from calling at St. Mary's. After being frequently sent for, she came one day in a style of dress quite unsuitable to her position, and the next news of her was, that she had left her situation, and gone to reside in a quarter where no questions were asked of those who "paid their way," how questionable soever the source of their revenues. This frail creature was very handsome, bearing a remarkable resemblance to a Miss C——, who was considered the belle of the capital some thirty years ago. Her master, forgetful of his dignity as head of a family, and his duty as a Christian, took advantage of her vanity, and, by threats and persuasions, but chiefly by supplying her with money "to dress like Miss C——," prevailed on her to admit his addresses. He was of a very violent temper, and when Miss Mc-

Auley determined to make a last effort to rescue her protegée, she deemed it imprudent to venture into his presence unaccompanied by a clergyman.

Accompanied by Dr. Blake, she set out for the girl's new residence, where they arrived towards dusk. She knocked at the drawing-room door, and being invited to enter, found Mr. F—— looking over the evening paper, the poor servant sitting at the opposite side of the table, "dressed like Miss C——." A blush of deepest crimson overspread her whole countenance—shame, anger, and remorse, mingled, perhaps, with a little gratitude for her benefactress, struggled within her. When the first shock was over, she fainted.

"Ah, sir," said Catherine to Mr. F——, "is it here you ought to be? Is this justice to your amiable wife and children? Is this the way you tamper with the virtue of a poor unprotected creature? Is it thus you respond to the confidence I placed in you when I sent a good servant to your family?"

He muttered something about "providing for the girl."

"Ah, sir," said she, with tears in her eyes, "you have robbed her of her fair fame, which the wealth of a thousand worlds cannot restore. Talk not of making reparation for such a wrong; you may repent of it, but you cannot repair it."

Not in the least annoyed by her intrusion, he promised her that he would never again commit such a crime, and taking up his hat to leave, he innocently begged Miss McAuley would not mention the matter to his wife.

When the poor girl recovered her consciousness, she cried out: "What am I to do, ma'am? You cannot take me now, though I have been here only a few hours. I know you could not let me among the girls again."

The repentant creature sobbed bitterly. "If we cannot take you home, my child," said the Foundress, "we can still provide for you." Thus almost miraculously rescued from destruction, she ever after persevered in a virtuous course.*

* On another occasion, Mother McAuley went, with a clergyman, on a similar mission. When the young gentleman, who was well known to her, saw the Priest, he seized a pistol, and swore to shoot him if he advanced a step.

Mother McAuley, to show Mr. F. that she relied on his word of honor, sent a servant to his house next day, and she had no cause to repent of it: she had such a way of trusting people and working on their better qualities, that few could find it in their hearts to disappoint the confidence she reposed in them. Some years later, she accidentally met this gentleman. She had forgotten the circumstances of the previous meeting, but he had not.

"Miss McAuley," said he, "I thank you for reclaiming me, and I confess that I never knew what shame was till you confronted me on that dreadful night. The remembrance of the look you then gave me has put it out of my power to attempt a similar offence. *That look* will never leave my heart. It is my safeguard."

The zeal of the Foundress was not confined to any one department of the Institute, and she rejoiced as much or more at the success of others as at her own. Thus she wrote to the Superioress of the Cork Convent: "I think the Institute over which you preside will yet excel the poor old Mother House, St. Mary's; and I sincerely hope it may." The same sentiment she frequently expresses in her letters to the other houses.

A lady once entered St. Mary's on whom the hopes of another convent were fixed. When Mother McAuley learned this, she sent for her, and said:

"I cannot bear to keep you here, my child, the N—— Sisters are so disappointed at your not going to them. We want subjects very much just now, but the prosperity of Baggot-street must never be built on the disappointment of another convent."*

Mother McAuley then stepped forward, but he no sooner saw her than he dropped his weapon. "One look from Miss McAuley is the greatest punishment I could receive," said he, and he hurried off without waiting a second. Mother McAuley took the object of her solicitude to a safe place, and provided her with a situation as soon as she gave evidence of being thoroughly converted.

* On another occasion, the Foundress, after admitting a very desirable subject, received a letter from an ancient Religious, whose heart seemed bent on having this lady in her own Order, for which she believed her to have a vocation. Hearing that her stay in the Order of Mercy was decided, she wrote a very severe letter to Mother McAuley, whom she taxed with using undue influence on a generous, confiding soul, and coaxing to her Order one who had no

Verily, the magnanimity of Catherine was equal to her charity.

Fraternal charity is the proof that we love God, for "if we do not love our brother whom we see, how can we love God whom we do not see?" Natural kindness and benevolence Catherine possessed in a high degree, but her heroic charity was the result of constant effort to imitate the charity of Jesus. Her instructions on this virtue were sublime. She was never weary of expatiating on the glorious description of charity given by St. Paul: "Charity is patient, charity is kind," etc. It was the text of all her discourses, and whatever other virtue she introduced, she always came back to charity. "Love one another as I have loved you," she would say, and then add: "If the blessed words of our Divine Lord ought to be reverenced by all persons, how much more by Religious! With what loving devotion should we treasure them up in our hearts! What incessant effort should we not use to reduce them to practice! He tells us to love as *He* loved; can we then place any bounds to our mutual affection?" Again, she would say: "Our charity should be *cordial;* now cordial means something that refreshes, enlivens, invigorates. If you only love each other *cordially*, you have heaven already."

On one occasion, two sisters, each over-anxious for the advancement of her own charge, having displayed more zeal than the circumstances warranted, Mother McAuley no sooner settled the matter than she went to the choir to pray that the slightest misunderstanding might never creep in among the Sisters; and that night, while others slept, she was prostrate in the choir making the same petition. God so fully blessed her efforts to preserve

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vocation for it. "As for myself," she added, "I confess that I do not find it easy to forgive you. You have robbed me of the staff which I had fondly hoped would support my old age." The Foundress was really grieved at the affliction of this affectionate lady. She wrote a most soothing reply, stating that the vocation of the postulant had been decided by her director, and expressing the deepest regret for being instrumental, though unconsciously, in causing her pain. Believe me, respected mother," she added, "so far as I am concerned, I would gladly restore 'the staff' of which I have been so unfortunate as to rob you, but as the lady's director decides that her vocation is to be a Sister of Mercy, you know I could not presume to act against his judgment." The good Religious not only forgave the "robbery," but apologized for her too hasty censures, and did not urge the restitution further.

charity, that towards the end of her life, she told a Sister in confidence, that no breach of charity had ever occurred in the Order, though its members then numbered hundreds. "This," she added, "is our only boast." Wherever this boast can be truly made, there is the Spirit of God.

She required that the manners of the Sisters should be particularly kind, genial, and affectionate ; that they should evince delight in having an opportunity of serving, obliging, or even gratifying each other. Her own manners were most pleasing and gracious, and a perfect exemplification of what she required from others. At recreation, she was the gayest of the gay. Her natural disposition was very lively, and no matter what her troubles were, she never inflicted them on others. She habitually looked at the brightest side of every thing. Her recollections of friends and early days were all of a cheerful nature. She possessed in a high degree the quality of being a most delightful *raconteuse*. The young Sisters delighted to hear her recount the stirring scenes of her experience. When they asked her to tell a story, she instantly gratified them : when they wanted her to sing a song, she immediately complied, though her musical performances, to which we shall subsequently refer, were such as to provoke many a smile, even from her simple auditors.

Mercy was a word of predilection with her. "It has five letters," she would say, "corresponding to the five Sacred Wounds of our Sweet Saviour ; it begins with *M* and ends with *Y*, like the name of His Ever Blessed Mother. It is God's mercy that renders His charity practical in our regard ; for what had His charity profited us, if His mercy had not redeemed us ?"

One evening, the Sisters asked her to write them a verse on *Mercy*. She immediately composed, quite impromptu, the following lines :

"Sweet Mercy, soothing, patient, mild and kind,
Softens the high and lifts the fallen mind ;
Knows with soft rein and even hand to guide,
Nor yields to fear, nor knows exacting pride ;
Not soon provoked, it easily forgives,
Is all to all, and with a look relieves ;
Soft peace it brings wherever it arrives,
Removes our pains, and crowns with joy our lives !"

"Mercy," she would say, "receives the ungrateful again and again, and is never weary of pardoning them. Oh, how kind, how compassionate, how tender, how *merciful*, ought not *we, Sisters of Mercy*, to be!"*

The Sisters who were at any time her companions on her missions of mercy, could never forget the tenderness with which she addressed the poor. No disease was loathsome enough to repel her, no crime great enough to scandalize her. She would not allow the poor who were daily relieved at the convent to be put to the smallest inconvenience. "We must not make them pay for what we give them," said she. We do not give a thing gratuitously when we put the recipients to unnecessary trouble; on the contrary, we make them pay very dearly for it. To bestow an alms on a poor widow after having kept her waiting half an hour in a cold hall, is not charity; the miserable stipend is too well earned. It was not thus the Saints assisted the poor. When some Polish vassals had been robbed of their cattle, their prince, urged by St. Hedwiges, his wife, ordered the restoration of the plunder, but did so at his own convenience. When he told his wife that he had now satisfied them, the royal-hearted princess reproachfully replied: "You have restored to them their cattle, but who can restore their tears?"

The Foundress had the most beautiful considerateness for the feelings of others.† Her mind was of that almost godlike nature, that the more she suffered from others, the more compassionate she became. Some Superiors think fit to dismiss subjects whom they find unsuitable, without any warning, and without even giving the

* Mother McAuley always thought that Religious should strive to be the kindest people in the world, but that *Sisters of Mercy* ought to be peculiarly kind. Indeed, the very name *Sister of Mercy* could only humorously be applied to an unkind person, even though she wore the garb of one.

† There is an old lady in Chicago who knew Miss McAuley more than half a century ago. She is never weary of extolling her kindness, &c. "She was so thoughtful," said she, "that noticing I always stood on the steps of Coolock House when concluding a visit, both to enjoy the view and to have a last few words with her, she ordered a thick rug mat to be left on the stone floor of the porch, lest I should catch cold while standing there, for I always wore very thin shoes." As this lady is in a very advanced stage of *childishness*, her recollections could not with certainty be considered biographical.

reasons. She would never act thus. When she perceived in novices symptoms of decaying fervor, she tried, first by every variety of gentle means, and then by severe admonition, to win them back. She studied their natural dispositions, carefully considering whether their faults proceeded from ignorance or malice, from culpable or inculpable self If she found any one incorrigible, she would not still dismiss her without showing her every possible kindness. "My dear child," she would say, "you have been here now for so many months. You were told, from the first, what would be expected from you, if permitted to persevere with us. Now, you have not fulfilled our expectations, perhaps you could not; and it may be that you are not destined to work out your salvation here, where we have to labor so much for the salvation of others. Try some other convent, or see if your vocation may not be for the world. The votes of Religious communities are usually considered as the manifestation of God's will; they have been against you here, but we will pray for you; and we wish you to believe that your salvation, as well as the good of our Institute, has influenced our decision."*

* In 1835, a niece of a prelate, whom the Foundress highly esteemed, entered. She was under twenty, pious, rich, and talented, but had such an inveterate propensity for extravagant partialities, that she could scarcely live without showing a particular friendship for some one or other,—an inconvenience the Foundress sought to guard against in the Order, by ordaining that recreation should always be taken in common. The first objects of this passion were two very young postulants, who were, in consequence, removed to another house,—a proceeding which so annoyed their new friend that she immediately prepared to go home. The Foundress, knowing that she had a vocation, and that her happiness in this world, and perhaps her salvation in the next, depended on the courage with which she should strive to surmount the only obstacle to her perseverance, reasoned with her, but to no purpose. Hoping the temptation would pass away, she sought to detain her a few days, and, as she was an excellent musician, asked her, as a favor, to remain to perform at a ceremony to take place next morning, but received this ungracious reply: "If I do not stay for my own convenience, you may be sure I shall not stay to oblige you." As the Foundress predicted, this lady became so unhappy in the world that she sought admission to the Institute in Carlow. When consulted by the Superioress of St. Leo's, Mother McAuley said, "Take her, if you please; we are under obligations to her uncle, and cannot well refuse to give her a trial; but she will not persevere." This lady, who is still living (1866), has since made several novitiates in various Orders, but has not been able to persevere in

Mother McAuley never dismissed any one for want of pecuniary means. Like St. Teresa, she loved to receive those whose fortunes were small, unless, indeed, the ecclesiastical authorities interfered, which sometimes happened. In 1832, a friend of Dr. Blake's was sent from a convent for want of fortune : when he mentioned this to Mother McAuley, she quietly said :

" We shall be happy to give her a trial here, Father."

" But she has not property."

" No matter—send her."

When he withdrew, she remarked to a Sister near her :

" Whoever Dr. Blake sends will bring a blessing on the house."

Next day he called, and handed seven hundred pounds to the Sister in the parlor, saying :

" I got this from a basket-maker who died last night ; pray for him. Miss McAuley will make a better use of it than I."

A Religious still living (1866) once mentioned to the Foundress a pecuniary embarrassment of a certain convent. Having learned that their liabilities were about eighty or ninety pounds, she immediately sent the poor nuns a hundred pounds.

Before she had any idea of becoming a Religious, a priest, with whom she was slightly acquainted, told her he was anxious to build schools in his parish, but complained that poverty placed a barrier to his zeal. She gave him five hundred pounds, saying :

" Commence the good work, and God will do the rest."

Even when she had to provide for the successful operation of the many charitable works she herself had originated, she could not bear to think that Religious were in distress. One day the Archbishop informed her that the funds of a neighboring convent were in a very precarious state.

" The nuns themselves are to blame," said he, a little sternly ; "had there been good management, their income was quite adequate to their wants. Were I speaking to another, I would ad-

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any. She has been terribly punished for the abuse of grace that first sent her back to the world, and would gladly enter any house of the Order, that she might at least die among those with whom she ought to have lived ; but the Order, mindful of the prediction of the Foundress, has never run the risk of giving her a third trial.

vise that the expenditure be always a little below the receipts, and that, while nothing essential to health or good order be wanting, superfluities be entirely retrenched. But I have never spoken to you on this subject, because I place entire reliance on your prudence and discretion."

The same day a letter reached her from the convent his Grace had alluded to, asking a loan of two hundred pounds to pay some pressing debts. She immediately sent it. A Sister present asked her if she thought the money would ever be paid. The generous Foundress replied :

" Oh no, they will never be able to pay it. I would send it as a present, only they might be pained. I can easily let them know, in a few days, that we will not ever claim it ; and if it helps to keep them together, it will be the best alms we ever bestowed."

Except where charity was really needed, however, Mother McAuley could be as penurious as a miser. She would not oblige her own relations with a small loan, unless it were to pay some pressing debt or procure something really necessary ; and even then she required payment, for she always said, even before she had made a vow of poverty, that whatever she possessed belonged to the poor, to whom she had made it over. Lady E—— once asked her for a loan of five pounds. In a mild but decisive tone she refused her ladyship, saying :

" The wealth I have belongs to God and His poor. I cannot even loan it for worldly purposes, deeply as I regret to disoblige your ladyship."

Lady E—— had already squandered a fortune at the card-table, hence the Foundress would scruple to loan her the trifling sum of five pounds, though it was most painful to her to disoblige any one.

Though several of Mother McAuley's associates were admitted without fortunes, and though not a few owed to her bounty the education which fitted them for their position, she fulfilled in their regard the counsel of the Holy Ghost : " Have they made thee a ruler ? Be not lifted up ; be as one among them." There was in her a complete absence of that superciliousness, that arrogant assumption of superiority, that standing on her toes to show " how

tall she was above them all," which mark a plebeian mind even in an empress, but which superficial observers mistake for dignity. *She* was never obliged to resort to such vulgar means for the purpose of keeping people in their places ; a gentlewoman never is ; she takes her own place quietly, and others naturally fall into theirs. She can yield, she can submit, she can wash the feet of her inferiors, without " losing her place," because there is an indefinable something about her which awes even while it inspires affection and esteem.

Did the Saints lose their dignity by being sweet, affable, and benign to all around them ? We think not. Yet they, especially those who lived most among their kind, were remarkable for this gracious deportment. Whether they earned heaven in a kitchen, like St. Zita, or graced a throne, like St. Margaret of Scotland ; whether they sprang from the most degraded class, like the Penitent of Cortona, or ensanguined the baptismal robe with martyr's blood, like the gentle child St. Agnes ; whether bred at the plough, like St. Vincent, or in a feudal castle, like the sweet Saint of Geneva ; whether they passed their lives in a desert, like the first Hermit, or exchanged the sword of the cavalier for the sword of the spirit, like the brave soldier of Loyola ; whether they begged their bread, like the sainted Labré, or wielded a sceptre, like the last of the crusader kings ; whether, in fine, they offered fair children to martyrdom, like St. Felicitas, or served God in the cloister, like St. Teresa,—one and all, they were distinguished for this exquisite refinement.

Look at her whom the Church pre-eminently styles *Lady*. Is not *Our Lady, Mater Amabilis* as well as *Mater Creatoris ?* Did she lose her dignity in condescending to visit her aged cousin ? And even when the Holy Ghost reveals what she so dexterously concealed, far from assuming the superiority due her, she tells Elisabeth that she is only His handmaid, His slave. Saintly people know but one model greater than this divine handmaid ; that model is her adorable Son, who " came to serve, not to be served," and whose own divine hands washed the feet of His low-born, uncouth, and ignorant disciples.

But to return to our subject.

The prudence of Catherine was a marvel even to the wise. Bishops, doctors, and persons of high standing generally adopted her views, after conferring a little with her. She never made an appointment that she was obliged after to revoke; and this is what few in a similar position could say, for though God gives Superiors His authority, He does not always give them His patience, His wisdom, His foresight. It was her heavenly prudence that caused her to fix her eye on God, and to regard every event from His point of view, to seek His glory in all things, and to remove from those under her charge every occasion of offending Him. To the prudence of the serpent she united the simplicity of the dove, abhorring the very shadow of duplicity.

The cardinal virtue of justice teaches us "to give to Cæsar what belongs to Cæsar, and to God what belongs to God." Strictly speaking, we can hardly be just towards God, for "what have we that we have not received?" and what can we give Him that is not already His by many titles? But towards her neighbor, whom she regarded as God's substitute, she was not only just but generous. She regarded herself merely as the administrator of the vast wealth she inherited. From an inherent love of justice, she exacted from each of her Sisters a perfect observance of the Rules and Constitutions, proportioning the labor of every one to her grace and strength, and careful never to exceed her authority by imposing any thing that the Rules and Customs* did not ordain.

Yet, with a holy dissimulation, she appeared not to notice many things calculated to ruffle the peace of one less perfect; and, in a spiritual sense, she fully appreciated the wisdom of that royal maxim: "He who knows not how to dissemble, knows not how to reign." Her temperance it will be unnecessary to describe,

* The Customs were not then written in full, though they had been observed from the first under the title of "General Directions." They were all collected after the death of the Foundress, and are now incorporated into a work styled "A Guide for the Religious called Sisters of Mercy," a sort of commentary on the Rule, written with much elegance and perspicuity by Mother Frances Bridgman, of Kinsale. "The Guide" was adopted by a general chapter of the Order which met in Limerick, 1864, and has been generally received by the convents of the Order

since we shall have to speak of her heroic mortification ; and fortitude, the natural result of a high degree of confidence in God, was the characteristic virtue of her life.

Such was her chastity, that in all the varied events of her chequered life no one accused her of the slightest levity of word or act. Though most friendly and affable in manner, there was ever a holy reserve about her which seemed like the veil of her modesty. Her virtue was above all suspicion, yet she was most cautious. When gentlemen called, she saw them in the public parlor, usually crowded with other visitors. When bishops or other distinguished persons, friends and benefactors, as Dr. Blake, Dr. Fitzgerald, came to confer with her on matters important to the Order, she generally received them in the community-room, which being very spacious, business might be transacted at the upper end without being heard by such Sisters as might be translating, illuminating, working or studying in silence at the community-table. The Assistant or some other Sister was always with her on these occasions, which were of frequent occurrence. Sometimes four or five bishops met together at St. Mary's, and all were received with that deferential courtesy and urbanity which ever distinguished her, but which were not unmingled with reverence when she treated with ecclesiastics.

In instructing on the angelic virtue of chastity she was very concise, confining her remarks chiefly to modesty of deportment and guard of the senses. Of the latter she spoke much, yet she did not wish the Sisters to close their eyes so as to neglect duty ; and if she observed a cobweb on the corridor, or a map hanging awry in the schools, it would be little use for the Religious in charge of either department to allege custody of the senses as an excuse. She knew that she "who feareth God neglecteth nothing," especially nothing that concerns her duty to her neighbor.

From love of religious modesty, she desired that every thing in the Sisters' dress should be neat, though poor and coarse ; a patch awkwardly put on, a rent, the smallest want of personal neatness, was a grave fault in her eyes, because these things are offensive to the neighbor, and calculated to lessen the opinion seculars have, or ought to have, of the religious state.

Before she had any idea of founding a Convent, her brother having called one day, observed a young person of respectable rank, but very disorderly habits, to whom Baggot-street was then giving temporary protection. With a gesture, expressive of disgust, he said to his sister :

"Kitty," for thus her own family always addressed her, "you say that I know nothing about convents ; but I will become their warmest advocate from this moment, if their purpose is to incarcerate girls like that, who are unfit to live among civilized people, and are a burden and an eye-sore to all respectable society."

This was severe, considering that it was evoked by a passing glance at a young lady fairly well educated, and of good family, though reduced, but who was deficient in the little arts of putting on her clothes tidily, keeping her luxuriant hair in order, and putting her boot-laces out of sight. Mother McAuley often commented on it, remarking, that if Religious gave seculars room to speak in such a manner, or to hint that they had entered religious houses only because they were unfit for good society, all their influence for the glory of God and the good of souls was at an end. She would not think any piety worth much, if it were accompanied by neglect of duty, or any thing else calculated to disedify the neighbor. "The most eminent spiritual persons," said she, "have not a higher idea of what Religious ought to be than many fashionable persons have ; who, if they observe any thing below their standard, will contemn the religious state, and impute to thousands the defects they perceive in one." The astute Greeks, when they saw illiterate men assume the garb of philosophy, exclaimed, "I see the cloak and the beard of the philosopher, but where is the philosopher himself ?" In the same way, when seculars see the Religious habit, they presently begin to look for the Religious.

The great works the venerated Foundress performed, far from raising any motions of vain-glory, made her fear lest, while showing to others the way to heaven, she herself might become a castaway. When it became her painful duty to admonish the Sisters of any fault, she did so mildly and impressively, and made no further allusion to it. When any of them applied to her in doubt, trouble, or anxiety about any thing, spiritual or temporal, she gave the

necessary direction or consolation, very sweetly, but in as few words as possible, for she was always very scrupulous about the use of her time. She might have said, with Isaiah : "God hath given me a learned tongue, whereby to support with a word him that is weary ;" but if one word would serve her purpose in these private conferences, she would not like to use two.

Nothing pleased her more than to be treated as a person of no account. One day, some ladies of distinction called to visit her, but as she was suffering from an attack of erysipelas in the feet, she could not receive them. On being shown through the house, they found her knitting in the community-room, and one of them having addressed her in a tone of great respect, said, with evident disappointment :

"We thought we should be able to see the celebrated Miss McAuley, of whom such wonderful reports are being circulated."

"Of Miss McAuley ?" returned the Foundress ; "why, she is a most common-place person, I assure you."

"But," said another of the party, "did she not build this house, and devote her fortune to the poor ?"

"The house was built by architects and workmen," was the reply ; "and if you hear any more fine things about Miss McAuley, do not credit them, for she is quite incapable of doing any thing worthy of notice."

The ladies retired, congratulating themselves that they were the first to discover how erroneously the public estimated Miss McAuley's labors and sacrifices. Respect for the humility of her Mother prevented the Sister who accompanied them from informing them, that the Religious who sat in the community-room, her bandaged feet resting on a stool,—her hands busily plying her knitting-needles, lest she should involuntarily lose a moment of her precious time, and her mind, no doubt, "musing on many things" concerning the glory of God and the salvation of souls,—was the person whose fame drew them thither, but who, unconscious of her innate worth, was the most humble and unpretending member in the Institute.

On one occasion, happening to reprove a sister a little sternly in the presence of others, a few hours after, she sent for all who had heard the reproof, and in their presence, humbly knelt to ask par-

don of her whom she had corrected. The Religious, amazed at this deep humility, blessed God for having given them a Superior who was able "*to do* and to teach."

Endowed with all the rare qualities requisite for governing others, she always believed herself unequal to the task. When her first term of office expired, she entreated permission to resign her authority to some one more capable of exercising it; but neither the Archbishop nor the community would hear of it.* From the first, she sought to evade the dignity of Superior, and when obliged by obedience to accept it, she forbade the Sisters to practise in her regard many demonstrations of respect† in use in other Institutes. Some years later, it being represented to her, that if these little points of conventual etiquette were habitually omitted, discipline might suffer, she permitted them to be practised.

One of her first companions had a habit of addressing her as "Ma'am," or "Madam." This title from one of her children she could not endure. "Well, what shall I say?" asked the Sister; "How shall I address you?" "Say 'yes,' or 'no,' very politely," rejoined the Foundress; "that will be quite sufficient."

When it was first discussed among the friends of the Order to send an appeal to Rome to have Catherine McAuley declared Venerable, several were of opinion that she would use her power in heaven to prevent this. A Religious, who witnessed several cures wrought by her relics, writes:

"We often smile at what we believe to be Reverend Mother McAuley's plan. She cannot find it in her heart to leave the sufferer in pain, while she seems equally determined to lead the hidden life, and, therefore, she obtains the cure, but in such a manner that we cannot *prove* it to be done by her; she obtains it *certainly*, but not *instantaneously*."

This extract from the letter of one‡ who knew and loved her, is a beautiful tribute to her compassionate charity and her profound

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* Superiors are chosen triennially in the Order of Mercy. The election takes place during the Octave of the Ascension, probably because it was during that period that Matthias was chosen to the apostleship, as we read in the Acts.

† Such as the Religious all rising when the Superior enters the room, &c.

‡ Mother Mary Vincent, Roscommon.

humility. The opinion expressed that she will work against her own beatification, reminds us of something similar related in the Life of St. Vincent.

A gentleman having told an old galley-slave, who remembered the Saint, that Father Vincent was about to be beatified, was answered by an incredulous smile.

"You do not believe it," said the gentleman; "do you not think Monsieur Vincent was holy enough to deserve this honor?" "Holy enough? Yes, but Father Vincent will never allow it; *he was too humble.*"

All the Doctors of the Sorbonne could not pronounce a more eloquent eulogium on this Apostle of Charity.

Mother McAuley strove, by yielding as much as possible to others, to practise obedience. She was a most punctual observer of rule, and was ever submissive to her ecclesiastical Superiors. Lest, amid her engrossing occupations, she should forget her own perfection, she ordered a Sister to admonish her whenever she perceived her to fail in any thing whatever. This, the zealous Sister scrupulously did; and whenever the Foundress happened to be absent, though on the most urgent duty, she would make atonement with the greatest humility and sweetness, when reminded of her unintentional defect by her spiritual daughter.

One day, having mentioned some suggestion to the Archbishop with which he did not seem inclined to comply, she immediately changed the subject. On his departure, a Sister present said in a tone of great disappointment:

"Now, Reverend Mother, that's always the way with you. No matter how anxious you are about a thing, when Dr. Murray comes, you agree to all he says without asking him a second time."

"Yes," said the Foundress, "and if he were to tell me to have this house pulled down, and to build it up another way, I should set about it immediately."

"What! pull down this house, after all your trouble?"

"No trouble is too great, when obedience is concerned," was the reply.

Rigorous to herself, she desired that the Sisters should disre-

gard the temporal conveniences, but nothing could exceed her kindness to the sick, whom she sought to relieve by every contrivance the heart of a fond mother could suggest. If a Sister had a slight cold, or a bad appetite, or looked pale, she noted it, and forthwith procured change of air, or whatever other remedy seemed best adapted. As soon as the least delicacy became apparent, she sought the remedy, never waiting till the sufferer was beyond cure. Her letters teem with such passages as these :

"Sister A—— has had a restless night." "Sister C—— did not sleep till near four this morning." "Sister E—— has just that sort of cough that change of air removes, but as she has had it rather too long, she must go to Carlow for a few days." These show the minute care she bestowed on all who confided their health and happiness to her keeping. Of her own sufferings, she speaks just about as much as she does of her interior graces.

Her love of poverty was quite conspicuous. Careful to have her exterior dress suited to the dignity of her state, her under-clothing was of the meanest description, and she always chose for herself whatever was most inconvenient. She made and mended every article of her clothing, though, having no time during the day, she was generally obliged to steal somewhat from the night for this purpose. She made a regulation that all the Sisters should learn to make their own clothing, saying that poor people always did so, and that Religious, who are poor for the love of God, ought not to allow themselves to be outstripped by such as are poor by accident. Labor she considered an essential ingredient of true poverty. At first, she would allow no recreation after dinner, saying, that being poor people, "we ought to work all day like the poor," but as the Archbishop considered this arrangement rather too severe, she permitted a short recreation between dinner and office, as seen by the letter in which she details the duties of the day. She was very particular that the strictest economy should be observed in every department of God's House, as she called the convent, not from thriftiness of disposition, but from zeal for the perfect observance of poverty. "Religious houses," she would say, "are houses of poverty, not of plenty." Even in her care of the sick, she was mindful of this virtue, and when

a physician prescribed change of air for her beloved niece, Mary Teresa, there being then no second convent of the Order, she made him this memorable reply :

" Doctor, will you be kind enough to select remedies suitable for poor people. We may, indeed, be able to procure necessaries, or even comforts for our invalids, but we could hardly afford to take lodgings for them, and the Sisters who would be required to nurse them."

Her meals were so scanty, that those who sat near her in the refectory described them as " nominal." From a spirit of charity and humility, she generally carved for the whole community, and consequently all had nearly finished dinner before she could commence. She rarely had a cell to her own use; and when she had, she was ready to yield it up for any one's accommodation. When new Sisters arrived, if there happened not to be cells enough for all, she would give hers to one of them, and take her rest in an old arm-chair of Mr. Callahan's, that remained in the infirmary. When founding convents, she chose the poorest mode of travelling, and her bed was generally the bare boards. She never waited till the convent was made comfortable. So great and so well known was her confidence in the boundless goodness and mercy of God, that the late Bishop of Cork always styled her " The Sister of Divine Providence."

She continually exhorted the Sisters to small acts of mortification, saying that it was rarely in their power to practise great ones ; while small ones were always within their reach. She said that the Sisters should let no day pass without practising in the refectory "little, imperceptible acts of mortification," but only such as were not calculated to injure the health, which our duty to our neighbor obliges us to preserve ; and she gave them a list of mortifications of this nature. " Little unseen mortifications," said she, " when habitual, are better calculated to subdue nature, than rigid austerities practised but rarely ; and these being unknown save to God, have a great advantage over those which often excite vanity by their very arduousness." The first and greatest of all mortifications, she considered to be fidelity to the common life, and unless a Sister was able to rise at the ap-

pointed time, be content with the common fare, and apply diligently to her duty, she would give her no permission to practise other mortifications.

Her devotion to the Blessed Sacrament was intense. She deemed it a high privilege to live day and night under the same roof with Jesus hidden in the Adorable Sacrament of his love. She ordained that meditation, office, examens, etc., be made in choir, that frequent visits be made daily in common, and that no considerable portion of the day be allowed to elapse without "paying court to Jesus on the throne of His love." The Rules beautifully express her sentiments on this subject :

"In all their sufferings and anxieties, in all their fears, afflictions, and temptations, the Sisters shall seek consolation at the foot of the altar, where He lovingly invites them, in these words : 'Come to Me, all you who labor and are burdened, and I will refresh you." It grieved her to see that any Sister absented herself through scrupulosity from this heavenly banquet, and she took great pains to correct the rigorous views sometimes held of our meek and merciful Saviour. "Without the Blessed Sacrament," said she, "perseverance is impossible. It is by means of the graces received therein, that our spiritual life is maintained, and that we are enabled to persevere in our holy state." The number of days of general communion were usually four or five a week. At times of special devotion, as the Octave of Corpus Christi, the retreat before profession, etc., the Sisters, with the permission of their director, communicated daily. Mother McAuley was never absent from Holy Communion on the appointed days, but such was her love of the common life, that she never approached the Holy Table at other times. When travelling on days of general communion, she thought nothing of fasting till after one, and walking several miles in the snow, as she did in Limerick, 1837, rather than lose once the happiness of communicating. She remarked of converts, that many of them did not seem fully to comprehend the instructions given them until they had received the Holy Sacraments, after which their doubts and difficulties disappeared. She was solicitous that the Sisters should avail themselves of every opportunity of instructing the poor in the nature of the Sacraments, and of ex-

horting them to approach them frequently, and with due dispositions, saying that the happiness of the poor, here and hereafter, depended on this. The chapel and the choir she had kept in the neatest order, appropriately but not very richly decorated. The music to be performed on feast-days, and at Benediction, she required the Sisters to practise very carefully, and appointed a special time for this, as for every other duty. She desired that every thing in the immediate neighborhood of the Blessed Sacrament should breathe an air of reverent piety, and directed that the Sisters should enter the chapel, as it were cautiously and noiselessly ; that the solemn stillness should not be disturbed, if possible, even by quickness of movement or the rustling of garments. She used to remark that all Religious owed a special devotion to the Blessed Sacrament, because, but for it, they could not persevere in their vocation; and she would add, "Protestants, however well-disposed, can have no Religious community among them, because they have no Blessed Sacrament." Truly, in this Adorable Sacrament, Jesus is the "wheat of the elect, the wine that maketh virgins."

Mother McAuley's sanctity was so perfectly natural in appearance, that it sat on her like a garment. There was nothing forced or constrained about her. Her letters, too, are exquisitely natural ; not a far-fetched or affected sentence can be found in them. She disliked high-sounding aspirations in prayer, and every thing that savored of being over-wrought. To a Sister who had a tendency to use the sublime style, she observed that simple language was much more devotional; and in place of something very exalted which that Sister was writing, she suggested : "Mortify in me, dear Jesus, all that is displeasing to Thee, and make me according to Thine own heart's desire."

Such was her spirit of sacrifice, her ardent desire to suffer as well as to act for God, that the heaviest crosses, when laid upon her shoulders, forced from her lips, not the language of complaint, nor even of resignation, but the liturgy of praise. She seemed, from childhood, as if sent into the world for the use and benefit of others, not for her own ; and all who knew her, concur in testifying that she was the most unselfish of human beings. Naturally,

she possessed all the beautiful traits in which the Irish character is rich, without any of the shades that in too many instances obscure or obliterate them ; supernaturally, grave divines spoke and still speak of her heroic sanctity. But in her "the supernatural *combined* with nature, instead of superseding it." Nature sketched what grace colored and worked up to such high perfection, without erasing a single touch which nature, or rather nature's God, had given to her beautiful character.

CHAPTER XXVII.

The First Branch.—The wreck off Dunleary harbor.—The excommunication, and its consequences.—Sussex-place House.—Trials.—Mother McAuley hiding from the sheriff.—Her letters.—A beautiful specimen.—Kingstown convent relinquished.—Reopened.—Glasthule.

KINGSTOWN, the beautiful harbor of Dublin, was the first place outside the capital to which the Foundress extended the benefits of her Institute. Many years previous, circumstances had occurred which were peculiarly deleterious in their effects on the poorer classes of this delightful suburb. A richly freighted vessel was wrecked in sight of Dunleary* harbor, and though not a passenger was left alive to tell the fate of the crew, the cargo was uninjured, and the greater portion of it could be traced to living owners. The clergy forbade their flock to appropriate any of it, and urged the sailors and fishermen in the vicinity to assist in saving it for its rightful possessors. Several disobeyed, and having seized as much booty as they could carry, refused to restore any. The priests were obliged to resort to very severe measures. An excommunication was threatened, and, if we mistake not, issued, against the plunderers, who, continuing obstinate, reared their children in ignorance of that religion whose precepts they refused to obey, and separated themselves, in reality, if not in name, from the fold of Christ. Several clergymen represented to the Foundress the spiritual destitution and moral degradation of these poor creatures, who, though within a few miles of the refined capital, were leading a half savage life, as though they were beyond the pale of Christianity and civilization. She visited Kingstown, and found

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Kingstown was called Dunleary previous to the visit of George IV. in 1820. Cove became Queenstown, when his royal niece landed there some thirty years later.

the reality much worse than the description. There being no Catholic school there, Rev. Mr. Walsh,* one of the curates, earnestly besought her to establish one ; and to this she consented, provided that the people would co-operate in such a manner as to share the expense with her. The pastor, who was old and delicate, for a long time refused to assist except by his patronage, but he at last offered "to do something." Father Walsh, interpreting this too liberally, advised her to take it as the promise of a man of few words, who usually did more than he said ; and the wretched state of the poor people had so strongly excited her sympathy, that she could not refuse. At her own expense she purchased Sussex-place House, a beautiful residence on the beach, with ground sufficient for schools. The latter once commenced, progressed rapidly, and in 1834 the Sisters were able to undertake the education of three hundred children, for it was through their innocent hearts that they hoped to reach their hardened parents.

Sussex-place House became St. Patrick's Convent. About six Sisters usually resided there,—schools, visitation of the sick, and instruction of adults being their principal occupations. A complete change was soon visible in the poor. Things went on happily for about four years. Meanwhile, the debt contracted in erecting the school-house continued to accumulate, no local efforts being made to liquidate it. This and other circumstances combined to make St. Patrick's, notwithstanding the good effected, a source of unceasing anxiety to the Foundress. It was not always easy to select Sisters suited to the peculiarities of the place, and a change was not made without difficulty.

Once, when Mother McAuley, who had duties to perform towards her spiritual children as well as towards the crude fishing people of the rocks, deemed it expedient to recall a Sister to St. Mary's, one of the clergymen became so indignant that he expressed his disapprobation of the Foundress in no very gentle terms, and withdrew his patronage from the schools. When the presiding Religious remonstrated with him, representing the interest the Foundress had taken in Kingstown schools, and the expense at which she had sustained them, he angrily retorted :

* Afterwards Archbishop of Halifax, N. S.

"What better use could the rich old woman make of her money?"

This was true enough; but the time had come when the rich woman was poor. She had made herself friends of the mammon of iniquity, she had lent her money to the Lord. If her face was not yet wrinkled, her purse was, and in future she would be obliged to look for some co-operation. Besides, the Church had never regarded the education of the poor as the *peculiar* duty of "rich old women." Pastors, surely, have some little to do with it. At the very time when the Kingstown pastor accused the Foundress of hoarding up wealth of fabulous amount, she was obliged, in order to build an addition to the House of Mercy, to draw money from the convent funds, a step which only an extraordinary emergency could justify; nor could she pay the five hundred pounds of the school debt which remained unpaid, without relinquishing her orphan or servants' asylum, which, of course, she would not think of. The pastor, Rev. Mr. S——, threatened to place her in the hands of the law,—a strange mode, no doubt, of showing his appreciation of the reformation she had wrought in his parish. In this difficulty she consulted her venerated friend, the Lord Bishop of Dromore, who advised her, in case Rev. Mr. S—— refused to come to any accommodation, to relinquish St. Patrick's, for a while, at least.

Meantime, the Right Honorable Sidney Herbert, through the medium of Mrs. Versecoyle, a pious, charitable lady, had given ground for a convent and schools in the neighboring parish of Booterstown, and taken upon himself a large share of the expense of their erection. A committee of gentlemen, in this wealthy suburb, used to dispense food and clothing to their poor neighbors, and this duty the gentlemen were anxious to resign to the Sisters of Mercy. Early in 1838, the convent was opened under the patronage of St. Anne, mother of the Blessed Virgin, to whom the Foundress was greatly devoted. Schools, orphanage, and visitation of the sick, were, and are, the principal charges of the Sisters at Saint Anne's, Booterstown.

From the period of the foundations, began the lively correspondence the Foundress kept up, until a few days before her death,

with her absent children. A few words on the general character of her letters will not be misplaced here.

The reader will occasionally find in them touches of the wit of a De Sevigné, and the polished style of a Montague. Good sense, solid piety, joyful resignation, intense love and compassion for the poor, with holy and tender friendship for those united to her by ties of blood or spiritual kindred, are their prevailing characteristics. Dashed off, as they were, in moments snatched from the most important occupations,—some written in the silence of the night, some at the couch of a dying Sister, some in the solitude of retreat, some during the mirthful hour of recreation,—they may be regarded as a compendium of her history for the last few years of her life, the more authentic because from her own pen. Intended, in general, for no eyes save those of the beloved friends to whom they are addressed, they are often strictly confidential, and the calm, dignified Foundress seems almost lost in the weak woman, oppressed and all but crushed beneath her heavy crosses. One trait, which is very remarkable, is the unselfishness which reigns throughout them. The least troubles of her children have her warm, ready sympathy, condolence, and assistance, even when her own heart seems nearly broken. She first grieves with them, then directs their view to the holy motives of consolation faith proposes. If she reproves, her correction is quite covered with sweetness and compassion. Her pills are not merely sugar-coated: they are so mixed with comfits that their medicinal qualities have to be sought in their effects. Look at the following, for instance—perhaps you will read it more than once before you can realize that it is an antidote for very perceptible self-complacency:

"Sister Mary —— has delighted me, describing the instructions you give. *Show them forth in your actions*, as much as you can, my ever dear child; and your Institute will outdo us all, please God."

She sympathizes in the joys of her children, as in their sorrows; but she teaches them to regard all their successes as pure gifts of God's goodness, which ought to excite in the recipients "lively gratitude and profound humility."

"I cannot tell you, my dearest Sister, how much it rejoices me

to hear of your spiritual and temporal prosperity. May God grant you lively gratitude and profound humility. Then, indeed, you will be a child of benediction."

The woman of business and the woman of piety are seldom separated in these letters. Some passages, especially in her letters of condolence, are, perhaps, unsurpassed, for pathos and beauty, by any thing of their kind in English. Others are so irresistibly humorous, that they cannot fail to wreathe into smiles the most serious countenance.

In 1838, legal proceedings were commenced against Catherine McAuley for the recovery of the debt contracted in erecting the Kingstown schools. Wisely considering that discretion is the better part of valor, she kept prudently aloof when the sheriff was in the vicinity. The talismanic bit of paper, inviting her to accept the hospitality of the debtors' prison, was indeed handed in; but the prisoner elect remained quietly in her hiding-place. "I am now," she writes, "hiding from a person who says he wants to serve a paper personally on me. I am really afraid to stay five minutes in the parlor. Every man that appears near the premises is kept at an awful distance, and subjected to a close scrutiny by my dear Sister Teresa,* lest he should be the dreaded process-man. This state of things, as you may suppose, has caused more laughing than crying here."

While the Foundress was establishing a convent in Limerick, in autumn, 1838, St. Patrick's was closed. On learning that matters had come to a crisis, she sent the following beautiful letter to the Religious who had been presiding there, Sister Mary Teresa White :†

"How can I ever sufficiently thank you, my beloved child, for the kind, cautious manner in which you communicate this painful news? Above all, I bless and praise God for your recollection of the Ever Adorable Sacrament. To avert this affliction, we have done all that justice and prudence demand. If it must come, however, let us receive it as the holy will of God for us. It will mortify us, to be sure ; but that will be salutary, please God. Be

* The portress. † Now Superioress of the Convent of Mercy, Clifden.

a good soldier in the hour of trial. Do not be afflicted for your poor—their Heavenly Father will provide for them; and during your whole life you will have the same opportunity of fulfilling your obligations. I charge you, my very dear child, not to be sorrowful, but rather to rejoice, if we are to suffer this most humiliating trial. God will not be angry, be assured of that; and is not that enough? I feel it would be giving you no consolation were I to say, 'God will not be displeased with you, though He may with me.' He will not be displeased with me either, for He knows that I would rather be cold and hungry than that His poor in Kingstown, or elsewhere, should be deprived of any consolations in my power to afford them. But, in the present case, we have done all that circumstances justified, and even more."

The Kingstown people were so dissatisfied with the withdrawal of the Sisters, that Rev. Mr. S—— was obliged to invite their return. That this reverend gentleman was not a person with whom it was easy to come to terms, the following passage in a letter of Mother McAuley's will show. The letter is dated February, 1839.

"A new account from Kingstown. Rev. Mr. S—— told Rev. Mr. Kavanagh, that if the school-house were assigned for the children to trustees, the debt should be paid, and a choir made in the parish church for the Sisters, if they would return. To this, Father Kavanagh agreed. Rev. Mr. S—— then wrote to me, requesting that two Sisters would go out, and select such portion of the church as was deemed necessary. Sisters M. Teresa and Aloysia went on the day appointed. After taking all their plan, he recalled what he had agreed on, and said, in presence of Rev. Mr. Walsh, that, as he had never invited the Sisters to Kingstown, he could not be expected to do what was done for them in other places. I cannot describe Mr. Kavanagh's surprise. He wrote to Mr. S——, expressing his astonishment, and showed me a copy of the letter, which was very strong indeed. I think it would seem like defiance to go there now, after the parish priest telling the Sisters, in presence of his curates, that he never invited them! Sister M. Teresa could not avoid hinting that none of them were very anxious to come. It is a most perplexing business."

It may seem surprising that Mother McAuley could be legally

responsible for a debt contracted in erecting parochial schools. She became so because of her charity. A clamorous creditor came to her with the common story of poverty and a large family, and she instantly paid him fifty pounds, his share of the amount due. By paying part of the debt, she had acknowledged herself a debtor, or, as Mr. S—— termed it, "committed herself."

Finally, Sussex-place House was sold, and the school debt paid. Mr. S—— applied for the Sisters again, but Mother McAuley was not at all anxious to expose them to fresh trials, and steadily refused to permit them to go until certain conditions were complied with. "I am afraid," she writes, "that the Kingstown business is going to be settled; but the Sisters shall never go there, unless a separate choir is made for them in the parish church."

This condition complied with, they returned to Sussex-place, which had again to be relinquished for a little while. Their third attempt was more successful. Their convent is now in Glasthule, at the opposite side of the town. An extensive Magdalen asylum has been added to their other charitable works, as the Order of the Good Shepherd has not been introduced here.

The Kingstown affairs were not the only trials of the Foundress, in 1838. In 1837, the Vicar-General prohibited the chaplain from saying more than one Mass on Sundays, at St. Mary's, and in 1838 he withdrew him, and refused to replace him on the former terms. Add to this, that the funds of the House of Mercy became so exhausted, that she would be obliged either to send its inmates to the poor-house, or encroach on the convent funds for their support. With the concurrence of the Archbishop, she adopted the latter alternative.

Many afflictions, some sweet and some bitter, fall to the lot of every human being. The happy deaths of our friends are sweet sorrows; we ourselves love them too well to wish them back to this miserable world. The wounds our enemies inflict are easily borne, because they do not wound the *heart*. But when our friends, those from whom we have a right to expect assistance, encouragement, and protection; those whom we have served, obliged, and loved; those whose position in our regard seems to give us special claims

on their charity and forbearance ; when these prove false, when these expose us to censure, when these look coldly on us, when they not only desert, but ignore us, when they even persecute us,—oh ! *this* is bitter, bitter sorrow. When we "ask a fish, and they give us a serpent ;" when we "ask an egg, and they reach us a scorpion ;" when we lean on them, and find they will not sustain us ; when we confide in them, and they spurn us ; when they see our griefs, and mock us,—oh ! this is a cross under which Saints may groan audibly, and be blameless. The insults of enemies and indifferent people we laugh at ; the afflictions which come directly from the hand of God, as sickness or the death of friends, are beautiful, pensive things in the retrospect ; but the injuries received from those we loved and revered, which of us would not gladly blot out of our too retentive memories ? Verily, it is only Jesus who willingly retains "the wounds wherewith He was wounded in the house of His friends !"

Mother McAuley's trials with reference to Kingstown and the chaplaincy, came from persons whom she highly revered, whom she had made immense efforts to serve, and from whom she ought naturally to expect encouragement and protection. We have seen how she was treated in the Kingstown affair ; but the chaplaincy business tried her still more sorely. Some spiritual writer makes a remark to the effect, that when we would fashion ourselves into saints, our strokes are like those of an apprentice, they often miss their aim, and are seldom very effective ; but the strokes that God sends us are from the chisel of a Master. He knows when, and where, and how to wound us ; His blows are all perfectly well directed, and did we receive them with the same submission with which the unconscious marble receives the strokes of a great sculptor, we should be, among ordinary mortals, what the productions of a Michael Angelo are among those of ordinary artists. Seldom has there appeared on earth such a combination of sensitiveness and affection as was Catherine McAuley. As to the first quality, God always kept it in exercise by the sufferings He permitted His creatures, good and bad, to inflict on her, and this constant exercise, far from blunting it, made it more acute. As to the second, one by one He

snatched from her all she loved, so that she wrote: "The tomb seems never to be closed in my regard." And again: "My earthly joys are all cut down, thank God." It was not so much the daily discipline or the nightly vigil, the continual fast or the unceasing labor, that made a saint of Catherine, as the sweet and loving submission with which she ever reposed under the chastening hand of her Father in Heaven.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The Tullamore Foundation.—Sermon of Very Rev. Dr. Curtis, S. J.—Mother Mary Anne Doyle.—Father Mathew.—Generosity of the Foundress.—Tullamore will neither lend nor give.—"A bitter scolding for Tullamore, and three cheers for Carlow."

FOR a branch of the Institute outside the Archdiocese, Dr. Cantwell, Lord Bishop of Meath, was the first successful applicant. Miss Pentony, a wealthy, charitable lady, bequeathed her house and an annuity to establish Sisters of Mercy in Tullamore, her native town; and as she was a particular friend of Father O'Hanlon's, he added his solicitation to that of the zealous prelate to induce Mother McAuley to undertake this foundation. The necessary arrangements concluded, Very Rev. Dr. O'Rafferty, Vicar-General of Meath, arrived in Dublin to conduct the appointed Sisters to their new home. They were received with the greatest delight by the people, who met them in crowds far outside the town, and joyfully conducted them to the church, where all united to invoke God's blessing on this grain of mustard-seed, and pray that it might take root and fructify. Mother McAuley remained a month, during which she was joined by two postulants. The first house the Sisters occupied was close and small. One of the Sisters, whose ideas of spaciousness in convents nearly coincided with those of St. Peter Alcantara,* was well pleased with the straitness of the cells and parlors. The Foundress notices this in a pleasant letter to St. Mary's, thus:

"Sister Mary —— has met with her *beau ideal* of a conventual building at last, for our rooms are so small that two cats could

* St. Peter Alcantara's cell was only four feet and a half long; he could neither extend himself nor stand upright in it.

scarcely dance in them. The rest of us, however, would have no objection to larger ones."

The corridors had steps here and there, so that if one walked along too *recollectedly*, there was no slight danger of a serious accident. Mother McAuley, whose sight was beginning to grow dim, got many a start in these unlucky halls. By cautiously looking out for danger, however, serious falls were avoided, and the Sisters perambulated the corridors as often as necessary, at the expense of a few slight bruises and contusions.

Under God, the prosperity of Tullamore Convent was chiefly due to the indefatigable exertions of Father O'Rafferty, whose interest in it never flagged, and whose death, some years later, deprived it of its best earthly friend.

Sister Mary Anne Doyle, late Assistant at St. Mary's, was appointed Superior of Tullamore Convent, which was dedicated to St. Joseph. The following letter of hers may prove as interesting to the reader as it did to Mother McAuley:

"My dear Reverend Mother:

"Knowing how anxious you will be to hear that our ceremony went on happily, I am anxious to give you an early account, lest the papers should get the start of me. At two o'clock, the procession entered the church. The crowd was truly awful, yet wonderful order and quiet prevailed. We had nothing to regret but your absence, which I felt the more, as I know how delighted you would be to hear the objects of our Order so beautifully described in a sublime sermon preached by Very Rev. Dr. Curtis, S. J., Rector of Tullabeg College. I wish I could give you some idea of it. His text was: '*This is true religion: to visit the widow and the fatherless in their affliction, and to keep one's self unspotted from the world.*' Reviewing nearly every Order in the Church, he introduced the Trappists, who were driven out of France, and to whom some Protestant gentlemen had given tracts of land so barren, that neither the avarice of the rich nor the misery of the poor could induce them to break the soil. He described the fertile appearance now presented where for ages no sound had been heard but the whistling of the wind, or the scream of the bird of prey. In that once desolate spot, a hundred voices now sing the praises

of God.* He described the Order of Mercy for the Redemption of Captives, telling how its members bound themselves by vow, should gold fail, to lay their consecrated hands on the chains of the captives, and become slaves in their stead. He pictured the Alps covered with unthawing snow, where the wild beast could not dwell, and the Brother of St. Bernard, accompanied by his faithful dog, seeking the perishing traveller. In the most appropriate language he introduced whatever is most attractive in each Institute, ending with the Order of Mercy for the redemption, not of captive bodies, but of captive souls, leaving nothing unsaid that was calculated to fix a preference in the hearts and judgments of all present for the Order of Mercy as established in our own country.

"He complimented the Bishop and Dr. O'Rafferty in the strongest terms, though he said he was restrained by their presence. He could not, he said, avoid picturing to himself a future day, when some parent would point out to his child the edifice about to be erected, and say: 'At such a period a prelate ruled this diocese whose virtue added lustre to his mitre, who restored religious worship in this part of Ireland to a state of splendor to which for ages it had been a stranger; and a subordinate pastor ruled this town who delighted in acts of benevolence. It was such a bishop, it was such a pastor, that introduced the Sisters of Mercy residing in that convent.' He exhorted the immense multitude never to prove ungrateful for such a blessing. He spoke of Abraham supplicating God not to destroy the sinful city if ten just souls were found therein. He mentioned the cholera, which had lately desolated their town, saying that if God in His justice should again visit His people for their sins, the new convent would be like a tower before Him to remind Him of His Mercy, which its title proclaims, and upon which He would look with more complacency than on the rainbow which He himself had formed.

"Dear Rev. Mother, I hope you will recommend the whole Society, and particularly Dr. Curtis, to the prayers of the community. He deserves to be enrolled among the warmest friends and most zealous advocates of our Order.

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* The Very Rev. preacher alluded to the Cistercian Abbey, Melleray, Ireland.

"The new convent is getting up rapidly. Dr. O'Rafferty is constantly on the spot, even at six in the morning.

"Ever, with deep affection,

"And love to all at St. Mary's,

"Your devoted child in Christ,

"SISTER M. ANNE DOYLE."

Mother McAuley read this letter for the Sisters at St. Mary's, and then sent it, thus indorsed, to Carlow :

"Read this to yourself, to become acquainted with the pauses, etc. Then read it to Dr. Fitzgerald. I know he will like it. It is very well done by our dear, quiet, little Sister Doyle, who would neither write nor speak until she was obliged to do so."

The Foundress was greatly pleased when the Sisters were careful to write and compose well. She was quite severe with such as were inclined to be careless in this respect, and would never permit a letter badly written or composed to leave the convent. She thought it would be ridiculous for them to profess to teach writing and composition, if they could not, when occasion required, send out some specimens fit to be seen. Besides, she added, that in this respect, as in every other, the faults of one would be imputed to all ; and she judged that no one was fit to be in the convent who had not the honor of the Order at heart.

Writing, in 1840, of the convent and schools of Tullamore, she says : "They are a grand tribute to Religion, and a very handsome sight from the canal-boat ; indeed they are quite an ornament to the town. I am sure God is preparing a distinguished place in heaven for the generous, benevolent priest who has been so instrumental in erecting them. If I said more, it would be too much. They will last for centuries."

The Superior of Tullamore was almost too prudent and cautious. Her zeal led her rather to perfect the Sisters intrusted to her, than to aid in spreading the new Institute. In this respect her convent presented a striking contrast to its younger sister, Carlow, which had sent out several foundations before Tullamore would venture one. Even Birr, in the same county, had to be supplied from St. Mary's. Mother McAuley was a little vexed at this. Bishops

and priests were constantly importuning her, and she thought the younger houses ought to aid her in acceding to their wishes. Half serious, half jesting, she writes :

"Birr Convent ought to be founded from Tullamore. It is a shame to be such creep-mouses in so good a cause. When we pass through Tullamore, on our way to Birr, I will give a bitter scolding, and—*three cheers for Carlow!*"

It is superfluous to say that the "bitter scolding" was never delivered.

Tullamore, however, erred on the safer side. If Mother Marianne could not yet spare her more experienced subjects, she knew that it would not advance the glory of God to form foundations of half-trained, half-educated, young and inexperienced members. If old houses cannot supply bishops and priests desirous to introduce the Order into new places, it is better they should wait. But they may invite other Religious to convents designed for Sisters of Mercy. Well, *they* can promote God's glory as well as *we*, or better ; and, in any case, the perfection and reputation of our Order ought to be dearer to us than its extension. Mother McAuley would never undertake a foundation unless she could supply at least three experienced Sisters. One of these she generally withdrew after a year or two, if the House could spare her. She was always ready to lend a Sister when asked, no matter how inconvenient this might be to her ; and she took the same interest, if not more, in every convent, that she did in Saint Mary's, corresponding continually with her absent children, and frequently undergoing the fatigue of visiting them. Noticing this, Right Rev. George Browne, Bishop of Elphin, said :

"The Order of Mercy must prosper. Its members are willing to travel hundreds of miles to aid, counsel, and support each other, and this is their established practice. It cannot fail, while such affectionate interest is manifested."

When the Foundress established her third House, she wrote : "We are very near a stop—I should say a full-stop. I must soon retire from business, and certainly without having made a fortune. Hands and feet are plentiful enough, but the *heads* are nearly all gone."

Father O'Hanlon was a great advocate for foundations, and such a friend, that it was not easy to gainsay any thing that he proposed; but she knew how to deal with him. "I do not," she writes, "tell Father O'Hanlon of the numerous invitations we receive, lest he should be pressing what cannot be done." Yet he was the most active friend the Institute had, after Dr. Blake's elevation. He generally accompanied Mother McAuley on new foundations; and every thing, from the appointment of a Superior to the material best suited for veils, shared his attention, as may be gathered from her letters. Every year, during her life, he visited all the convents of the Order.

In a letter dated June, 1838, she writes, in reference to St. Joseph's: "Mr. Molloy, of Tullamore, a wealthy and pious Catholic, has purchased a house near the new convent, for a hospital. The Sisters are to have a passage to it through the garden. Such is the account Sister Marianne gives, to which she adds: 'Notwithstanding all our seeming prosperity, I am gray with care.' She is what I call *doing the humble*, and, as ever, greatly afraid of that cunning thief, *vain-glory*."

Cautious as Mother Marianne was, she once committed an imprudence which caused her no slight mortification. In 1838, Father Mathew commenced the temperance movement in Cork. His disciples, first counted by tens, soon swelled to thousands, and his geniality and kindness were such that he soon became the popular idol. Catholics revered him as a saint, Protestants loved him as a friend, Orangemen knelt down before him, and Quakers called him "the Apostle." A ceremony was about to take place at Tullamore, and the Superioress, desirous of giving it unusual *éclat*, with the consent of Dr. O'Rafferty, invited the "Apostle" to preach at it.

The principal people in King's County being distillers, the bishop was afraid to excite them just then; so, as soon as he heard the affair, he ordered Mother Marianne to write immediately, and *decline* Very Rev. Mr. Mathew's proffered services. This was a most difficult act of obedience. The "Apostle" was not in the least offended, but the poor Superioress was terribly mortified. She wrote an account of it to Mother McAuley, who, while she

consoled her spiritual daughter, showed her that such a proceeding, without the express consent of her Bishop, was highly reprehensible, and added :

"It will be a lesson to all our convents to be extremely cautious in seeking extraordinary favors. It was a little too presuming, and a great penance has followed. The kind, complying answer by return of post might have excited some secret motions of self-complacency, but God in His mercy has sent the remedy."

Several bequests and endowments gave the Religious of Tullamore ample means to perform all the works of mercy characteristic of their Institute. Many rich ladies entered, and the Order possesses few more flourishing establishments than St. Joseph's.

During the first days of their residence, many curious offerings were made to the Sisters. One of the curates presented the valuable, but not very portable gift of a cow ! This created great amusement. The Sisters having no place to put it, it was sent on a visit to the country. In the early correspondence with St. Joseph's, the Foundress affectionately inquires for *Madame la Vache*, the first live-stock in the Order.

In relating the particulars of the different foundations, we shall not give a detailed account of each, as found in the Annals, which are, or ought to be, kept in every convent. However interesting such an account might be to Sisters of Mercy, it would prove tiresome to the general reader, and extend our work beyond the proposed limits.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Mother McAuley and her absent children.—Rhymes.—Her mode of preparing Sisters for Superiority.—Her advice to a young Superior.—The Charleville Foundation.—Very Rev. Mr. Croke.—Sister M. Angela Dunne.—Mother McAuley refuses to give a colony to her friend, the Bishop of Ossory.—Other applicants.

IT would not be easy to exaggerate the pain it caused the Foundress to part with her spiritual children; and, indeed, this was mutual. "The Sisters," wrote she, in 1840, "say, that partings from kindred in the world to enter Religion are *joyful sorrows*, but that partings in Religion are *bitter sorrows*. But what must these separations be to me, *who have never yet seen an unkind Sister?* I shall soon return to our dear old habitation; but no more shall I see the dearly loved forms of my old children there,—all strange faces now. We shall, however, all meet in heaven. Oh! what a joy it is to think of that!" She was anxious that the Sisters should frequently correspond with each other; and, notwithstanding her multiplied duties, she always set them the example, writing not only letters of advice, but even letters to amuse her absent children. When they wrote to her in rhyme, she answered in the same manner, so that it became an established point of conventual etiquette that a poetic epistle required a poetic reply; but how the poor Sisters managed who were not poets, and did not even possess the gift of rhyme, is a marvel, unless, indeed, they borrowed the friendly muse of a neighbor, rather than fail in politeness.

Mother McAuley had not anticipated establishing new convents, but when the will of God required her to do so, no minor considerations deterred her; and, to her own great inconvenience, she always gave up the Sisters best suited to advance them. She would not expose her children indiscriminately to the rough work of new

foundations, and she declined the most advantageous offers when she did not possess, or could not spare, subjects capable of sustaining the credit of the Order. "They are all very good, indeed," she writes of the novitiate Sisters of 1841, "but they would not do for foundations." In selecting a Superior, she was very slow, taking counsel and offering special prayers. "The Sisters for Birmingham," she writes, "are all that we could wish, but I am greatly perplexed about a Superior. Pray that God may direct us." Before making an appointment, she would place the Sister designed for it in such offices as were best calculated to give experience, sending her to preside in Kingstown or Booterstown, that her executive ability might be tested; for the Foundress well knew that many a one in the world and in the cloister, with virtue enough for a private capacity, is found wanting when elevated above others. Mildness was the virtue she most frequently inculcated in all who had any charge of souls, in any way, however indirect. In the schools, the Orphanage, the House of Mercy, she taught them to govern by gentleness and kindness, and always to seek out and work upon the better feelings of those they governed. The following advice she once extemporized at the request of a newly-appointed Superior:

"Let no crosses vex or tease,
Meet them all with peace and ease;
Mark the faults of every day,
Mark them in a cheerful way.
If you *seriously* complain,
Let us feel it gives you pain.
Mind but one thing at a time,
You've sixteen hours from morning prime.
Be mild and meek in all your ways,
And now and then bestow some praise.
Avoid all solemn declaration,
All serious, close investigation.
Say all you can in playful mood,
And when you're serious, *it is good*
To be quite brief: and be your pride
To keep sweet patience by your side;
You'll need it for a constant guide.
Show fond affection every way,
And every hour devoutly pray
That God would bless the charge He's given,
And make of you their guide to heaven."

These lines evince a profound knowledge of human nature. The composer was evidently well acquainted with that most unsearchable of all things, the human *heart*. Her poetry might not agree with all the rules of English prosody, but it agrees admirably with all the rules of common sense and piety ; and we never read a poet but herself who could throw so much of these valuable ingredients into so few words. One might write an essay on every couplet. Whoever governs as she governed, must become an absolute ruler, though the subjects of such a one, like those of St. Catherine of Bologna, could hardly realize that they were governed at all. What a beautiful sentiment is couched in these lines :

"If you *seriously* complain,
Let us feel it gives you pain."

Who could be angry with a Superior who "complained" in this fashion ?

"Be mild and meek in all your ways,
And now and then bestow some praise."

Poor human nature will ever be ready to take correction cheerfully, to make renewed efforts to advance, if only "now and then some praise" be judiciously administered.

"And when you're serious, it is good
To be quite brief."

The writer evidently agreed with the gentle Saint of Geneva, who said a drop of honey would attract more flies than a barrel of vinegar. She could never be induced to give vinegar applications a trial—she had read and heard quite enough about them. Crossness she would not hear of at all ; moroseness she deemed odious in a Religious. Even "seriousness," unless "quite brief," she regarded as inadmissible. We do not extol the literary merit of her poems, but we think that parents, teachers, and all who govern others, and desire to become to their respective charges "guides to heaven," could not easily find in so few lines so much useful counsel.

On New Year's Day, 1839, Mother McAuley addressed the following lines to a young novice. She seems to have a presentiment

that her sweet, juvenile correspondent was destined to an early crown, and the "year thirty-nine" was, indeed, the last for this fervent Sister :

"I hope you don't think I've been very remiss
In not answering all your nice rhyme.
I should have replied to you long before this
Could I snatch but a moment of time.
That monarch who bears us away
In his chariot on measureless wing,
To whom we can never say 'Nay,'
For he rules like an absolute king.
Stern foe to our beauty and youth,
Which fade as he passes along.
Ah! he makes us acknowledge the truth
That life is no more for the young
Than strength for the grave of the strong.
Oh! what shall we do to defeat
The tyrant that smiteth us so?
Let us try by what arts we can cheat
This tireless and merciless foe.
Let us now with the new year begin
To wrest from the despot his power,
Not only avoiding each sin,
But piously spending each hour.
Our humors and pride we'll subdue,
And be mild and as meek as we can;
Our spirit we'll try to renew,
And entirely cast off 'the old man.'
The year thirty-eight is now past;
Its cares and its pleasures are gone.
The year thirty-nine, if our last,
Ought to find us, our duties all done.
Let us beg for renewed animation
In discharge of our duties each day;
Let us smile under ev'ry privation
Religion has placed in our way.
All coldness and choler we'll smother,
And watchfully shun all dejection;
We'll cordially love another,
Since that is the mark of election."

If these lines are poor in poetic merit, they are rich in good counsel. The last couplet is a stroke of character. Whatever she began with, she was always sure to end with fraternal charity.

When any of the Sisters wrote verses that particularly pleased

her, she would transcribe them for the absent ones. In the following lines, which she sent with a transcription of this nature, she expresses a very poor opinion of her own poetic talent; and in this respect she innocently puts her fair correspondent, whom she playfully calls her "Sister Poet," in the same category with herself:

"My dear Sister Poet, we may give up all claim
To the bay and the laurel as emblems of fame;
The lines I transcribe will afford you delight,
Tho' they cast o'er your own a dull shade of the night.
But perchance you may catch a small spark of the fire
Which warmed the young heart that has here touched the lyre."

The verses inclosed are more valuable for their piety than their poetry:

LINES ON A PROFESSION.

"With downcast eyes and marble cheeks
The virgin band kneel one by one,
To ask the lowly garb which speaks
The pomp and joys of earth foregone.

"Let no contemptuous glance be given,
But reverent list the holy vow
Which plights their purity to heaven,
And breathes their charity below.

"How glorious is the life they plan!
How sacred is their chaste abode!
Ne'er quitted, but to solace man,
Ne'er entered, but to worship God!

"Fearless their step when sorrow calls,
Though death and danger mark the scene—
No terror from without appals;
Watchful against each foe within.

"And woman, can she thus retire,
And choose this stern, determined part,
And stifle every fond desire,
Repress each impulse of the heart?

"Gentle, and fond, and sweet, and young,
The willing sacrifice is given;
Triumphant 'mid the maiden throng,
Behold the destined Bride of Heaven!"

Mother McAuley admired some of these lines very much. She often repeated the couplet:

> "Ne'er quitted, but to solace man,
> Ne'er entered, but to worship God!"

And were it possible, she would have made these lines the motto of a device for every convent of her Order.

Mother McAuley freely yielded her best subjects when God's glory seemed to require them elsewhere; and He to whom she made this great sacrifice was not slow in rewarding her generosity. The vacant places were speedily filled, and no work of mercy was interrupted, God thus showing that His work does not depend on any individual in particular. The Foundress noticed this often to the Sisters, saying: "In a few years there will be as many in this room as there are now, though not one of us will be present. The works will go on as well or better without us. They will be performed, but by other hands. Let us never think any one individual necessary for carrying on the work of God. No one is so; we can all be done without." She would then name Sisters who had been considered indispensable in their respective offices,—some in the music choir, some in the school, some in the House of Mercy, and show how their deaths had caused but a temporary inconvenience, and how, after a few weeks, their charges went on as well as ever. This lesson she frequently repeated in some form or other, that all might be careful to apply diligently to their duties, yet without neglecting their own perfection. And, indeed, this was a theme upon which she might enlarge, for we daily see that Popes, Bishops, Kings, Presidents, the highest personages, in fact, as well as the lowest, may be removed without causing a vacuum. When the greatest earthly potentate departs, those who announce that "the king is dead," add: "Long live the king!"*

Catherine McAuley is represented in her portrait with the Book of the Rules in her hand, and an hour-glass by her side; and more fitting accompaniments could not be selected for her. The Rules contained the highest perfection to which she wished her children to aspire; it was there she desired that they should seek

* "*Le Roi est mort; vive le Roi!*"

God's will. Nothing more nor less than the observance of these would satisfy her, and this she preferred to the working of miracles. The hour-glass is emblematic of the flight of time and the approach of eternity, a subject she wished the Sisters to speak of to the poor, the sick, the afflicted, and even to the children.

But it is time that we return to our foundations.

The next was that of Charleville, a small town in the County Cork, in which an unsuccessful attempt had been previously made to establish a community of French Sisters. Miss Clancy having given a house and ground, with five hundred pounds, the beginning of a foundation fund, united with the Bishop of Cloyne and Very Rev. Mr. Croke, to beg that Mother McAuley would give two or three Sisters to commence the good work among the poor. Miss Clancy made some other engagements, with which circumstances rendered her unable to comply. For instance, she promised to give herself, and had sent her harp and piano as suitable preludes to her entrance; but her subsequent reception of the seventh sacrament released her from promises, which we must suppose were conditional.

Mother McAuley set out for Charleville, in October, 1836, accompanied by four Sisters, one of whom was to return after a while. She visited, *en route*, her dear children in Tullamore, to comfort and encourage them, and give the Charleville missioners an opportunity of seeing their old companions once more. They travelled by the canal packet-boat, a slow and inconvenient mode; but, though they suffered much from cold and fatigue, they seemed to experience no pain while their cheerful mother shared their privations. On the vigil of All Saints, they reached their destination, and found the house which was prepared for them not quite what they had been led to expect. It was so damp that the walls and furniture were in a state of continual perspiration, and the very clothing of the Sisters became saturated in a few moments. This humidity was occasioned by a rivulet which flowed hard by, and which, however picturesque, rendered the mansion all but uninhabitable. All things taken into account, the Foundress deemed it more prudent to return without making any foundation; but the pastor would not hear of this, and he pleaded the cause of the

poor so earnestly that she was obliged to yield. The words of Father Croke had always great weight with her. Although she once described him as "rather a cold character," she knew that he always did as much as he promised, if not more.

While on the visitation of the sick, the Foundress one day heard a poor woman express, in her homely style, her appreciation of the Sisters, by exclaiming, "O, it was the Almighty God, glory to Him, that drove you in among us!" These simple words touched Reverend Mother so deeply, that she resolved that, since "God had driven them in" among the poor of Charleville, they would even abide there. But, notwithstanding the zeal and efforts of all concerned, this establishment progressed very slowly for some time, and was severely tried with the cross, in more forms than one.

On the 29th November, she left for Dublin. Obliged to travel by the mail-coach, which started at three in the morning, she declined taking any breakfast, hoping to reach Limerick in time for Mass. Arrived in sight of the Shannon, she, after much trouble, succeeded in finding a chapel, in which she heard Mass and received Holy Communion; but she and her companion had great difficulty in finding their way back to their inn, as the snow was falling profusely, and her spirit of poverty would not allow her to hire a vehicle. After losing their way several times, they at length reached the hotel, after one o'clock. Having breakfasted, they set out for Dublin, travelled all night, and reached St. Mary's just in time to assist at Mass, which was celebrated by the Lord Bishop of Cork, who had come to make arrangements for establishing a Convent of Mercy in his episcopal city.

In a short time, the difficulties in Charleville were such that the Foundress again entertained the project of withdrawing the Sisters; but Father Croke was more tenacious than ever. "They shall not be at any loss by Miss Clancy's marriage," he wrote; "if I were obliged to go to England to beg funds for the erection of a new convent, it shall be built." When the will to succeed was so strong, failure was all but impossible; and, on the Feast of Our Lady of Mercy, 1838, Mother McAuley had the happiness of assisting at the ceremony of laying the first stone of a new convent in Charleville, the site and garden of which were presented to

the Sisters by his Lordship the Earl of Cork. This convent was dedicated to St. Joseph.

Sister M. Angela Dunn, who was appointed Superior here, was so very diffident, and so fearful of undertaking the responsibility of governing others, that only obedience could overcome her reluctance to accept the charge. She departed to our Lord, in November, 1863, with the reputation of a saint. In the correspondence of the Foundress, we find her charged with two faults: one was indiscreet fasting, which Mother McAuley would never allow to the extent of incapacitating any one, even for a day or an hour, from the *active* duties upon which she laid so much stress. The other was, that she once admitted as postulant, one whom, for peculiar reasons, the Foundress did not wish to be received in Charleville. This the latter notices in a letter, thus:

"I have just heard that Miss Fanny D—— has entered Charleville with Sister M. Angela. Father Croke informed me. You may be sure I was not consulted. I should not have permitted it. I feel quite uneasy about this; but I trust in God we are not going to have any disedification in our Order."

Happily, no unpleasantness resulted from this, as the Foundress seemed to have anticipated. The young lady persevered at St. Joseph's, with great edification to all.

Except in this instance, Sister M. Angela was particularly remarkable for the perfection with which she practised obedience. Candor compels us to mention the faults as well as the virtues of those to whom we allude. Even the saints had their failings, however impeccable they may be represented. Jesus, by nature, and Mary, by grace, were sinless: all else must continually say, "Forgive us our trespasses." If the biographers of saintly persons enlarged on faults as on virtues, the lecture of their beautiful works would produce more fruit than it does. What is the use of holding up to people in general, perfection that seems inimitable? The author of the Lives of the English Saints has set an admirable example in this respect. In them, poor sinful nature finds matter for hope. If saints fell again and again, and still became saints, surely we may all take courage. But the reader may say, "If this be your opinion, why do you not tell us something of the

faults of Catherine McAuley?" If three of her confessors—Right Rev. Bishop Blake, Very Rev. Dean Gaffney, and Very Rev. Father O'Hanlon—were unable to observe a fault in her, still less should we. Faults she had, no doubt, for she was human; but, like spots upon the sun, they were eclipsed, or rather outshone, by the brightness of her virtues. She herself always saw people through such a beautiful medium that they appeared almost faultless to her, for she saw them in God. Perhaps it is in recompense of her heroic charity, that He did not permit one of her biographers to be able to charge her with a positive fault. And, if this be our ungracious task, we must still admit, that her faults leaned to, or were but excesses of, virtue.

The business of the Cork foundation progressed slowly. The Bishop had so many conditions to make, and so many provisos to put in, that, while the negotiations were pending, two other episcopal applicants appeared, and his Lordship was crowded out for the present.

Right Rev. William Kinsella, Lord Bishop of Ossory, a special friend of the Institute, was anxious to establish a Servants' Asylum in Kilkenny. So great was his zeal for protecting young persons whose poverty and inexperience made it difficult for them to resist temptation, that he had frequently sent such persons to St. Mary's, paying all their expenses, and entreating the Foundress to make them good Christians and good servants during their stay in the Institution. He asked her for a few Sisters capable of conducting an Asylum on the Baggot-street plan, and it was not easy to refuse any request of such a friend and benefactor. But the house offered was in a very undesirable locality, being built over an arched gateway, through which the public had right of passage day and night. Though excellent in other respects, this made it unsuitable for conventual purposes. The Bishop reasoned with the Foundress, and promised to build very soon; but she was inflexible, saying, "When you do build, my lord, you shall have Sisters immediately."

This foundation was indefinitely postponed. She was willing to begin in small, poor houses; but she would never permit the Sisters to reside in localities where the surroundings were not re-

spectable. Besides, she desired that a House of Mercy should, if possible, be attached to every convent ; and as she knew that servants and poor girls would be constantly coming for relief or instruction, she would not have them meet with temptation when coming to the Sisters for protection.

Towards the end of 1836, Dr. Nolan, Lord Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin, signified his earnest desire to establish a Convent of Mercy in Carlow ; but, as this chapter has already exceeded its proper limits, we will reserve the particulars of the Carlow foundation for our next.

CHAPTER XXX.

Very Rev. Andrew Fitzgerald, D. D.—The McAuley boys.—The Doctor and the Monk.—Young men's sermons.—Right Rev. Dr. Nolan.—Dr. Doyle's error.—Mother McAuley's temptation, and its remedy.—She loses two of her Sisters.—Sets out for Carlow.—The Sisters' entrée.—Schools for the middle classes.—The silver breakfast service.—Death of Bishop Nolan.—Letter of the Foundress.—Letter from Dr. Fitzgerald.

THE clergy of Carlow, with most of whom Mother McAuley was acquainted, and to some of whom she owed a debt of gratitude for their kindness to her nephews, had frequently asked for a small colony of her spiritual children. Dr. Fitzgerald had been in Dublin several times to confer with her on this business, but she was slow in making definite arrangements, till Dr. Nolan, the saintly Bishop, urged her to expedite them.

As Dr. Fitzgerald is frequently mentioned in her letters, and as she held him in particular esteem, it will not be irrelevant here to give a brief notice of his connection with her family and Institute. We have already stated that, early in 1829, James, Robert, and William McAuley, were placed at St. Patrick's College, Carlow, of which the Doctor was President. He was a father, indeed, to these beautiful orphans. He loved them and caressed them as his most dear children. They remained several years with him, their aunt fondly hoping that one of them, at least, might evince a preference for the ecclesiastical state : but in this she was disappointed. They were diligent students, strict observers of college discipline, and firm Catholics ; but God did not call them to that closer union with Himself which the ecclesiastical or religious state supposes. The Doctor continued to show the greatest affection for them—the white-haired octogenarian became a boy again with these talented,

interesting youths, who always idolized "Father Andrew," as they called him. Of course, Mother McAuley could never forget his kindness to these children so dear to her; and she never lost an opportunity of testifying her gratitude. In a letter she wrote on her dying bed, this passage occurs:

"I was very sorry to hear that poor Dr. Fitzgerald was suffering so much. Tell him I pray with all the earnestness I can, for his comfort."

She had many other motives of gratitude to him, as we shall see; but to be perfectly candid, the good old man, in his last years, was not by any means a general favorite. Indeed, he was sometimes "aggravating enough to vex a saint." A wearying and painful disease, to which he had become subject, excused his little peculiarities in the eyes of his other friends; but Mother McAuley seemed not to notice them as such at all. To a correspondent, who had probably hinted that he was in dotage, she says:

"Believe me, there is as yet no diminution or deterioration in the Doctor's rational powers; they are still as acute as ever, though they may not always be equally exercised."

The old President's kindness to the Carlow Convent was such as to be sometimes almost oppressive. Calling one day, and finding a monk in the parlor, he instantly asked his business. Having respectfully saluted "Father Andrew," he replied that he desired to learn the arrangements requisite for the admission of Sisters. But the President, being "hard of hearing," and having acquired, in old age, a marvellous facility for taking up the wrong end of a story, at once imagined that the good brother said he had a sister in the convent, and that he had come to take her away; and he commenced a philippic that almost annihilated the poor man. The Superioress made several vain attempts to undeceive him: he abruptly bade her mind her own business, and leave to him this wolf in sheep's clothing. The innocent monk, who was very small and slight, looked anxiously around for some feasible mode of egress, fearing lest the stalwart Doctor might, in his zeal for justice, use stronger arguments than his very energetic language. As he escaped precipitately, the President warned him, under divers pains and penalties, never to appear on the premises again, threat-

ening him with major excommunication in case he repeated his efforts to undermine any one's vocation. The warning was quite unnecessary, during the Doctor's life at least, and the threat quite uncalled for, "which he easily might have learned," said the Monk, "if he only would hear reason."

Father Andrew, though an excellent preacher, was somewhat chary of his sermons. Reception and Profession discourses he considered his *forte;* and it was treason not to invite him to preach these. Sometimes, the Bishop would preach himself, or appoint another to preach, on which occasions, the Doctor would eloquently testify his chagrin, by withdrawing before his rival had quite finished. After a disappointment of this kind, it usually took a week to restore his equanimity. Not one of the audience ever ventured to praise the sermon in his presence. The most that could be risked, was : "Well, Father Andrew, it was not so bad." He would then describe what such a style of sermon ought to be, and afterwards, apologetically, add : "But Father —— is a young man, a young man, my dear." Every one, who happened to be the Doctor's junior by a few years, was a "young man ;" and he laid it down as a rule, which had not an exception, that no young man could preach a good sermon.

With these little peculiarities, more amusing than annoying, he was most kind-hearted, simple as a child, truly devoted to God, and he delighted to inconvenience himself to serve a friend, or even an enemy. He was, withal, very discreet and prudent, could give a decision on a knotty question with legal acumen, and possessed such varied acquirements, that he could take any chair in the college. Nothing could exceed his kindness to the Foundress and her Institute. But we will now speak of his Bishop.

Right Rev. Dr. Nolan having been raised to the episcopacy, in 1834, had since, according to the advice given him by his Holiness Gregory XVI., "governed mildly and peaceably the flock intrusted to him by Apostolic authority." In 1836, a man, who had kept a delft-shop in Carlow, bequeathed to him three thousand pounds for the destitute of that town. The interest of this he settled in perpetuity on the Sisters, for the objects of their Institute, but none of it was to be applied to their own use for building

or otherwise. "My illustrious predecessor,"* said he to the Foundress, "once committed an error in a similar affair. Receiving a large legacy for a certain purpose, he allowed himself to be persuaded to use part of it for another object, equally good, perhaps better, but still not specified by the testator, whose friends were not at all satisfied at this course. I mention this, because you are aware that I have been pressed to build a convent with some of this money; and I wish you to understand that I will not do so. Whatever property is confided to me, will be used exactly in the manner specified by the legators."

Mother McAuley was delighted to hear these sentiments, which entirely accorded with her own. She had, as we have seen, the nicest sense of justice, and she wished to find the same in others.

"Give me," continued the prelate, "a small colony of your fervent children, and I will take the whole responsibility upon myself. The house we have prepared is not exactly what we would wish, but we will soon build. The interest of Michael Nowlan's money will enable them to commence at once their labors among the poor and sick. I am not rich, but I promise that my spiritual children shall never want for necessaries. As a small donation and a proof of my affection, I will give them the convent and grounds, and, while I live, one hundred pounds† a year, which, if they do not need for themselves, they can bestow on the poor. This little gift is to be a secret, though, because if known it might prevent the benefactions of others."

Here was a prosperous opening. The Carlow foundation business was speedily settled.

When the Foundress sent out her first branch, she began to realize some of the troubles of spreading an Order, not the least

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* Right Rev. James Doyle, well known for his religious and political writings, letters, &c., generally published with the signature of *J. K. L.*, James, Kildare and Leighlin.

† Mother McAuley, who could never bear to see an avaricious spirit in Religious, desired the Sisters not to ask this annuity unless they really wanted it. They received fifty pounds, the first instalment of it, on their arrival, and she would not allow Dr. Healy to be informed of Dr. Nolan's promise, on the death of the latter, six months later. The Community in Carlow did not, however, require it.

of which was the thought that she must, in time, part with all her senior subjects. We are bound to mention her faults, and here we meet with one which shows that her love of the Sisters was sometimes too great, too natural,—that it led her to make reserves with God. In Religion, her *temptation* was to form those particular attachments against which she so strongly cautions the Sisters in her Rule. She knew this well; she struggled against it, and she achieved the victory, not by stifling the love she bore to some, but by purifying it and extending it to all. She was so successful in this, that we never met any one acquainted with her who did not conceive herself to be an object of special affection to her.

"Well," thought she, "I shall have to part with most of my present flock, but there are two whom I will keep, come what may."

Here was a reserve with God, but "God sent the remedy." One of the two, Sister Veronica, a Lay Sister, had been her maid at Coolock, and her confidential messenger to the Archbishop in all her early troubles; she knew every thing relating to the domestic condition of St. Mary's, and was invaluable in the extern department of the House of Mercy, a charge very difficult to administer. Better than all, she was revered as a saint. She was one of the orphans whom Mother McAuley had reared from infancy.

No sooner had this resolution been taken, than Sister Veronica was missed from her accustomed post. She had grown suddenly ill. Her Mother sought her, and as she laid a soft hand on the hot brow, her mild eyes became moist, and she knelt down and offered this precious child in sacrifice to God. It was only a headache to-day; to-morrow, the throbbing temples, the burning skin, the galloping pulse, and other unmistakable symptoms, indicated typhus fever in its worst form. In some constitutions this terrible disease always terminates fatally. Having received the last sacraments, the patient hourly grew worse, and died on the fourth day, in excruciating agony.

Mother McAuley had, perhaps, loved the departed one a *little* too well, and her good "God had sent the remedy." While she watched the hectic of fever change into the pallid hues of death, she made a resolution which she never broke. Henceforth, those

who seemed best suited were sent on missions, no matter how indispensable they seemed to St. Mary's, or how dear they were to her. Sister Veronica had passed away, and the other of "the two" was immediately appointed for the Carlow House.

We may remark, in passing, that no Sister ever opposed the selection Mother McAuley made of her for any new mission, though not one ever parted from her with tearless eyes. This was partly owing to the spirit of sacrifice which she developed in them, and to the feeling which animated all, that she was entirely divested of human respect, and guided solely by the will of God in every appointment she made. Besides, the very manner in which she made the proposal caused the Sisters to throw themselves unreservedly into her arms, to be disposed of as she thought best. The spirit which animated them will appear from the answer a sweet, simple Sister, not yet out of her teens, made when asked how she would feel if sent on a foundation :

"I should feel lonely, indeed, after you all," said she, "but then I would not grieve, because I cannot be sent where God is not. If I should, then indeed would I have reason to complain."

Sister Veronica was quickly followed by Sister Mary Rose Lubé, who had for some time been fading away gently as a departing sunbeam. Weakness, exhaustion, and hectic fever indicated consumption in this case, but none of its more painful symptoms were present. This sweet Sister, who had learned from her saintly guide that the spirit of labor is an essential ingredient of holy poverty, begged to be permitted to sew for the poor, but her debility was so great that the Foundress refused. The invalid insisting that she was strong enough to help the poor in some manner, Mother McAuley, to amuse her, gave her some materials for "Patrick's crosses," and cheered her with the hope of making a few old women happy by furnishing their baskets for the approaching national festival. Every piece of bright-colored silk or ribbon she could get was brought directly to her industrious patient, whom she amused by giving a pleasant account of something that had occurred during the day. A goodly pile of "crosses" garnished the infirmary table very soon, and though Sister M. Rose had received the last sacraments, she worked away with increasing en-

ergy, rejoicing that from her bed of death she could assist the poor. At last, on the 11th of March, she sank back gently on her pillow, and putting the needle carefully in the unfinished "Patrick's cross," rested her white, transparent fingers, and softly closed her too-brilliant eyes. The Sisters gathered around her, and the last prayers were hardly ended when their gentle young companion, after smiling her adieux to those she loved so well, fell asleep on her fond Mother's bosom. The weeping infirmarian then took off the thimble of her departed patient, and removed the unfinished "cross" from the bed of death.

There was nothing about Mother McAuley so contagious as her love for the poor, and she communicated it to every one that approached her, especially the Sisters.

About a month after the death of Sister Mary Rose, six Sisters, four of whom were to remain, set out for Carlow, where they arrived towards dusk on the Feast of St. Leo the Great. It was a bleak, wet evening, "cold, and dark, and dreary," but the inclemency of the weather did not prevent bishop, clergy, and laity from coming far outside the town to meet the SISTERS OF MERCY, and give them a hearty *cead mille a failthe*. To please good old Dr. Fitzgerald, they had no sooner stepped from "Purcell's mail-coach" than they were conducted to the College, the great hall of which was brilliantly illuminated. The students, of course, had a holiday, and welcomed their guests with deafening cheers and clapping. This reception was an unlooked-for ovation; but, what with surprise and fatigue, and the unexpected and rather distressing honors with which they were overwhelmed, the poor Sisters were half bewildered. A collation was prepared for them in the President's room, during which the Bishop informed them that Braganza House (his own residence) and St. Patrick's College had wrestled for the honor of entertaining them at dinner, while a very pressing invitation came from the Presentation Nuns, entreating them to accept the hospitality of the convent; "and of course," added the courtly prelate, "neither I nor the Doctor would maintain a point against the ladies, but you shall decide for yourselves." Thanking his Lordship and the President, they got off to the Presentation Convent as speedily as was consistent with po-

liteness. With the kind nuns they passed a few happy hours. About nine, the Bishop returned to conduct them to their own convent. Late as it was, they fitted up a temporary chapel, in which his Lordship next morning offered the Holy Sacrifice. The same day he blessed the house, and dedicated it to St. Leo the Great, to whom he was specially devoted.

The kindness of the Bishop and clergy was unceasing. The Foundress is never weary of extolling it in her letters. She used to say that she never knew any one that brought to her mind our Divine Lord as Dr. Nolan did. His meekness and charity, the grace and dignity of his demeanor, and the heavenly beauty of his countenance, inspired in the beholder veneration and esteem ; and he was so easily approached, that all had free access to him. He was just such a one as she had often begged of God to pilot her through her difficulties, to console and direct her ; nor was he unwilling to undertake this office, but just as he was beginning to interest himself deeply in her and her Institute, God called him home.

After a few days in Carlow, letters announcing that three of the Sisters had caught the fever while serving the sick, recalled her to Dublin. There was still much business to be transacted for the new house, but nothing could deter her from hastening with utmost speed to assist her suffering children. Business could wait, perhaps they would not ; and, at all events, her chief business was to support and comfort in the hour of trial those who called her *Mother*. All three recovered. On returning to Carlow, she was induced to bring her niece, the "innocent, playful Catherine," then in an advanced stage of consumption, Dr. Fitzgerald insisting that the mild climate of Carlow would have a beneficial effect. Every attention was lavished on this amiable young Sister, but while she seemed to improve, her deceitful disease was making progress.

The Foundress, at the request of Bishop Nolan, and with the concurrence of the Sisters, opened at St. Leo's a day-school for children of the middle class, being of opinion that much good could be done for the poor by educating these. She was to undertake this duty in places where girls of that grade had no other schools

to attend, for she would never open any establishment that could possibly interfere with the prosperity of a similar one. Sentiments of compassion for the poor, of considerate kindness towards servants, of charity towards all who need it, may easily be impressed on the tender minds of children ; and such impressions are never forgotten. In some places the Sisters apply the proceeds of the Pension School to the support of an Orphanage or House of Mercy. The Foundress wished that, when obliged to conduct such schools, they should remember the poor, and keep *them* chiefly in view. These day-schools are now established in connection with almost every house of the Order of Mercy.

Sister M. Frances Warde was appointed Superior of the Carlow Convent, which flourished rapidly. Several rich and talented postulantes* entered, and all the objects of the Order were soon in successful operation. Michael Nolan's brother, John, gave the Sisters three thousand pounds to commence a new convent : their sister was almost equally liberal to the charities of the Institute.

On one of Mother McAuley's visits to Carlow, her kind, eccentric friend, Dr. Fitzgerald, managed to take offence for some imaginary cause, about which he preserved a dignified silence, though, as the event proved, he was meditating signal vengeance. He had previously given her a silver breakfast service for the use of the Chaplain or any other guests that might happen to breakfast at the convent. Now, as three Bishops were about to accept the Sisters' hospitality, the Doctor's "own man" arrived and demanded his master's plate.

"Could you not wait till after breakfast, my dear?" queried the Foundress.

"No, madam," returned the servant ; "Father Andrew is in the garden waiting for it, and he ordered me not to come back without it."

"Very well, my dear," said she, and the service was instantly restored.

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* The families of the English and Irish primates supplied most of the early subjects of St. Leo's,—three of H. E. Cardinal Wiseman's cousins and as many of H. E. Cardinal Cullen's nieces, with several more distant relatives of both, being in the Novitiate at the same time.

The guests were left to breakfast without fork or spoon, to the great embarrassment of their hostess, who could not have foreseen such an emergency. Dr. Nolan, who knew where the silver originated, soon divined the cause of its sudden disappearance, and laughed heartily.

"Let us have lead spoons and steel forks," said he, pleasantly. "*We* can use them as well as you."

The table was served from the Sisters' refectory, but his Lordship did not forget the Doctor's freak. He ordered a set of silver spoons and forks from Dublin, with *Mercy* fancifully engraven on each, and presented them to the convent, of which, unlike their predecessors, they became part of the fixed capital. Father Andrew enjoyed the prank he played very much, but soon became a little ashamed of it. Mother McAuley never made the remotest allusion to it.

He often gave orders as though he were Ecclesiastical Superior. She told the Sisters to comply with his injunctions when possible, and when they could not, to listen respectfully and say nothing. Once he purchased some fine, expensive material, and presented it to a Sister for a habit. Knowing that she could not wear any thing so costly without infringing on her vow of poverty, and fearful of offending the Doctor by returning it, she mentioned the affair to Mother McAuley, who said :

"Make it up and wear it a few times before the Doctor ; then change it into a cassock or something else, but do not tell him you did so. If you said it was against your vow to wear it, this might seem like a correction and pain him, since he is supposed to know more about the vows than we do."

Thus did she manage to have the rules kept without wounding the feelings of the most sensitive. If there were ten thousand rules to be observed, she always remembered that "the greatest of these is charity."

After her return to St. Mary's, she had the affliction to lose a fine, promising Sister. This she communicates to Dr. Fitzgerald in a letter dated July 3, 1837, in which also she acknowledges the kind invitation he had given her nephews to spend the vacation in Carlow :

"My dear Reverend Father:

"I received your kind letters, which were very consoling to me. Robert* is delighted, and they all have every hope of getting leave to go. It has pleased God Almighty to visit us with another affliction; we have just sent our fine young Sister, M. Aloysia Thorpe, to eternity. She died on the tenth day, of violent fever, being exactly like a person in cholera, cold and purple. Some kind of circulation was kept up by wine, musk, cordials, and warm applications; but no hope of recovery from the third day. My poor little Catherine is as cheerful as ever, but no symptoms of returning strength. A new Sister entered yesterday; this is five in a few weeks. I believe we are to go to Cork on Wednesday. Dr. Murphy has waited for us as long as he could.

"Begging you to give my most affectionate love to each dear Sister,

"I am, with gratitude and respect, yours in Christ,

"Mary C. McAuley.

"Very Rev. Andrew Fitzgerald, D. D., O. P."

The relief afforded to the poor in Carlow was a source of immense consolation to the Foundress. "You are truly happy," she writes to the Superioress, "in all the circumstances of your little foundation. I know of nothing like it. How thankful you should be to God that He has made provision for the poor about you, not to be depending on voluntary contributions at bazaars and sermons! How happy shall I be if God sends me, before I die, some certain resources for our numerous poor."

In October, 1837, St. Leo's lost one of its best friends. The saintly Bishop was called to "receive a reward suitable to his merits."† He died in the odor of sanctity, surrounded by his sorrowing clergy, and affectionately tended by the Sisters of Mercy. He was perfectly conscious to the very act of dying. The last

* Robert, being the most talented of her nephews, was the Doctor's favorite.

† "Use the utmost diligence that peace, which is the bond of Christianity, may never be broken among clergy or people; and for this you may expect to receive from Christ Jesus, who is the Prince of pastors and of peace, a reward suitable to your merits."—*Autograph letter of His Holiness, Gregory XVI., to Right Rev. Dr. Nolan.*

words he spoke were to recommend the Sisters to the care of Very Rev. James Maher, a priest in whom he placed implicit confidence. The following beautiful letter of condolence Mother McAuley addressed to the Sister who had given her the sad news of their loss of this most valued father and friend :

"My ever dear Sister M. Teresa :

"I was partially prepared to receive the melancholy news conveyed in your letter. The dear, saintly Bishop has got an early crown, and we have now a valued friend in heaven, whose advocacy will be soon experienced by those who humbly bend to the adorable will of God. My dear affectionate Sister, M. Frances, will soon, I trust, edify you all by her perfect composure and entire resignation. Submit we must, but we should do more ; we should praise and bless the Hand that wounds us, and exhibit to all around us a calm appearance. I trust in God this will be manifested in you all, afflicted as you now are. When I promised to go to my dear Sister Frances in time of trial, you may be sure, my dear child, I did not mean the trial which death occasions, with which I am so familiarized, that *the tomb never seems to be closed in my regard.* I alluded to those difficulties to which her new state exposed her, such as incurring the displeasure of her spiritual superiors without design, experiencing marks of disapprobation, and not knowing why. These are some of the bitter sweets incident to our state, and most of all requiring counsel and support.

"The sorrow in which she now so deeply shares, is extensively divided and equally the affliction of many. The Presentation Nuns, who were so long his spiritual children, had not, I suppose, the comfort of seeing him ; and his priests and people, what must *they* feel ? To regard it as an individual sorrow would not be right. Our portion of it may well be lost in the lamentations of his poor orphaned people. Yet I can account for my poor Sister's feeling so much on this distressing occasion. The good Bishop afforded her the chief comfort she felt on parting with me ; still, I know she will not continue unmindful of the exalted obligations of our holy state, and I will confide in the generous bounty and never-failing kindness of our all-merciful Saviour (to which, however, *we*

must put no impediment), that He will pour down on you all, my dear Sisters, His sweet, abundant consolations, and that I shall find you in a few days perfectly tranquil and *reasonably* cheerful.

"With most fervent prayers and fond affection for my tender, ardent Sister, M. Frances, and for you all,

"I remain, most sincerely, your attached mother in Christ,

"MARY CATHERINE McAULEY.

"St. Mary's, Cork, Feast of St. Teresa, 1837."

"Never command any thing which you have not first practised yourself," said an ancient Father; but Reverend Mother never ventured to command others a tenth part of what she herself habitually practised. When the heaviest crosses were laid on her shoulders, she joyously sang out, "*Hæc dies quem fecit;*" when ordinary troubles befell her children, she only asked them to be "reasonably cheerful," and even for this she gave them "a few days."

In a subsequent letter of condolence, she says:

"You have given all to God without any reserve. Nothing can happen to you which He does not appoint: you desire nothing but the accomplishment of His will. Every thing, however trivial, comes from that adorable source. You must be cheerful, animating all around you. You may be sure we all fervently pray for you; that is the best thing we can do. If you had seen the general feeling which prevailed at recreation last night, you might have almost thought that *we* were strangers to such sorrows."

A letter of a pleasanter nature was addressed by Reverend Mother to Carlow, on the 28th of December, 1837. It was Holy Innocents' Day, and she seems to have imbibed no small share of the general hilarity. The chaplaincy trouble was then at its height, and Father Daniel Nolan, brother to the late Bishop, had been kindly performing the office of chaplain to St. Mary's for a few days.

"It is no wonder I should like my adopted son,* for he is a real rogue according to my own taste. The franks† we sent for came

* From a fancied resemblance to her deceased niece, she always called Father Nolan her adopted son. He was Chaplain to St. Leo's, Carlow.

† Franks. This was before the establishment of the penny postage.

while he was here. I said I had nothing to say in yours, and he proposed that I should write, hinting, or in part saying, that he was likely to remain chaplain, and that I should endeavor gradually to reconcile you to this. Though all was ready—artfully done so as not to tell an untruth—I found I could not send it, lest it might give you a passing motion of uneasiness. *Play your part well*, however. *My son* will appear quite embarrassed. Be surprised that I could think of taking any more comfort from you, &c., &c., &c., and when you have him well cheated, discover the plot. I was heartily delighted to see him. He is like my Mary Teresa, and certainly as innocent."

This playful scrap is not without its value, as giving a glimpse of the beautiful character of one who could enter into a joke as well as the youngest of her children, but who was perfectly powerless to carry it out, if she thought it calculated to cause "*a passing motion of uneasiness*," to any one.

Right Rev. Francis Haly, who succeeded Dr. Nolan, was very friendly to the Sisterhood, and is often mentioned by the Foundress in grateful terms. To the Superioress she writes : "The character of your Bishop is most amiable. He is ever kind to us. God has given you a good father in him."

Dr. Fitzgerald was the first who observed the failing health of Mother McAuley. In the following letter, after reminding her of the great things God had wrought by her humble instrumentality, he tells her that she carries the treasures of heaven in a fragile vessel, requiring frequent repairs ; and then facetiously invites her to make the said repairs in Carlow. Towards the close, the stern preacher is lost in the tender father and affectionate friend. Few men of his age could indite a better epistle :

"CARLOW COLLEGE, Aug. 4, 1840

"MY DEAR FRIEND :

"I do not think my holy patron, St. Dominic, ever received more sincere devotional feelings from me, his unworthy son, than I offered him this day. You are not aware that you contributed to excite this warmth of devotion ; yet so it is. The dear Sisters of Mercy attended my Mass, and partook with me of the Bread of Life.

Could my heart be cold in such company? And was it not you who, assisted by the Holy Spirit, formed that company, and gave them to us to dispense and obtain MERCY? Truly, I may say that God took you out of darkness to spread His light; and you are spreading it under His vocation in humility of heart, knowing that of yourself you are nothing, but all things in Him that strengthens you. It is delightful to reflect on the success of your late mission England, as in former times, sends her virgins* amongst us to see how Ireland has learned from long-suffering to be compassionate towards human misery, and God has made you an agent for these purposes. See 'the big house,'† the object of which could not be divined by the wise ones of this world, and which even *you* could not distinctly foresee! Now, what a teeming Mother you are!—your children, reared under one roof, proclaiming in distant quarters the mercies of God to His people! How humbled you should be to think that, with all the infirmities that accompany you, you have been selected to diffuse His bounty to His suffering children! Now, my dear friend, glory in these infirmities, that the power of Christ may be perfected in you.

"But you must sometimes think that you carry the treasures of God in a fragile vessel, liable to break and chink, and requiring frequent repairs, to effect which you cannot have leisure amid the various intrusions of those immediately about you. Break from them, and come down to the calm, quiet residence of your children here. A few days with us will renovate mind and body, and send you home fresh for new toils. Remember, God has given you charge of the health you employ in His service. Come to us, and we shall send you back laden with that blessing. Mind, I hate that cough which annoys you, and here we have a certain cure for it. Now, my dearest old friend, in unison with all here, I earnestly beg of you to have compassion on yourself and on the many interested in you, and come down here as soon as possible.

"Though almost blind, I cannot give up scribbling to you as

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* He alludes to the English ladies who came to Ireland in 1838, to serve a Novitiate for the purpose of introducing the Order of Mercy into England.

† "The Big House" was the nickname of Baggot-street House in 1826.

long as the sheet permits. I will conclude by earnestly repeating your obligation of coming down to our good air.

"With all the affection of my old heart, I am, dearest friend,

"Your ever-devoted brother in Christ,

"ANDREW FITZGERALD."

Mother McAuley gratefully acknowledged this affectionate invitation, but did not comply with it. Only to visit the sick and establish new convents, did she ever leave St. Mary's. When she observed others in failing health she procured them change of air, but her own spirit of poverty would not permit her to make use of this remedy; and when urged to do so on plea of the loss her death might occasion, she said sweetly: "The Order is God's work, not mine. It will do just as well without me." The motto already quoted, she fully observed:

"—— How sacred is their chaste abode!
Ne'er quitted *but to solace man*,
Ne'er entered *but to worship God*."

The nuns of George's Hill were pressing her for eight years to pay them a visit before she complied, and even when she went, it was but as a secondary person, a companion to "*Geraldine*," who had just been professed, and whom the nuns were most anxious to see.

Several letters to Dr. Fitzgerald are found in Mother McAuley's correspondence, in one of which she says, after mentioning some of the pecuniary affairs of St. Mary's:

"You see I must tell you all, since I know you are so greatly interested. I can never forget, my dear sir, all the animating hope you created in my mind when we were rising out of nothing."

In a letter to St. Leo's she expresses a regret that the Doctor, who was then engaged with a dentist in Dublin, had not been invited to some ceremony. "He could not have come," she writes, "and this you might have pardoned; but your not asking him seems remarkable. I am very sorry for this. If you could only see how dejectedly he told us you had sent him no invitation, you would feel as I do."

Such passages as these may seem unimportant, but they give a deep insight into the heart of the writer ; proving how grieved she was when her Sisters, however involuntarily, gave the slightest cause of displeasure to any persons, especially to such as had been friendly to the Institute.

Dr. Fitzgerald survived his "dearest old friend" a few months, dying in 1842.

CHAPTER XXXI.

The Cork Foundation.—Miss Barbara Goold.—"Saint Marie's of the Isle."—The Foundress incurs the displeasure of the Bishop.—"Catherine the Less."—An eligible postulante.—The Meeting of the Waters.—Largo, Lento, e Grave.—Death of Little Catherine.—Her Aunt's letter.—Dr. Murphy.—Severe retort.—A heavy purse and a fair escutcheon.—The English Sisters.—A compliment.

WHEN the Foundress returned from Carlow, June, 1837, she found Bishop Murphy so pressing for his promised colony, that he refused to wait any longer. The increasing illness of her "innocent, playful Catherine" might occasion some delay, had not the well-tried aunt stifled those sentiments of grief which would become a hindrance to the accomplishment of the Divine will. Taking Sister M. Clara Moore (the only one of her "first seven" remaining except the Mistress of Novices*), Sister M. Josephine Warde, and some others, she set out for Cork, which she reached July 6th, 1837. Long before the little party came within sound of the famous Bells of Shandon, they were warmly greeted by numbers of the clergy and laity, who seemed to vie with each other in testifying their respect and affection. The Bishop's relatives, several of whom were among the merchant princes of "the beautiful citie," were munificent in their benefactions to the Institute, proving that if they possessed not royal blood, they certainly had royal hearts. A spacious and well-adapted house, fully furnished in conventual style, was presented to the Sisters, with a gift of two thousand pounds, by Miss Barbara Goold, a lady of great wealth and greater charity, who, during a long and useful life, lately terminated, never ceased to "make friends to herself of the mammon of iniquity."

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* Sister M. Di Pazzi Delany.

On the evening of their arrival, several ladies provided a sumptuous repast, which, when Mother McAuley had seen, she refused to touch, saying that such delicious viands were too good for poor people like Sisters of Mercy. Thus she ever loved to identify herself with the poor, and could not bear to be better fed or lodged than they. Being somewhat hungry, however, she sought something less expensive, and discovering some old crusts in the pantry, dined cheerfully on them, leaving the "creature comforts" of a more delicate description for the sick poor.

Rutland-street House, although otherwise well adapted for conventual purposes, was in a gloomy location off one of the quays, and its garden was not much larger than a *mouchoir*. In a few years it was replaced by the magnificent Gothic convent, now known as St. Marie's of the Isle, erected chiefly through the exertions of the present Bishop, Right Rev. Dr. Delany, and the principal inhabitants. It stands on an islet between two branches of the River Lee, on the site of an ancient Dominican abbey, whose name it retains, suppressed after the Reformation. The chapel, cloister, and convent are built of a reddish-brown stone, with bright limestone quoins, door dressings, mullions, &c. The orphanage and House of Mercy, built in the same style, are connected with the main building by long cloisters. Within the convent are two memorial chapels,* exquisitely fitted up; the corridors, chapter-room, community-room, and refectory are probably unequalled in Ireland. This fine pile is one of the most beautiful ornaments of the ancient Catholic city of Cork, which, indeed, is far richer in natural than in architectural beauty.

A day-school for the middle classes was opened here by the Foundress, at the suggestion of the Bishop; the Ursuline Convent at Blackrock being two miles from the city, and intended chiefly for the upper classes. A hospital was added after some time,

* One of these memorial chapels, dedicated to the "Angels of the Holy Souls," was decorated by the Rev. William Cunningham, as a monument to his deceased brother, for whose repose Mass is offered there at stated times. The other, *Mater Misericordiæ*, was fitted up by Mrs. Lyons, a rich benevolent lady, who afterwards joined the Sisters. Both, though small, are perfect gems in their kind.

called the *Mercy Hospital*. In the noble schools erected on "the Isle," over twelve hundred children receive gratuitous education. Some hundreds of poor girls earn a comfortable subsistence for themselves, and occasionally for their families, in the Industrial Day School, in which department is executed every description of plain and fancy work, embroidery, knitting, netting, and that peculiar invention of the nineteenth century, *crochet*, which, in its higher grades, rivals the finest laces, and is extensively used in royal and imperial ball-rooms. Schools of this description* are found in connexion with almost every Convent of Mercy in Ireland, &c.

While in Cork, the Foundress had the misfortune to incur the displeasure of the Bishop by admitting a young lady whose dower was not considered well secured. His Lordship had intimated his views on the qualifications he looked for in candidates, but she did not understand his intimations in the light of prohibitions, and she was very sorry for being so unfortunate as to displease him. Another and more painful affliction, however, hurried her from Cork, which she left July 24th, to assist at the death-bed of her "innocent, playful Catherine."

This sweet creature was the delight of her Aunt and Sisters. Of medium height, with a face in which sweetness and innocence were mirrored, her blue eyes and fair complexion contrasted with the beauty of her lovely sister. Her talents, though not very brilliant, had been cultivated with assiduous care. In many things she resembled her illustrious kinswoman ; her cheerfulness never forsook her for a moment—in fact, she seemed the happiest of human beings, and it was hardly possible to look into her sunny countenance without reflecting some of its rays. Her joyousness arose from simple ignorance of evil ; she had a thousand winning ways by which old and young were irresistibly drawn towards her. She was gay without levity, playful without childishness.

"Little Catherine" had the keenest sense of the ridiculous ; her aunt was always afraid to meet her eye when any thing comical oc-

* Many of these, as those of Kinsale, &c., would deserve particular notice, did out space permit us to mention any besides those connected with the convents founded by Mother McAuley.

curred, for fear of upsetting her own gravity. On one occasion a clergyman* whom she had inadvertently offended, sent to St. Mary's a postulante totally unsuited, though very pious, to dismiss whom would be a signal for a fresh storm. When persons of this class were sent, whom it would be imprudent to send away at once, her plan was to let them remain awhile, during which the objects of the Institute were explained to them in such a manner that they generally offered of their own accord, to retire, and thus, by her prudence, neither they nor those who sent them took offence.

The lady alluded to entered with little Catherine in 1834, and was in externals a great contrast to her. Mother McAuley introduced both at recreation, but the former having no conversational powers, "Little Catherine" came to the rescue. "Can you sing, Miss M——," said she. The hitherto mute lady breathed an almost inaudible "yes," and signified her intention of dispensing with an accompaniment.

Among the delightful lyrics of Moore, few possess more beauty than the well-known "Meeting of the Waters." Melody ripples through every line ; it is one of those excellent gems of song which, once familiar, will often float unbidden through a mind that would fain muse on higher things. Miss M—— began to sing, if we may apply that term to her performance, this exquisite strain with a sepulchral voice, and as she proceeded her countenance assumed an expression of awful solemnity. The four long verses of the "Meeting" were rendered in a movement some degrees slower than the *largo* in "Mozart's Requiem." Mother McAuley observing her risible Catherine nearly convulsed with suppressed laughter, motioned her out of the room. Most of the postulantes following her example, the audience became "small by degrees, and beautifully less." When the vocalist finished the verse "Sweet Vale of Avoca," she repeated the third, and having *encored* herself several times, at last gave up from sheer exhaustion.

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* He took offence because he had called at St. Mary's three times, and Mother McAuley happened to be out at each visit. He then declared he would never darken Baggot-street House again, adding, "It is harder to see Miss McAuley than it used to be, in my youth, to see Pope Ganganelli." He relented, however, and the Foundress was within when next he came.

"The 'Meeting of the Waters' is a very beautiful song, my dear," remarked the Foundress, with admirable self-possession. Little Catherine was advancing to request another song, when a look from her aunt, who could not stand much more, restrained her. In a few days Miss M—— announced her desire of removing her goods and chattels to other quarters; but it speaks well for the prudence and charity of Mother McAuley, that of all who had been obliged to leave St. Mary's, not one ever departed with unfriendly or uncharitable feelings towards the Community or the Foundress.

The virtues of little Catherine were such, that her aunt often said that "she was fit to unite with the angels." Her piety, charity, and amiability were quite wonderful. Poor children were the most beloved objects of her zeal; for these she performed the meanest offices in a manner which proved that she served Jesus Christ in them. For about a year she had been struggling with a milder form of consumption. In the beginning of July she was attacked with the fainting fits which usually have a fatal termination in that disease, and when her aunt returned from Cork, life was fast ebbing. She passed away on the 7th of August, and on the 8th the Foundress thus communicated her bereavement to Dr. Fitzgerald:

"My dear Rev. Sir: Our innocent little Catherine is out of this miserable world. She departed a little before twelve, last night. Thanks be to God, she suffered very little—not more than one hour of distressed breathing—and her playfulness continued to the last, mingled with an occasional awful feeling, but nothing like melancholy. Yesterday morning, she represented Mrs. Deasy* most perfectly. She received the last sacraments on Saturday, with great fervor and delight. We feel just now as if all the house was dead, so sorry are we all to part with our sweet, animated little companion.

* Sister M. Agnes (little Catherine), seeing the Sisters weeping around her bed, and anxious to cheer them, asked the infirmarian to prop her up; and when this was done, she commenced to represent the oddities of a well-known eccentric character, in a most amusing way, and never desisted till she had them all laughing. She never could bear to see any one look troubled.

"I hope you have been pretty well since I had the pleasure of seeing you. The Sisters here are in retreat, except those engaged with me in the scene of sorrow. Thank God, it is over. I know you will pray for me. As for *her*, I believe she was fit to unite with the angels, so pure, so sincerely devoted to God was she. May I beg you to give my most affectionate love to my dearest Sisters, and to believe me, dear Rev. Sir, with great respect and esteem,

"Your attached and faithful

"MARY CATHERINE McAULEY.

"Very Rev. ANDREW FITZGERALD, &c., &c."

This letter, written as it was, beside the mortal remains of her whom she loved best on earth, and in the first moments of bereavement, evinces great nobility of soul. Catherine was her name-child, she had watched* over her from infancy with maternal love, and formed her plastic heart to every virtue. Mary Teresa had been her companion, but Catherine she regarded as her child: yet ever unselfish, she seeks no sympathy, she makes common cause with the Sisters, and writes as if they had as much reason to be grieved as she. But deeply as they regretted the void occasioned by the departure of their joyous young companion, they could not feel as their sorrow-stricken mother felt. Yet this death was rather a consolation than an affliction. "I know you will pray for me. As for her, I believe she was fit to unite with the angels." How pure, how holy must this angelic creature have been, when her saintly relative, who knew her every thought, refrains from asking Dr. Fitzgerald to remember her in the Holy Sacrifice! Could she speak more confidently, had she been favored with a revelation of her "innocent Catherine's" admission to the realms of bliss?

On the Feast of the Assumption, 1837, she writes of her godchild: "Teresa has received the cap to-day to fill my dearest child's vacancy. She is delighted, and promises great things;

* Catherine lived in Baggot-street from the death of her father, 1829. She and the Foundress' godchild, Teresa, were educated by governesses, who daily attended to instruct them. When Catherine entered the novitiate, in 1834, Teresa was sent to a boarding-school, near Dublin, conducted by a Mrs. Hicks.

may God give her the grace of holy perseverance." She then apostrophizes the life of a Sister of Mercy: "O blessed and happy life, which makes death so sweet!" But her thoughts are with her departed one, for she presently adds: "Our dear Catherine might indeed have sung, in the last hours of her innocent life, 'O Death! where is thy sting?' for she did not seem to feel any." Three months later, a passage in one of her letters shows that her heart is still bleeding for the loss of her "sweet, animated, little companion:

"I hope to be in Carlow by half-past twelve, Thursday night. I entreat that you all will go to rest as usual. I shall not be able to speak till morning. If you conveniently can, give me a place to rest *alone* in for a few hours, *but not where I was with my child.*"

Pressing business prevented her return to Cork till the middle of September, on the eighth of which she wrote:

"I expected to be in Cork before this. The poor Sisters will be greatly disappointed. I am now waiting for a packet, one just got off without my having heard of it. I left my poor Sister M. Clare in a very unfinished state. She writes full of doubts and fears, and no wonder. I know she has too much to encounter till the way is made easier for her. Please God, I will soon go there."

During her second visit, she completely regained the good old Bishop's favor. She ever held him in great esteem, revering him as a father, and following his wise counsels. He bestowed many benefactions on the House of Mercy, which was his favorite object of charity, and in his will bequeathed to the convent part of his library and some valuable oil paintings. He used to say, that he daily carried all the Sisters of Mercy in his heart when he offered the Holy Sacrifice. Indeed, he was a father to all the Religious in his diocese, and was known, in more places than one, as "the Bishop who was fond of books and Religious society." One day, as he entered the recreation-room of the N—— Convent, a merry little postulant rallied him pleasantly on his supposed preference for the Order of Mercy. "I don't see why you are so fond of those new Orders, my Lord," said she. "They want more help than the old ones," returned the venerable patriarch, for those who most needed his assistance, always got most of it.

But an animated discussion of the relative merit of different Orders having ensued, and the Bishop perceiving that her zealous *esprit du corps* was in danger of becoming inordinate, pleasantly cried out :

"Ah, my child, you love your own the best, and you therefore argue that it must be the best. 'The currier thinks there is nothing like leather.'"

His retorts were not always complimentary. To a young Sister of high birth, whom he heard giving expression to some aristocratic ideas, he said :

"Your family is good, and virtue gives lustre to its antiquity ; but take care, my child, lest you become a crooked branch of a good tree."

Never again did a word escape her which could intimate whether she was of patrician, plebeian, or equestrian origin.

"I have a firm hope," wrote the Foundress to the Superioress of St. Marie's of the Isle, "that the Institute over which you now preside, will not be excelled by any in the Order." This hope was fully realized. Yet the cautious prudence of the kind Prelate was sometimes an impediment ; his surveillance extended to the fortunes, families, and connections of all who desired to enter. "No one likes to propose here, now," writes the Superioress, "there is so much scrutiny into family concerns, and so much about money, though we find that a little suffices for us, and we have a good deal to spare." The Foundress, though well pleased that Bishops should be particular in these respects, thought Monseigneur of Cork a *little* too much so. When she learned that the Bishop of Meath, who had a similar tendency, hesitated in consenting to the profession of a novice in Tullamore, because her family refused to pay more than half the promised portion, she wrote : "I read such sentences with satisfaction ; they prove a fatherly guidance, and are a shield from censure. I like this (episcopal surveillance) when not carried quite so far as —— *Cork*."

While at St. Marie's, Mother McAuley had a railing placed before the choir-windows, which fronted on the street. One of her workmen was incorrigibly lazy, and though he might work on till eight in the evening, he invariably commenced to lean on his spade

at five. When called to an account, he replied that he "could not work a stroke for the king's dominions." Farther pressed, he declared that "the ladies within regularly began to jaw and scold at that hour every evening; sometimes one would get it all to herself, and then the others took the words out of her mouth, and he was so distracted that he couldn't go on." He added, that in all the ladies he ever worked for, he never heard "the likes o' that." The Foundress related this at recreation,* and the Sisters could not but smile at the compliment it implied with reference to the sweet tones in which they chanted the Office.

* It was amazing to see how the Foundress adapted herself to the peculiarities of those with whom she came in contact. Perhaps there is no country in the world, of equal extent, that has as many local peculiarities as Ireland; but Mother McAuley was perfectly at home everywhere. She could smile at the jests of the Cork people, and congratulate them on their constitutional cheerfulness, which rendered it so easy for them to "serve the Lord with joy and gladness;" she could discuss obsolete escutcheons with the Galway aristocracy, and then gently suggest that it is a small thing to be raised above others by rank, if we do not also excel them in virtue; with the Tipperary people she could be fiery, with the Northerns she could be demure; she could be phlegmatic with the Germans, lively with the French, "calculating" with the Yankees. But how great must her mortification have been when she was thus able to accommodate herself to every one, to become all to all that she might gain all to Christ!

CHAPTER XXXII.

Sister M. de Chantal.—Deaths.—A broken arm.—"A boy that will not be good."—The Chaplaincy difficulties.—Letters.—Dean Meyler.—"Christ's Blessed Cross."—The Limerick Foundation.—Death of Sister M. Teresa Potter.—Letter of condolence.

AT the Profession of a Sister in Cork, Bishop Murphy suggested the expediency of declaring in the formula of the vows, the special objects of the Order of Mercy, as distinct from other orders; and, after some discussion, it was agreed to insert the clause, "and the service of the poor, sick, and ignorant," which some considered a fourth vow, and which others understood to be included in the vow of obedience.

On the twenty-sixth of October, a letter announcing the serious illness of Sister M. de Chantal, hurried Reverend Mother from Cork, but the saintly invalid expired before her Mother reached Dublin.

This edifying Religious was the widow of the late Dr. McCann, and had come to St. Mary's, in her weeds, in 1833. Charity to the poor was the most conspicuous among her virtues. Whatever she gave was enhanced by her manner of giving it, and with corporal relief she never failed to bestow spiritual alms also. Sometimes her charities were bestowed too indiscriminately, for her maxim was:

"It is better to relieve a hundred impostors, if there be any such, than to suffer one really distressed person to be sent away empty;" and she entirely agreed with that amiable French princess, who said, 'We ought to assist the good, to *keep* them good; and the bad, to *make* them good.'"

Giving an account of this death, the Foundress writes:

"Exactly the same fever which was sent by God to take our pious, valued Bishop, Dr. Nolan, came, I trust, from the Divine

hand for our dear, innocent Sister, M. de Chantal. She had quite a saintly end, continually repeating aloud, 'My God! I love Thee; forgive me and take me to Thyself.' The physicians were astonished."

Indeed, God continued ever and anon to ask the Foundress for the most precious of her children "to deck His paradise;" and He found her ever ready to yield them, for the dearer they were to her, the more joyfully did she give them back to Him. The amiable and gifted sister, Mechtildis Gaffney,* whose uncle had brought her from France to present her to the Order of Mercy, had not time to yield much service on earth when she was summoned from this passing life. To the last she desired to assist the poor; and when too weak to do anything else, sought to share the writing business of the House of Mercy, which she did till the pen dropped from her slender white fingers, soon after which she went to receive the reward of her devotedness. Mother McAuley's virtues, especially her spirit of labor and her devotion to the poor, were quite contagious; and no true child of hers is without a large share in these virtues.

Sister M. Agnes Marmion quickly followed Sister Mechtildis. Her exquisitely cultivated voice and well-trained fingers were long missed in the music choir; but the memory of her virtues lived after her office there had been well filled.

In November, 1837, Mother McAuley met with an accident, to which she alludes in a letter dated December 6th:

"I went to Kingstown to condole with the Sisters on the death of their dear holy companion, Sister M. de Chantal. Going down to Matins, I missed the first step of the stairs, fell forwards, and, in endeavoring to save my head from the window, broke my left arm across the wrist, and injured the sinews in the back of my hand so much, that I am not likely to have the use of it for some months to come, if ever." She was obliged to remain some days without undressing, the inflammation being so great that leeches had to be constantly applied. But she makes little or nothing of the pain and inconvenience of a broken arm bound up in boards.

*Very Rev. Dean Gaffney, whom we have so often quoted. Her brothers, Rev. Messrs. Gaffney, S. J., were also very friendly to the Order of Mercy.

When the first symptoms of improvement appeared, she wrote to the Superioress of St. Leo's, thus :

"I have great hopes of getting my old companion on duty again ; and I am happy to tell you, from experience, that a broken arm is by no means so distressing a matter as I always supposed it. However, take great care of your bones, if you go through the new convent before the stairs are put up ; for though not at all proportioned to the lamentations we hear on such occasions, it gives a general shock to the whole system that is not easily recovered."

Mother McAuley's nephews having left college, James and Robert entered as law students, besides which, the latter wrote for some periodicals, and had serious thoughts of adopting literature as a profession. They soon determined to remove to London, in which determination she would not oppose them, though she was anxious to have them as much as possible under her own eye. Her youngest nephew, William, was a source of much uneasiness to her. He would not embrace any profession, and, finally, took it in his head to go to sea, a seafaring life being about the last thing she would select for him ; but no coaxing or remonstrance could keep him in the Queen's dominions. "William," she pathetically writes, "would not be good. He has gone on a voyage to Demarara, perhaps, that may reduce his obstinacy. James procured the vessel, and settled with the captain in a manner I could not expect ; *he* seems quite out of his idleness and folly." She never saw William again, nor could she learn whether he was living or dead. He came home, when "absence had reduced his obstinacy ;" like the Prodigal, he came to crave her blessing and her forgiveness, for he dearly loved her, and deeply regretted the tears his levity and wilfulness had cost her. Now he was determined to repair all—never again would she have reason to find fault with him. Poor boy ! the mild blue eyes that had so lovingly watched over his wayward youth were closed, and the gentle voice that so often sought to win him to his duty was hushed forever—ere he reached his native city, and his brothers had gone before his aunt. It was too much for his affectionate heart. The next ship that steered out of Dublin harbor had him for a passenger. He bade an eternal adieu to

Ireland, and has never since been heard of by his friends in Dublin.*

The chaplaincy difficulties, which reached their climax this year (1838), were a source of intense solicitude to the Foundress. From 1828, the friends of the institute who resided near, had been accustomed to attend Mass in the Convent Chapel. These often gave small donations, which, with the full approbation of Dr. Blake, then Pastor of St. Andrew's, were added to the funds of the Servants' Asylum, or House of Mercy. In 1838, Very Rev. Dean Meyler, then vicar, withdrew the chaplain, and the whole community were daily obliged to go out to Mass. Rev. Mother provided covered cars to convey the delicate sisters ; but she herself walked. Indeed, she even managed to dress without assistance, those dark winter mornings, though her broken arm was still in a sling. She makes as light as possible of all this.

"We go to Westland Row," she writes. "I carry my child† in its cradle. Twelve couple start as gayly as we did when traveling to Clarendon-street in our first happy days. We remain for three Masses, and are home at nine. I wrote to Dr. Blake, stating our grievances, and will act according to his advice. You know how difficult it is to get the poor women and children out and home again on days of obligation, and their confessions are, of course, neglected. The Archbishop does not interfere. He permitted Dr. Blake, when Vicar, to give us a Chaplain and two Masses ; now he allows another in the same authority to act as he pleases. All is fair and right, and will end well if God is not offended."

If Mother McAuley did not state her troubles as fully as she might, others did, and several letters of sympathy and condolence flowing in upon her, she gave the following reply to one of them :

"If I have inspired the melancholy view you have taken of our situation, I assure you I did not intend to do so. We have now, indeed, more than an ordinary portion of the Cross, but is it not the "Cross of Christ" which we so often pray may be constantly

* Probably he died soon after his second voyage, as he inherited consumption from his mother.

† Her broken arm.

about us?* It has not any of the marks of an angry cross. There is no disunion, no gloomy depression of spirits, no departure from charity resulting from it. The difficulties lessen every day; we get our poor inmates out to confession by six at a time, with Eliza to bring them safe home. We get an occasional charitable Mass. I am sure Dr. Meyler would wish the matter settled according to his own plan. We should then have at least three priests, and never know whom to call on as friend or Chaplain,† and for this we must pay fifty pounds a year. When I have the happiness of seeing Dr. Fitzgerald, I will tell him, and him only, another strong reason why the proposed connexion should, if possible, be avoided. I am not unhappy, thank God, nor do I see any disedification likely to result from the matter. Some think that, after having had Father Burke for eight years, we are not now easily pleased; and most of those who know the cause why we go out, seem to think we ought to have a distinct Chaplain, and only say that Dr. Meyler is a little positive. This is the extent of it at present. It is humiliating, no doubt, a smart attack on self-importance, and if this part of it is well managed, it must turn to good account. We continue to go to Westland Row every morning, which gives us a good appetite for our breakfast.

"We have a nice little cross in Kingstown. Law proceedings commenced for the school buildings. I suppose we must sell the convent. You have now the double cross, the cross in the diocese and the cross out of it. All is consoling and animating, thanks be to God. The contributions go on well, great relief afforded, the extern‡ dinner increased, and the house crowded. Twenty went to situations this week, twenty more came in. The dear

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* May the Cross of Christ be always about us!" is a common aspiration among the poor in Ireland, from whom the Foundress learned it.

‡ The Chaplain at St. Mary's was confessor to the servants and orphans, and it might not be well to give them three directors instead of one; all could not be expected to take the same interest. The fifty pounds a year was not the difficulty, for Mr. Delany, of Castle Durrow, offered to pay that, though Rev. Mr. Burke never accepted more than forty pounds a year from the Institute.

† Some poor persons dined daily at the House of Mercy; others, who worked out, but could not pay for decent lodgings, slept there; while about eighty lived there entirely.

chapel is now a choir, the choir a parlor, and the grate boarded up."

Dr. Fitzgerald came to Dublin to use his influence in arranging this business, but he was quite unsuccessful. "He acted like a true friend," wrote the Foundress; "and though in public and private he exclaimed against what he thought unjust and unkind, yet he reasoned with me so as to produce calm and quiet of mind." Very Rev. Jas. Maher came with similar intentions, and during his stay officiated daily in the Sisters' chapel. He had arranged to celebrate Mass at St. Mary's on the 9th January, 1838, but was suddenly called home. The Foundress addressed him the following pleasant letter the same day:

"MY DEAR FATHER MAHER:

"I am very sorry you did not complete the full week's attendance, which, according to the statutes now most rigorously observed in the archdiocese, would have entitled you to a pound or a guinea, whichever you preferred. I really cannot say, without making inquiry, whether a *broken* week is payable or not. You will excuse me for taking this little advantage, for you know although I should be simple as a dove, I must also be wise as a serpent; and since there is little good to be accomplished or evil to be avoided without the aid of money, we must look after it in small matters as well as in great.

"I have now to deplore the loss of a *superfine* veal cutlet, specially provided for this morning. A dear, nice little tea-kettle was ready to supply boiling water to the second or third cup, as might be required,—and my poor, infirm hand employed far beyond its strength in making the fire burn brilliantly, giving a sharp edge to the knife to set off the cutlet, roasting a plate, etc., etc.

"Most sincerely thanking for past services, and begging a continuance of the same,

"I remain, dear sir,

"Your ever grateful

"MARY C. McAULEY.

"P. S.—Don't forfeit all chance of the pound; perhaps you can make up the week without violating the law."

About the same time, she wrote to the Superioress at St Leo's:

"The kind interest Very Rev. Mr. Maher manifested was most consoling, because genuine; indeed, I could speak to him with all the confidence of a well-tried friend, and such does not often fall to my lot. He promised to do something about the sermon. Coax him with all possible earnestness. This is a season of particular pity; and if our means stop, we must stop too. Oh! how you should bless God for having made provision for the poor about you—not to be depending on daily exertions, so difficult to keep up."

On the 23d of the same month, she again writes to Father Maher, then a very popular preacher:

"You created some little hope in my mind relative to the sermon for our poor, which is appointed for February 18th. Will you have pity on us now, and we will feel particularly grateful, and pray most fervently for you? I shall anxiously look for a favorable reply; perhaps we may not be disappointed."

Meanwhile, Dr. Meyler still refusing a chaplain to the Institute, and the Sisters daily seen going in procession to a church almost a mile off, it began to be whispered that there was some misunderstanding between the Community and the clergy, which, whatever party was in fault, was equally disedifying. Mother McAuley would make almost any concession rather than have the slightest difference with a priest, but Dr. Meyler was inflexible. Whatever happened towards the middle of 1838, to aggravate her difficulties, never passed her lips; but it was no ordinary combination of afflictions that wrung from the silent, reserved Catherine McAuley the only words in her whole correspondence that show any thing like depression—"Pray fervently for me, that God may remove all bitterness far from me. I can hardly think of what has been done to me without resentment. May God forgive me, and make me truly humble, before He calls me into His presence." Those who lived with her always spoke of her as one whom nothing could ruffle, but, on this occasion, her unalterably calm exterior was not unlike snow on a volcano.

As Dean Meyler entered her room, on the day of her departure from this world, she turned her dying gaze on him with a smile of

ineffable sweetness. Was she thinking that she owed much of her coming glory to the patience with which she had borne the years of suffering he occasioned her? Her humility would not permit this. Besides, the light of another world was already reflected on her countenance, and she was beginning to realize "how sweet it is" for one like her "to die." Likely, he did not think for a moment that the dying servant of God owed the bitterest pangs of a strangely-chequered life to him. He was but an instrument in the omnipotent hand of Him "who doeth all things well," to increase her glory by adding, unconsciously, perhaps, to her sufferings. He began to appreciate her just as she was about to be translated to a happier home, but she ever revered and esteemed him.

In the chaplain affair, Dr. Meyler certainly acted harshly; but his error was of the head rather than the heart, for we believe he would not wilfully do what he conceived to be unjust. After about three years, he yielded a small portion of his rights—even kings are obliged to make concessions sometimes—he gave a distinct chaplain, but ordered the public chapel at St. Mary's to remain closed.

In the spring of 1838, Very Rev. James Maher having announced to her the death of a Sister at St. Leo's, she wrote as follows:

"I have received your kind letter, dear Father, and am exceedingly concerned at the melancholy communication. Thank God, the event has been attended with such consoling circumstances. It must be a severe trial to her relations; to my dear Sisters, I know, it is a real portion of the cross, and as such I trust they will embrace it as the holy will of God, with humble resignation. I have great happiness in knowing that they will receive from you all the solid counsel and animating comfort which affectionate fatherly feelings can dictate. The most sensible participation of the trial has already spread through St. Mary's and all unite in earnest prayer for our poor Sister."

At the same time she wrote to the Superioress:

"How deeply, how sincerely I participate in this second trial with which God has seen fit to afflict you! Rest assured, He will send you some distinguished consolation soon. The reward always comes after a well-received Cross."

In 1837, Dr. Ryan, Bishop of Limerick, applied for a few Sisters; but the Foundress intimated that, for the present, she really had none to spare. He wrote again, stating that two or three would suffice; "a beginning once made," he continued, "several ladies of the city would join the Institute." He afterwards sent his Vicar to negotiate the business, and it was arranged that a foundation should set out for Limerick, in autumn, 1838.

This year Mother McAuley received a donation of a hundred pounds from an old cook, who had worked hard many a year to earn it. It was given to furnish a dormitory for poor servants, and the charitable donor did not even send her name with it, unwilling that her left hand should know what her right hand did. The Foundress was greatly touched with the genuine charity of this poor woman, whose name, unknown on earth, will be repeated with glory on the judgment-day.

On the Feast of the Nativity of Our Lady, 1838, Reverend Mother, with four Sisters, set out for Limerick, which they reached on the Feast of our Lady of Mercy, after making a visit to Cork and another to Charleville. The following letter from the "City of the Violated Treaty," contains scraps of all sorts:

"I cannot say when I shall be able to leave this foundation, which, with much to excite hope, has still very much to contend with. It is quite novel to find those who have the smallest means most afraid to join us; in this they are encouraged by some who say: 'If this Convent breaks up, as others have, you would be nuns indeed, but what house would receive you without funds?' The friends of those who have property excite their fears by saying that they might be obliged to go where they did not like. Such a perplexing conflict as we have every day! I cannot go for a month yet. As to Sister M. Elizabeth, we never sent out such a faint-hearted soldier, now that she is in the field. She will do all interior and exterior work, but to meet on business, confer with the Bishop, conclude with a new subject, you might as well send the child that opens the door! This will surprise you, yet she is greatly liked, and when the first alarms are over, and a few in the house, all will go on well. Sister M. Vincent Hartnett was professed yesterday; we were obliged to admit several persons.

The sermon was very fine, and the singing good ; my most angelic Sister M. Aloysia presiding at the organ. I never knew her perfectly till now. She is unalterably sweet and placid, and unceasing in her efforts to promote the objects of the Institute. The sweetest we ever had could, perhaps, be a *little* ruffled, especially on occasions like this ; but she is never moved in look or manner. She is everything at all times—how did I live so long with such a person and not know her? We finished our Thirty Days' Prayers, and are now going to say the whole Psalter for fifteen days—this is our last hope.

"Do not say a word of any fears for this house. Every word takes wing. My language must be encouraging. If they thought I spoke unfavorably, I should get nothing done these three months. We have never yet seen the Foundress*—this is gospel perfection."

Under a later date she says :

"The poor here are in a miserable state, and the whole surrounding neighborhood one scene of wretchedness and sorrow. Postulants will not do well till attired in the religious dress ; the people are very sharp, and say queer things ; even the poor do not like 'the caps.' Every place has its own peculiar ideas and feelings, which must be yielded to when possible. A Miss Bridgman has entered, and a Miss O'Farrell, the latter of almost as much mind and formed character as our darling Mary Teresa.

"Sister E. Potter was certainly designed for the place. Her ardent zeal for Limerick made her uneasy elsewhere ; and her being on the spot, with good connections and interest, promoted the object very much. The *gentlemen* are all with us now ; fathers, brothers, and uncles will give no assent to any other house."

Mother McAuley gives the following account of her new abode :

"This is a very nice old Convent, called 'St. Peter's Cell,' enclosed by the walls of an abbey, a beautiful ruin. Opposite the cell I occupy, is a beautiful tomb in which a holy Abbess and a Lay Sister are deposited ; a very large weeping willow overhangs the grave. It looks delightful, and excites to meditation of the

* Miss Hefferman, who settled a fine property by deed, for the endowment of the Convent.

most consoling kind. We have a very nice chapel and choir, good garden, and extensive school-rooms. The approach is very bad, but this is of no consequence to us, as we should often have to visit the neighborhood. The house is surrounded by trees and recreation ground, all being enclosed within fine old walls, entirely lined with ivy. It is capable of being made a very valuable institution, if God will grant his blessing to our exertions. I am sure you will obtain for us all the prayers you can. Get the Sisters to invite their Patron Saints, and implore St. Teresa, who loved foundations, to intercede for poor Limerick, where no good seed has yet taken root."

The Limerick House, having overcome the early obstacles, was blessed with immense success. Owing to the generosity of the Bishop and clergy, and the valuable bequests received, the Sisters are able to bestow large charities on the poor. The poor-schools are, we believe, the largest in Ireland, five thousand children being the daily average attendance. A splendid asylum was erected and endowed for one hundred and fifty orphans, by Peter Arthur, Esq.; and a little later, a Widows' Asylum, by Very Rev. Father O'Meara. Right Rev. Bishop Ryan, Very Rev. Dean Coll, and Very Rev. Dr. Walsh, endowed, respectively, three other charitable institutions, superintended by the Sisters. The Mercy Hospital accommodates five hundred patients, all of the poorest class.

"They have, indeed, a sweet community in Limerick," wrote the Foundress, in 1839. "Every thing goes on well there, thank God." To the Superioress, S. M. Elizabeth Moore, who soon got over her timidity, she wrote, on hearing of some successes :

"How heartily, how fervently I rejoice in every circumstance that contributes to your spiritual and temporal happiness. All that I hear of the dear Limerick Sisters brings joy to my mind. They are pronounced the good seed, and thanks be to God, they are placed in a good soil. May God grant you lively gratitude and profound humility! Then, indeed, you will be a child of Benediction!"

In March, 1840, Mother McAuley received a letter from Limerick, announcing the serious illness of Sister M. Teresa Potter, to which she sent the following reply :

"God will support you in this great affliction. I know He will. His holy will be done. If he call her away, it will be to shield her from some impending evil, or to exercise your patience, or to try whether you love Him as well when He takes as when He gives. Some grand motive must actuate all His visitations. I shall be agitated at the sight of your next letter. May God bless and preserve you all, and grant you all cheerful resignation to His divine will."

In the same month, she lost her beloved Sister M. Frances Marmion, whose last moments she thus describes:

"At half-past five this morning, we were saying the last prayers for our dear Sister M. Frances. It is now past twelve, and she is yet alive, but has not spoken since six. She is in the noviceship, where we had Mass celebrated for her after seven. From that time till now, she has not been more uneasy than she often was in unquiet sleep. I think she will speak again. Do you remember how our dear Sister M. Agnes Marmion spoke long after we thought she never would? It is a melancholy consolation to look for; yet I think we would all like to hear her gentle voice once more. May God grant us all humble resignation to His adorable will."

Under a later date, she adds:

"I have just taken off the church-cloak after following the dear remains of our beloved and edifying Sister M. Frances Marmion. She did not speak again as I expected—expired without any struggle. This is a season of sorrow with us, thank God."

The same day came a letter, announcing the death of Sister M. Frances Mahony, in Cork, and a little later, one from the Superioress of "St. Peter's Cell," which told of the death of the gifted Sister M. Teresa Potter. In reply to the latter, the Foundress wrote:

"I implore God to comfort you. I know He will. This has not been done in anger. Some joyful circumstance will soon prove that He is watching over all your concerns, which are His own. But without the cross the real crown cannot come. Some great thing, which he designs to accomplish, would be too much without a little bitterness in the cup. Bless and love the fatherly hand that has wounded you. He will soon come, both hands filled with fa-

vors and blessings. My heart is sore, not on my own account, not for the sweet, innocent spirit that has returned to her heavenly Father's bosom, but for you and yours.

"Earnestly and humbly praying God to grant you, and all the dear Sisters, His divine consolations, I remain, &c., &c."

The earthly tenement of this "sweet, innocent spirit," was borne to the Convent Cemetery by six priests, the Bishop and other clergy walking in front of the coffin, the Sisters in procession behind, and the friends of the deceased heading the cortege. Thousands, who could not find room in the procession, lined the garden and cemetery walls, uniting in the beautiful prayers the Church recites for "those who are gone before us with the sign of Faith." On hearing the particulars of this funeral, Mother McAuley wrote:

"When I read your letter in the community-room, several exclaimed: 'O that is not death! Who would not like to die under such circumstances?' They were astonished and delighted. It was, indeed, a heavenly ceremony, more so than any reception or profession. It was like a grand entrance into Paradise. It will even be a powerful attraction to many to put themselves in the way of obtaining such a blessed departure from this passing world. When our dear Sister M. Frances departed, Rev. Mr. Carroll, a very spiritual priest, said to us: 'I congratulate you. You have, or soon will have, another friend in heaven—how delightful to be *forming a community there!* What are they here for but to prepare for heaven? They ought to go as soon as they are ready, and make room for poor souls that are in the midst of dangers. There is no other way of carrying on this holy traffic, so as to meet the designs of God—it is His own divine plan.' This priest is quite a comfort to us. Sorrow clings close to poor Baggot-street. Since I commenced this letter, Sister M. Aloysia has burst a blood-vessel. She was preparing the children for confirmation, and made too much exertion. Dr. Carmichael thinks it will not be serious."

Most people are quite resigned to the afflictions of their neighbors. They can discern the wisdom that sends or permits every calamity that does not touch themselves; and in many instances

this is the sum total of their resignation to the dispensations of Providence. Not so with the Foundress. She can joyfully bear her own heaviest crosses, but when her children are afflicted, she feels anxious and agitated, confessing that her "heart is sore" for them. She is ever ready to give to others the sympathy she never sought for self.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Sister M. Gertrude Jones.—She shows her brightest colors in dying.—Death of Robert McAuley.—The English Sisters.—National pride.—"Geraldine."—The last glimpse of Erin.—Visit to Newry.—Departure of the Foundress for the London mission.

BEFORE we speak of the spiritual life of Sister M. Gertrude, which presented some extraordinary phases, and which we will, consequently, describe in the words of the Foundress, we will glance at her early history.

Mary Jones was born in Wales in 1798, among people who seemed not to be aware that there was any religion but their own in the world. When nearly seven, she became very ill with whooping-cough, and the doctors despairing of her recovery, her Irish nurse told Mrs. Jones that she knew a certain cure for that troublesome and dangerous disease. The mother wanted her child saved, she cared not how, and the nurse carried the little one to a priest, probably an *emigré*, who lived in retirement at some distance, and entreated him to give her infant patient "a drink out of the chalice," which he did. Mary recovered—was transferred from the nurse to the governess—but the manner of the priest and the appearance of the chalice never left her remembrance till it produced the fruit of conversion. Whether she read or prayed, or listened to sermons or meditated, the venerable priest, chalice in hand, was always before her mental eye.

As she grew up, she made inquiries respecting the use of a chalice, but those to whom she spoke did not understand her, and the sum of what she could learn from her minister was, that it was something pertaining to the Catholic religion. She always wanted to find out more about the chalice, though as yet she had not the slightest doubts about the truth of her own religion. Visiting

friends in London, they happened, when showing her the curiosities of that monster city, to take her into a Catholic chapel. There she recognized the object of her lifelong inquiry, and, in an ecstacy of delight, begged a priest whom she saw in the church to satisfy her curiosity. He did so, and, though much gratified, she felt no desire of changing her religion. On her return home, however, her mind became greatly disturbed. While in church she was in torture. Her friends could not imagine why she was not now so devout as formerly, and wondered what there could be outside their own religion to attract her. Months rolled by ; her unhappiness increased hourly ; and she felt that God required something of her, she hardly knew what, but she was aware no peace could come while she resisted His inspirations. After a long and terrible struggle, she returned to London, and was soon received into the Catholic Church. Hearing of the Sisters of Mercy, she became strongly attracted to join their Institute, and was received at St. Mary's during Mother McAuley's absence at George's Hill, her English director having made the necessary arrangements. She was, in the course of a few years, received and professed, and, as may be readily supposed, had an extraordinary devotion to the Blessed Sacrament. In the fulfilment of her duties she was a source of great edification to all ; but her cold, reticent manners and rigid views rendered her far less attractive than the bright, warm-hearted Sisters, who sympathized in her afflictions, which they could not understand, and loved the reserved Welsh gentlewoman in spite of her little peculiarities. Reverend Mother, who knew her best, revered her as a saint, though she admitted her case to be altogether extraordinary. The following splendid letter shows that this gentle, suffering creature expired like the dolphin, displaying her brightest tints. It was addressed by the Foundress to the Superioress of St. Leo's :

" Our poor Sister M. Gertrude is no longer an inhabitant of this transitory world. She expired on Ascension Day. For the last year she was chiefly confined to bed ; fourteen weeks ago, she was removed here (Booterstown) for change of air, and chiefly that she might have the comfort of being present at Mass, without having many stairs to descend. No symptoms of death appeared

till Monday. She had every spiritual consolation. Father O'Hanlon came out here three times to see her. Her dear remains were this morning deposited in the vault of St. Teresa's, with those of her eleven Sisters. We hope to have them all home before another year. (In the cemetery she was having prepared at St. Mary's.)

"Reviewing all the past, I regard poor Sister M. Gertrude as a martyr for the Faith. The violent efforts she made to embrace and practise it, and the total separation from all to whom she was ever known, gave a shock to the whole nervous system, which could not be recovered. Delighted with the Catholic Faith, she fancied that all who observed it must be divine; hence, she was often disappointed. Yet, for one moment, she would not think of returning, lest there might be danger of losing it. On Ascension Day, Sister M. Cecilia said to me: 'Well, Reverend Mother, though poor Sister was sometimes a little tiresome, I often thought she was like a martyr. She seemed to be offering violence to feelings which were not in any degree overcome. All her mind turned to England, and English manners. *We* could not converse so agreeably, or do any thing as well as they could in Bridgenorth, which, she said, possessed every attraction under heaven, but the true Faith.'

"When describing the amiable, and, as she would say, exalted dispositions of her relations, she seemed to think that they were all lost for the want of the Catholic Faith. This feeling was engraven on her soul by some supernatural means. Her case was an extraordinary one: God alone can appreciate its value. She may be truly said to have *taken up her cross*, while we, in general, only carry it when it comes, and keep it away as long as we can. I am certain her reward will be great. She suffered in mind and body, for nine years, from no visible cause but a rending of the heart by the violent sacrifice of all the predilections of thirty-seven years! A vocation to the religious life has its joys, but her whole concern was the preservation of her Faith. Guarding against all that might put *it* in danger, she would not trust her own perseverance, unless shielded as she was.

"Her countenance was sweetly composed in death; her teeth

perfectly white, not the slightest swelling in her feet, which are strong signs of not being in an unhealthy state of body. She expressed a great desire to die on Ascension Day. Sister Monica and I were watching her; we had said the last prayers two or three times. At eleven, on Wednesday night, we concluded she would live a day or two longer, as no change appeared. The instant the clock struck twelve, she stretched out her arms, and, as if it were an immediate call on her to go, settled her head, and, before we could say the prayers, she was gone!"

This beautiful letter needs no comment.

We have already spoken of Reverend Mother's devotion to the sick in the convent, but it would be impossible to describe it. She took such pains to provide remedies for their most trifling complaints, that they used to conceal their illnesses as long as possible; but her Mother's eye quickly discovered them. Yet, though her own physical pain sometimes amounted to torture, she never alludes to it, unless in reply to the oft-repeated queries of a spiritual child. "Show me how the sick are treated in any convent," says a spiritual writer, "and I will tell you whether the Spirit of God reigns there." And certainly, according to this test, the Spirit of God reigned in the community the first Sister of Mercy governed. No one equalled her in laborious zeal for the objects of the Institute, but she always regarded the promotion of the spiritual and temporal happiness of her children as her first duty. In her Rule, she ordains that "special care be taken of the sick, and suitable remedies provided according to the prescription of the physician;" that "the Sisters, especially the Mother Superior, visit them frequently, treat them with the tenderest charity, and piously console them."*

* The kindness shown to the weakly among her children was well known in Dublin, but it was also known that it never interfered with discipline. To a young lady, who was undecided what Order she should join, her director, an old priest, and very pleasant withal, said: "Go to the Sisters of Mercy. You are not strong, and they will find you easy work, and make great allowances for your delicacy. But," he continued, changing his tone, "in order to persevere *there*, you must be perfectly obedient. If they order you to go up the chimney, you'll have to do it." "I should ask some of them to go up before me, and show me the way," said the little lady, archly. However, she followed his advice; but we do not think her obedience was put to so severe a test.

The Foundress does not seem to have ever met any persons like the Sister St. Teresa describes, who would not go to choir to-day because she had a headache, to-morrow because she had had one yesterday, and the day after, lest she should get one next day. Rev. Mother's delicate subjects were with difficulty prevailed on to lessen their labors, and as for taking change of air, this appears to be the only point on which they ever showed reluctance to obey her. "Sister M. Cecilia," she writes, "is gone to Birr. As she was to go there to play at the ceremony, I had not much difficulty to surmount. All have strong objections to move merely for health's sake." The spirit of labor universal in the house gave her great delight. She considered moderate occupation of mind and body a remedy for many little troubles, and not unfrequently a preventive. There was almost every variety of work to be done at St. Mary's. The more active duties fell chiefly to the robust, and there were charges which had responsibility and but little physical fatigue for the weakly. Other work, such as transcribing, translating, illumination, embroidery for the altar, painting and printing, &c., was suited to the delicate and convalescing. When the brain was weary, the fingers could work ; and when they were tired the brain was rested. "In heaven alone should the Sister of Mercy look for rest," said the Foundress, and it was there alone she sought it. Her children followed her example. When no longer able "to implant Jesus Christ in the hearts of the poor," they transcribed or translated what might aid in implanting Him in Religious, His dearest poor ; or they adorned His word with choice illuminations ; or they transposed and copied for their distant Sisters the beautiful music sung at their nuptials with Him ; or they sought to beautify with curious embroidery the vestments used at His adorable Sacrifice. And when the pen, or the pencil, or the needle dropped out of their thin fingers, it was known that heaven was near, and the transition was easy from working for Jesus to enjoying Jesus. The deaths at St. Mary's usually amounted to several in the year, and as consumption was usually the messenger that summoned the servants of the poor, there were always invalids to do the easy work.

With reference to her nephews, Mother McAuley wrote in 1839 :

"My poor James and Robert are gone from me. I have not seen them these seven months." She was destined soon to see them no more on earth. Her brother, who continued a Protestant, vainly used his influence to make them change their religion. Robert had passed through a collegiate course of extraordinary distinction, and continued to give evidence of a high order of intellect. With an inborn consciousness of mental superiority, he resolved to do great things in the literary world, and did not care to meet his aunt till he had won his spurs. Scorning patronage, he proudly relied on his own genius; but the heart-burnings of authorship, the crushing sarcasms of the unkind, the thought that he could be successful only by pandering to a diseased popular taste, and the bitter feeling that there was no kind hand to foster his genius, no kind eye to beckon him onward—that he must be misunderstood by those who loved him, and that even his own devoted brother could not sympathize in his secret sorrows—all preyed on a disposition morbidly sensitive, and a constitution never robust. The trials Gerald Griffin had passed through, but not unscathed, soon killed Robert McAuley. The fairness of the boy's angelic face became transparent, the blue veins were distinct, and the dark eyes glowed with a peculiar unearthly lustre. He possessed, in a high degree, the gentleness and amiability which seemed heirlooms in his family; but he sometimes displayed a certain *hauteur*, resulting, perhaps, from the vexations which began so early to cross his path. A little of this manifested in an interview with his aunt, he reasonably expected might have pained her; and as she departed for England next day, he was unable to hear from her own lips how freely and how fully she forgave him. During her absence, his disease, heretofore scarcely perceptible, threatened fatal consequences. He at once wrote to apologize for his hastiness; but the affectionate reply, promptly forwarded and eagerly expected, found him in eternity. Soothed by the consolations which the Church lavishes on her departing children, he sank very rapidly, his last wish being that his aunt and the Sisters, who were constantly at his side, might never forget him in their prayers. The thought that this, the most cherished of her nephews, had departed without knowing how fully she forgave him, rendered this

bereavement doubly affecting to her sensitive heart. On hearing it she wrote, "I can only pray."

The Order of Mercy had from its commencement excited deep interest in the Catholics of England. Among its first subjects were, as we have already stated, two English converts. Dr. Griffiths, Vicar Apostolic of the London district, eager to establish a convent in Bermondsey, had sent two English ladies, both converts, to make a novitiate in Ireland, it having been previously agreed that they should return with the Sisters destined to open the first house of the Order in England. One of these was known to the literary world as the authoress of *Geraldine*.* In a letter dated August 15, 1839, the Foundress says: "The English novices are to be professed in Cork on the 19th inst. I must assist, as Bishop Murphy says it will be necessary, and that every aid must be given to England, and every mark of interest shown." O'Connell and other distinguished friends of the Institute urged the Foundress to omit nothing calculated to testify the interest Ireland took in these English foundations. They beheld, with a high degree of national pride, English ladies of the highest rank coming to Ireland to learn the spirit of a monastic life that exhaled its odors beyond the cloister. It reminded them of those halcyon times, when the royal dames of Europe sent to the Island of Saints for Virgins to teach the maxims of perfection in their respective countries; when not only the hardy monk, but the delicate princess, nurtured in the lap of luxury, sought a home in the monasteries of the "Isle of Destiny."

The English Sisters, whose virtues endeared them to all, bore with them, in a special manner, the affection of the little community from which they separated forever. One of them, a splendid musician, sang, with a slight change of words, that exquisite melody:

> "Tho' the last glimpse of Erin with sorrow I see,
> Yet wherever *Thou* art shall seem Erin to me."

* "Geraldine: a Tale of Conscience." The first and second volumes of this work were published before the authoress became a Sister of Mercy, the third after. Numerous similar works have since issued from the press, but to us Geraldine seems by far the best book of its kind in English; and we think the literary reputation of the distinguished writer had stood higher, if she laid aside her eloquent pen when she finished this best of her works.

There were laughter and tears at recreation that evening. "Partings from home and friends to enter Religion are sweet sorrows," said the Sisters, "but partings in Religion are bitter sorrows." Dr. Blake, wishing to see the London missionaries in Newry, they went there, and were most courteously received by the Poor Clares. They also visited the Convents in Tullamore, Charleville, Carlow, and Limerick. The following letter, dated November 17, 1839, was dispatched to St. Leo's the day before they sailed :

"I need not tell you all the difficulties I meet in getting away from this poor old charge, which would, and will, do as well without me. The six travellers leave dear Ireland to-morrow, all in tolerable health, and more than tolerable spirits. Sister M. Clare rejoicing, Sister M. Augustine in raptures, and their Mother all animation. Sister M. Cecilia greatly improved in health, and Sister M. Teresa bright as a lark. I have my list of songs* ready for the journey. We had long and most kind visits from our poor Archbishop, and a cordial leave-taking, with fervent prayers for our safe return. Nine Masses are to be offered for us to-morrow, thank God. Father O'Hanlon is alarmed at the angry things said in the English papers (about founding a Convent in London); he gave me a thousand cautions. He and Dean Gaffney sail with us to-morrow.

With her characteristic love of holy poverty, she wrote to Very Rev. Dr. Butler, who was greatly interested in the London foundation, and had kindly taken charge of the convent in course of

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* Mother McAuley used often compose and sing little songs for the amusement of the Sisters, but though she was a most elegant reader, she sang very badly. One day, it being announced that some great amateur musician was about to enter St. Mary's, one of the Sisters asked the Foundress not to sing at recreation that evening.

"Why not, my heart?" asked the Foundress.

"Because, Reverend Mother, you have a very bad voice," said the Sister, with admirable simplicity.

"Indeed I have, my child."

"Well, sure you won't sing?"

"No, my heart, unless some of you press me too much."

But being "pressed," Reverend Mother sang with as much ease as Catalani, but *ease* was the only quality these two songstresses had in common.

erection, stating that two rooms would suffice for present accommodation. Indeed, she never allowed an opportunity of practising poverty to glide by unimproved, and she often said, that if this virtue in Jesus Christ reached a height to which we dare not aspire, yet that our poverty ought to possess one trait in common with His,—that of being perfectly voluntary. When traveling, she always cautioned the Sisters not to address her as Reverend Mother, or show her any mark of distinction. This was a source of embarrassment to them, for they could not bring themselves to address her otherwise than with great deference. On the present occasion, the difficulty was obviated in an amusing way. "My traveling title," she wrote, "was 'Friend Catherine.'"

They reached London on the 19th November. Bishop Griffiths immediately visited them, and insisted on sharing the expense of the undertaking; and it was in vain they assured him they had all that was necessary. On the Feast of the Presentation, he said Mass in the convent, which he blessed the same day. Mother McAuley was no great admirer of the famous Pugin style. Bermondsey Convent she described as not likely to be dry for three years. The unfinished state of the building, and the great severity of the weather, aided in developing her constitutional tendency to pulmonary consumption: yet she survived this period nearly two years. In the following passage, she criticizes somewhat severely the structure and its famous architect:

"Mr. Pugin was determined we should not look out of the windows, they are up to the ceiling. We could not touch the glass without standing on a chair. We have one good room finished, with brown walls and a long table. There is too much room in some places, and too little in others. The noviceship is very small, the kitchen fit for a castle. It is nearly the best room in the house."

Alluding to the convent in Staffordshire, she is even less complimentary:

"I have seldom seen such a general favorite as Mr. Pugin is in this part of England. Nothing is perfect that he does not plan and execute. Yet I do think, though he has certainly manifested much taste, that some of his plans would admit of improvement

For example, he has brought the cells close to the chapel door, which, I fear, will be attended with inconvenience. I do not admire his gilded figures of Saints. They are very coarse representations, and by no means calculated to inspire devotion."

On the 12th December, she gives the following description of the first ceremony that took place in London :

"The fine church, which accommodates five thousand, was crowded at an early hour, the seats next the sanctuary being filled with the nobility. High Mass commenced at eleven. The organ and choir are considered very fine. After Mass, the hymn, *O Gloriosa* was chanted ; and we advanced in procession to the sanctuary, Sister M. Teresa carrying an immense cross : Sisters M. Cecilia, Clare, and Augustine, in a line, to make the most of a few. M. Clare and her valuable assistant, with the six postulants, following. The altar is the highest I ever saw, nine steps and two platforms. M. Clare and I had to ascend and descend with each postulant in the full view of thousands. The Bishops stood at the top in very rich episcopal robes. Thirty-six priests were present. The sermon, explaining the nature of the Order and the spiritual and corporal works of mercy, was very fine. It was preached by Very Rev. Dr. Maguire, and will be published."

Bishop Griffiths testified the deepest interest in this first expatriated branch of the Order, and was on many occasions a kind friend and wise counsellor to the Foundress.

Since that is the mark of election."
" Let no crosses vex or tease,
" Ne'er quitted, but to solace man,
Ne'er entered, but toworship God !"
" How glorious is the life they plan !
How sacred is their chaste abode !
Ne'er quitted, but to solace man,
Ne'er entered, but to worship God !

" *Le Roi est mort ; vive le Roi !*"

CHAPTER XXXIV.

General government.—Lady Barbara Eyre.—Her Reception.—The Court Friseur.—An amusing incident.—Gratitude of the Foundress.—Letters.

THE system of general government which works so well in many congregations, has, like all things here below, its advantages and its disadvantages ; and in Rev. Mother's judgment the latter would surpass the former in an institute such as she designed. This form was established to some extent among the Irish Sisters of Charity, and many suppose this to be the cause this admirable society has spread so little outside the capital. The *idea* of general government among female Religious is *uncongenial* in Ireland. In a charitable institution the pecuniary relations of branch houses with the mother house are liable to be misunderstood or misrepresented ; besides, the necessity of traveling must be obviated as much as possible, that the time and expense it costs may be applied to more useful purposes. The system in use in the Order, the Foundress established only after much prayer, lengthened consultation with the most eminent ecclesiastics in Ireland, and frequent deliberations with her Sisters. It had been tested with beneficial results for sixty years previous by the Ursuline and Presentation Orders ; nor could she see any inconvenience arising from it which might not also arise from any other system whose agents are human beings.*

When ladies of rank and fortune desire to devote themselves to

* If a Sister's health seemed likely to be benefited by a change of air, the Foundress always granted the change ; but she would not hear of Religious making excursions for recreation. She thought if cloistered Sisters were obliged to refrain from these, so ought uncloistered—indeed, they could not be thought of, the summer vacation being only about two weeks, ten days of which were spent in retreat, and the schools being the only one of their duties ever suspended.

the poor, their bishops and relatives do not always wish them to leave their respective dioceses. If a wealthy lady desires to endow a convent in a certain district, and to devote herself to those who, as tenants or dependants, have a special claim on her, the Order of Mercy meets these emergencies, which an Order with a different system of government could not do without infringing on its rules.

The Sisters are subject to the bishop of the diocese in which each convent is located, whose business it is to enforce the existing rules and observances, but who cannot impose any thing further. If, through sickness or any other cause, assistance be required in a young House, the convent from which it filiated is obliged to attend to this, if older Houses cannot lend a Sister or two. Now, if Mother McAuley had established general government, she would be obliged to relinquish many fine establishments, and, consequently, many great opportunities of relieving and assisting the poor. For instance, when Miss Hardman, of Birmingham, manifested a vocation to the Order, her father built and endowed a convent in that town, on condition that his daughter might be sent with the Sisters destined for that Foundation, when her novitiate was completed. Similar arrangements were made for Miss Gibson of Lancashire, Miss Archibald of Elphin, Mrs. Burke of Kinsale, etc. Mother McAuley, who used every lawful means, natural as well as supernatural, for furthering her many benevolent projects, delighted to send Sisters to the neighborhood of their rich relatives, knowing that the latter, under such circumstances, would be more ready to aid and patronize works beneficial to the poor. Many, if not a majority, of the Convents of Mercy, were founded by ladies who, in their native places, desired to assist the poor, or who wished to aid them in districts where their miserable condition excited special compassion. Thus, a few years ago, Miss Fanny Murphy, a lady singularly gifted by nature and grace (neice to the late Bishop of Cork), erected and endowed a convent in Bantry, for the relief of the numerous poor of that town; and, though her charity received a speedy recompense, the poor people among whom she sleeps will, for ages to come, bless her memory.

Among the noble postulants who entered the Bermondsey Convent was the Lady Barbara Eyre, daughter of the late Earl of

Newburgh. Her ladyship's two maids, who entered at the same time as Lay Sisters, could not refrain from addressing their former mistress as "my lady." The wise Foundress, for a time, winked at this innovation in conventual etiquette; but the lady herself, soon perceiving the inconvenience of it, ordered them not to address her again by her hereditary title. Some of the Sisters were of opinion that Sister Barbara ought to be treated just like any one else; but this, Reverend Mother would consider "unjustly just." She was too wise to treat a noble lady, no longer young, and who had for years enjoyed her own separate establishment, with as little considerateness as she would evince towards a girl in her teens, who stepped from the schoolroom to the novitiate, and had always been ruled by others. At first, she allowed a Sister to arrange Lady Barbara's cell, and then showed her the necessity of learning to wait on herself, as Sisters of Mercy, except when incapacitated by illness, are obliged to be their own servants. She also handed the noble postulant her letters unopened, and, after a while, explained the regulations on that head, in which her ladyship at once acquiesced. Mother McAuley wrote thus of her: "Lady Barbara has commenced her novitiate in the most edifying manner—quite a model of humility and obedience."

Reverend Mother believed that much good might be accomplished on new foundations by one or two public ceremonies; hence she usually took with her a Sister whose probation was near its close, and invited all the clergy and persons of note in the neighborhood to the reception, or profession. "People will learn the objects of the Order from the sermon," she said; "we may thus get good subjects who otherwise would not think of us, the poor will gain new friends, and we shall have more means of assisting them." As may be seen by her letters, she spared no pains of rendering these ceremonies solemn and interesting. The dress, the music, the *dejeuner*, all shared her attention. In those days of weary mail-coach travel, she sent her best musicians to aid the choirs of distant convents, and often went herself, at great inconvenience. Now, the Newburgh family, wishing to give unusual *éclat* to Lady Barbara's "clothing," arranged that the postulante was to be dressed in full court costume; that special seats were to

be raised in Bermondsey Church for noble and otherwise distinguished guests; the first sacred orator of the day enlisted for the sermon; and the music under the direction of the most efficient conductor. Two hundred poor children, whom they gracefully sought this opportunity of clothing, were to be present in a uniform of brown cashmere, white aprons, and tippets. This was the only arrangement that pleased Reverend Mother. She thought it was very well to seek the patronage of the noble, for the sake of the poor, but she felt that it might be purchased at less expense : nor did she care to see as much thrown away on one flourish of this kind as would support a hundred poor people for half a year. One part of the proceeding amused, while it annoyed her more than the rest; it was, that the services of her British Majesty's hairdresser were deemed necessary in arranging the locks of the novice-elect. This personage arrived on the appointed morning, accompanied by another gentleman of the same profession, almost equally famous for his decorative genius. Monsieur Truffette, a dapper little man, redolent of attar of roses, and dressed in the latest Parisian style, seated himself on the sofa, dividing his attention between the ceiling and the morning paper, casting an occasional glance of sublime indifference at the labors of his meek-looking and most deferential partner, who was arranging the lady's tresses. Conscious of his own importance, and aware that he was conferring a lasting favor on the Newburgh family, a placid smile occasionally lit up his serene countenance. When "Number Two" had exhausted his skill, Monsieur condescended to rise and direct his orbs towards the elaborately adorned head ; a smile of approval parted his lips, and he amazed the assistant by condescending to touch a small feather which bent about a quarter of an inch in the wrong direction. The quartette now resumed the perpendicular. Reverend Mother gazed in silent wonderment, not knowing what was to come next. Her ladyship thanked Monsieur for his promptitude in waiting on her, who in reply assured "my lady" that, *were it possible*, he would do as much for any member of her noble house. After bowing first to opposites, and then diagonally, "the world" went out of the Convent, and a carriage bore *Messieurs les friseurs* to a less penitential atmosphere.

"My dear," said the Foundress, innocently, "was it necessary to pay that person twenty-five guineas for sitting on the sofa and reading the newspaper?" "Oh, Mother," replied her ladyship, "he merely oversees. He would lose caste if he decorated any head but the Queen's. I feel grateful to him for coming; indeed, I hardly expected him to come here."

Lady Barbara could give plausible reasons for court etiquette, but all the logic from Aristotle to Locke could not convince the Foundress of the expediency of employing her Majesty's hair-dresser in a Convent. However, she made no farther allusion to it.

As this lady was the first of the rank of an earl's daughter that had entered a Convent in England for centuries, it was thought that some privileges she seemed to require, and which several Orders would yield to a gentlewoman of less rank, would be readily conceded. Yet this was not the case. The following passage occurs in a letter dated May, 1841:

"Lady Barbara, now Sister M. de Sales, is professed at last, an humble Sister of Mercy. She found it hard to relinquish all, but no other terms would be agreed to." The noble lady desired to reserve a private pension out of her vast fortune, but on matters concerning the vow of poverty, Reverend Mother was inflexible; and when Sister M. de Sales saw this, she offered to submit to any alternative rather than leave the Institute. She survived her profession eight years, dying in 1849.

A new Gothic building, however picturesque, is not a very comfortable abode in December and January. To the Foundress, who always chose for herself the worst of every thing, London proved very unhealthy. She coughed continually during the nights, and the inflammatory attacks to which she was a martyr, greatly increased in violence and frequency. On the thirtieth of January she wrote from St. Mary's: "I have been confined to bed since my return; not down till yesterday. I was obliged to have a physician. Then my old mouth complaint kept me on infants' diet for eleven days." For many years she had been subject to a putrid sore mouth, and while it lasted, bread and water, with a little milk, used to be her only food. As these attacks were very frequent, "infants' diet" was her ordinary food.

Speaking of Sister M. Clare, late Superior of St. Marie's of the Isle, whom she loaned to Bermondsey, she writes :

" My poor Sister Clare is Superior in London till the twentieth of August next. They will be anxious to keep her there, if Bishop Murphy consents. The Bishop of London is greatly pleased with her : he said he never saw so much maturity in so young a person, and that she had solid judgment in her countenance. She is, thank God, perfectly indifferent as to where or how she shall be."

Almost immediately after her return, Rev. Mother lost one of the very few priests who would venture openly to disagree with Dr. Meyler on the chaplaincy question. She thus speaks of her loss :

" I have just heard of Very Rev. Dr. Coleman's death, and, indeed, I have reason to be heartily sorry. Bishop Blake having mentioned to him how much I was afflicted, with regard to the arrangements making as to the chaplaincy, though he was exceeding weak and the weather most severe, he came here several times, went to Dr. Meyler, and used all the means in his power to have it as we wished. When he could not succeed, he wrote me such a kind, fatherly note ; I can never forget his great tenderness and Christian manner of acting. He desired that we should regard him as a particular friend, and immediately he is called away. His death was quite sudden. May God receive him into the glory of heaven !"

It will be noticed that when any person strove to assist Mother McAuley, she was equally grateful, whether success followed the effort or not. In the letter from which we make the above extract, she declares herself to be " perplexed and weary, and out of conceit with everything." Her last new branch could scarce be called a solace, for she writes—" Booterstown is an additional weight on my mind. I have endless anxiety there, and no animating circumstance, except the hope that God may receive some small portion of glory from the assistance given to his poor."

Whatever Mother McAuley writes, her intense devotion to the poor always appears. Be it a letter, or a rule,* or an instruction,

* " As the Sisters of this Institute must employ a *great part of their time instructing the poor*," &c., Rule, Chap. IX. Sec. 1. " The Sisters shall always

the poor are never absent. Though she embraced the whole human race in that heart of hers, which "overflowed with the charity of Jesus," yet its fondest throbbings were for His more special representatives, and she seems to have thought that the angels themselves love better to guard the poor than the rich, fully subscribing to this sweet sentiment of a "sister poet:"

> "The poor are the same as the rich to them,
> Or, if there's a change, 'tis only
> That sometimes the angels think more of them,
> They are so unloved and lonely."

Her charity to the sick was far from being confined to the Sisters. The poor servant that entered the House of Mercy worn with thankless toil, and the orphan picked up in a dingy alley, found in her a fond mother. For natural as well as spiritual evils, she was all charity, and she could not be wearied in well-doing. But this is only what we should expect of her. A chivalrous monarch once said: "If honor be banished from all other places, it ought to find a home in the breasts of kings." With greater reason might we expect that if charity were banished from the hearts of all others, it ought to find a refuge in the heart of a Sister of Mercy. "If an action has a hundred faces, always look at the best of them," said the gentle Saint of Geneva. This was Mother McAuley's practice. She is ever ready to console, to make extraordinary allowances for the shortcomings of poor human nature; but to reprove or inflict a penance seemed almost impossible to the sweet spirit that would scarcely believe any one wilfully erred. When a fault was too manifest to be dissembled, compassion was the feeling it excited within her, and this, she believed with St. Bernard, to be the most necessary quality for those who are obliged to correct others. "Without it," says he, "we should shatter the strong ships of Tharsis, break the reed already bruised,

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have the warmest devotion to the Mother of God, that . . . under her powerful protection they may be enabled *to implant Jesus Christ in the hearts of the poor whom they are charged to instruct*," Rule XIII. 1. "The Sisters of this Institute being continually employed in the *spiritual and corporal works of mercy*," Rule XX. 1. "As the Sisters of this Institute *are devoted to the poor*," Rule X., &c., &c.

extinguish the spark which still causes the flax to smoke, and crush out whatever little good may remain in our poor, erring fellow-creature." Rev. Mother often expatiated on the description the prophet had given of our Lord: "The bruised reed He shall not break, and the smoking flax He shall not extinguish. He shall not be sad or troublesome;" telling the Sisters to be constantly striving to imitate Him, so that whoever conversed with them might be reminded of some passage in His life; but above and before all things, she desired that they should everywhere diffuse "the sweetness of Jesus," that by their very looks, no less than their words, they might attract His erring children to His friendship and love. But the poor were never absent from her thoughts. "God knows," she wrote, "that I would rather be cold and hungry than that His poor in Kingstown or elsewhere, should be deprived of any consolation in my power to bestow." And corporal alms seemed small in her eyes, if unaccompanied by kindness, sympathy, and spiritual alms. A priest once complained that it would be easier to procure an interview with the Pope than with Miss McAuley; but this was not the experience of the poor, to whose tales of woe she listened till sleep overpowered her, and when a Sister roused her, she would not still move from her little room till she heard and consoled every poor creature that asked her sympathy. To the poor she was ever accessible, and the more so as she knew that poverty and crime are treated in the same manner under the British government; or rather, the latter has the advantage, the prisons for criminals being in every respect more comfortable than the prisons for the poor. She could not bear to mention the poor-house to the destitute, and she shuddered at the idea of mixing promiscuously the pious, decent poor, with the vagrants and immoral persons unavoidably admitted to such institutions as poor-houses.

"Love one another as I have loved you." Political economy could never reach this. It can indeed lock up the poor, like criminals, and feed and clothe them worse than murderers, but it will not be found to go much further. But Christians, who "ought to die for the brethren," how can they "banish suffering, that its agonies may not disturb them, or subject poverty to perpetual incarceration, that they may not be offended by its rags?" The

Foundress, with her intense love of the poor, never sat down to a meal without thinking of their necessities, nor did she think any one had a vocation to her Institute whose heart was not "filled with the tenderest pity and charity for the poor," as she says in her Rule. The great distress that prevailed at different periods of her life sorely grieved her, when she thought how very little she could do to relieve it. The princely revenues which should have relieved the poor, were in the hands of the "Establishment," and it is notorious that though some of its dignitaries used the crowbar* more than the crozier, none of them ever thought of "dying for the brethren." "The workhouses have not lessened our numbers," she wrote in 1840, "and to speak of the poor-house to any of our poor inmates is a kind of condemnation. There is such a mixture of immoral persons unavoidably admitted, that the reduced orderly persons cannot bear to go there."

The gratitude of the Foundress towards those who aided her to assist the poor was great and constant. Indeed, though she was never known to resent an injury, she never could forget the smallest kindness shown herself or the Sisters, or, through them, to the poor. Centuries ago Seneca, in his book *On Benefits*, reiterated what was even then an old complaint about the ingratitude of man; yet we believe that those who know how to confer favors will find gratitude on the part of recipients to be the rule rather than the exception. Some confer a favor to-day and inflict an injury to-morrow, yet are absurd enough to expect all gratitude and no resentment from the receiver of a round of benefits and insults. Some "do nothing more than is appointed them," and yet imagine that the mere fulfilling of their obligations entitles them to the lasting gratitude of all with whom they come in contact. There are, to be sure, terrific instances of real ingratitude recorded in history. A tyrannical king orders the arrest of a dying ecclesiastic, who, with keen remorse and bitter eloquence, regrets that he had served that monarch far better than he had served his God. The profound philosopher, Bacon, uses his talent to vilify the memory

* For instance, Dr. Plunkett, whose conduct towards his poor tenants would disgrace a Turk, but is perfectly incomprehensible in any person who reads the Bible, much less a man whom the law dubs an Archbishop.

of his munificent benefactor, the unfortunate Essex. An English princess, whose memory is still revered in her country, calumniates and deserts the unhappy monarch in whom *she*, at least, found an indulgent father and a lenient sovereign. But in common, every-day life, we do believe that those who know how to confer benefits without, as the phrase is, "taking the good out of them," will often be surprised to find how capable the most boorish and stolid are of appreciating small favors, and to such as complain of ingratitude, they will be able to answer in those lines which Faber well calls "exquisite :"

> "I've heard of hearts unkind, kind deeds
> With coldness still returning:
> Alas! the gratitude of men
> Hath oftener left me mourning."

Persons peculiarly capable of appreciating kindness are generally peculiarly sensitive to unkindness ; but of the latter quality, Reverend Mother never gave any exterior evidence. Gratitude, in the highest degree, had a home in her beautiful soul. The least favor done her was never forgotten ; the smallest kindness shown her children was a title to her friendship. If any one aids her Institute, he is forthwith esteemed a benefactor ; every Sister must learn to revere his name ; whatever favor he asks must be granted ; and, while there is a convent of her Order on earth, he must be publicly prayed for. Bishop Blake was, perhaps, the chief among her benefactors : he can, therefore, command her and her Institute ; he may send to St. Mary's as many portionless ladies as he chooses ; and, no matter how the exchequer stands, no one recommended by the Bishop of Dromore will ever be dismissed for want of funds. The same prelate expresses a wish to see the English Sisters, and she immediately starts with them for the north, though she had scarcely any business in Newry but to oblige him, and had just been complaining that she "had got a surfeit of travelling in her old days." Very Rev. James Maher had shown some kindness to the Sisters in Carlow. She writes repeatedly to thank him ; and, when he comes to St. Mary's, she prepares his meals herself, at the risk of injuring her broken arm. If any person, in the remotest corner of the four provinces, does a favor to the Sisters of

Mercy, or even speaks kindly of their Institute, it must be noted in the Annals, and all the future generations of the Order must testify gratitude by daily prayers for the benefactor.* But, when injuries were inflicted on her or hers, even by those to whom she had shown substantial kindness, she never evinced the least resentment. She was not below revenge—and revenge is a common thing, even among people who call themselves good—the law of retaliation is the most universal of all laws; but she was far above revenge, for she strove to imitate Him who excused and prayed for His murderers. If her enemy was hungry, she gave him to eat; if thirsty, she gave him to drink; if she could do nothing else, she was ever ready to exclaim, "*Father, forgive them!*" These were the coals of fire she heaped on the heads of such as misunderstanding or resentment had made her enemies. Whatever she did she never looked for thanks; and she frequently reminded the Sisters that the poor, ignorant creatures whom they assisted, often, and reasonably, as it seems to them, think that much more ought to be done for them; and, if they show ingratitude, they must not be blamed, since He whom we profess to serve in them will, on the judgment-day, reward a cup of cold water given in His name. "It is for Him we serve them, not for thanks," she would say. Perhaps she thought gratitude too great a payment for benefits; for, certainly, it comes nearest of all things

* In several of her letters she mentions the kindnesses done to the Order in various places, and seems fearful lest the Sisters should forget them, or not appreciate them as they deserve, or take them as a matter of course, and neglect to *feel* and *show* gratitude for them. This was particularly the case when priests were the benefactors, for she regarded them not only as the instruments of the greatest blessings to all Christians, but also as protectors to the Institute, without whose patronage and assistance it could accomplish but little. Hence, she taught the Sisters to regard it not as a task, but as a privilege, to be able to aid them in any way. The deference and affection she evinced towards ecclesiastics often surprised the Sisters. It all came of her faith, and her high appreciation of the great dignity of the "Anointed of the Lord." If, when engaged with the highest personages of the three kingdoms, as she often was, she was informed that a priest called, no matter how young or how obscure he might be, even if he only called to pay a visit of ceremony, she instantly left her company to receive him. "Priests," she would say, "are the most special representatives of our Lord; and if we do not treat them as such—we who have been so well instructed as to their exalted office—who will?"

to cancel the greatest obligations, and repay the benefactor a thousandfold, and she did not desire to receive so large a reward in this world.

But, if she were grateful to man, as the channel of many favors to her, much more was she grateful to God, the Adorable Source whence every good proceeds. Gratitude to God for being made the instrument of many blessings to her suffering fellow-creatures, is the chief sentiment which her wonderful success excited within her. And though her friend, the venerable Archdeacon of Limerick, describes her as having become, during the last years of her life, "the centre of attraction to the high and titled of the three kingdoms," yet, so far as can be judged from her acts, her conversations, and her letters, she does not seem to have experienced a single emotion of vainglory, or even of self-complacency. On hearing of the prosperity of the Limerick Convent, she writes to the Superioress:

"God grant you lively gratitude and profound humility. Then, indeed, you will be a child of Benediction."

Gratitude and humility for being permitted to assist Jesus Christ in His suffering members, are the principal sentiments which she thought success ought to awaken in the hearts of her children.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Galway.—"A second Mary Teresa."—The English Sisters.—The Laundry.—Dr. Griffiths entreats more aid for Bermondsey.—Reception of the Sisters for the Birmingham Foundation.—Reception in Galway.—Difficulties.—Very Rev. Peter Daly.

THE Institute was now firmly established in Leinster and Munster; the London house was flourishing. The next successful applicant for a foundation was Right Rev. Bishop Browne, better known as "the Dove of Elphin," who commissioned Very Rev. Mr. Daly to negotiate the business, and informed the Foundress that there were several ladies in his diocese awaiting the opening of the Galway convent, to devote themselves to God and the poor as Sisters of Mercy.

Few cities in Ireland are better known out of it than the ancient, half-Spanish-looking Galway, which boldly faces the Atlantic, and seems to invite to its capacious harbor the ships of many a nation. Among its primitive-looking inhabitants, fiery black eyes and rich brown complexions still verify the opinion that, when the ships of Lisbon and Cadiz thronged its port, they left a portion of their crews behind. One advantage which these hardy westerners quietly arrogate to themselves is, that Connaught in general, and Galway in particular, can boast of the best blood in Ireland. Seeing that we are all descended in a direct line from Adam, it is unnecessary to dispute the claims of "the Tribes," which, to say the truth, have a sort of foundation. In times of persecution, the cities of Connaught were often cities of refuge for other parts of Ireland; and the Catholic faith flourished in them when it *seemed* extinct in more important places. Besides, Cromwell, in his more merciful moods, used to allow "innocent Papists" the privilege of choosing between—the lower regions and Con-

naught ; and thus, through the kindness or the policy of the amiable "Protector," who "liked the sport" of slaughtering women and children, some of the old historic families of Ireland were saved from utter extinction by migrating westward. The estated gentlemen of Connaught are generally Catholics, while in other parts of Ireland this class is, to a great extent, represented by Protestants of some denomination or other. These particulars will account for the "Galway consequence" which gave the Foundress some trouble, and for which, with her usual sagacity, she made ample allowance. "Every place has its peculiarities," said she, "and to these we must concede as much as we possibly can." The Superior she appointed for the Galway house was of a high family, though not a very rich one ; but "gentle blood" was the main point here. Yet, to be candid, the vulgar aristocracy of wealth was more rare in the "City of the Tribes," than the aristocracy of birth or intellect. There were already six Convents in Galway ; it would not be easy to maintain a seventh, which, as professing to perform the works of Mercy, required some public support. Reverend Mother undertook the business with her usual reliance on Divine Providence, and the event more than justified her expectations.

In May, 1840, this foundation set out, accompanied by Very Rev. Father O'Hanlon. The Carmelites of Loughrea extended their hospitality to the travellers, and with them they rested one night. The Priory of Loughrea is the only one in Ireland in which the succession of Priors was never interrupted. In the darkest days of persecution, the Carmelite Fathers—whose ranks were mostly recruited from Spanish novitiates, by Irish members returning to their native land ready for martyrdom—contrived to live on, in dens and caverns, till peace came, when they emerged from their obscurity. This is, we believe, the only monastic institution in Ireland whose origin dates beyond the Reformation, or, at least, which escaped temporary suppression. The Carmelite Nuns of Loughrea are, however, of more recent establishment. It was not wonderful that Father O'Hanlon glowed with enthusiasm while visiting this sacred spot, so many centuries in possession of Confessors of his illustrious Order, who chose to starve and die in

crypts and caves rather than quit the hallowed ruins of their ancient monastery.

In Galway Mother McAuley met her "dear friend, Fanny Tighe," but we have already alluded to this meeting.

The following letters from Galway contain many varieties of news :

"I was so hurried and so cross preparing for this foundation, that I was obliged to put off writing to you. Five English sisters entering—the bazaar—my poor little sister Mary carried down from her bed, to be removed to Booterstown—Sister M. Teresa very ill—so much in every direction to press upon my mind, that I became quite weary. Sister M. Josephine sent me some turkey-eggs, with a note, saying : 'I send you some of your favorite eggs.' I do not remember ever speaking about them ; but of course I did ; and it was so very kind of her to keep it in remembrance, that I wrote a few lines to thank her, but so badly, that it was distressing to me to forward them. If possible, I would have written to your poor brother's widow, but in real truth I was not able. I trust God will protect his family, and extend to him that mercy in which he delights.

"We like the Bishop here very much. We have a very large house not yet in conventual order. Sisters are entering sooner than I expected ; we have now four postulants. One, a very nice person, somewhat stricken in years—good means, and great Galway consequence. Miss Joyce is coming, a sweet little creature, very pretty, about twenty. Her papa and mamma are making a tour ; but she could not be induced to go. I scarcely know what I am writing, with the noise of carpenters and painters. You may be sure patronage is greatly divided here—each house has its party—Presentation, Dominican, Augustinian, Franciscan, Ursulines, and now, Sisters of Mercy. The Ursulines are said to enjoy most of episcopal patronage, but Bishop Browne has love and charity enough for thousands, and embraces all with genuine paternal care and apostolic affection.

"I am now in the kitchen, the room I was in is being painted. I feel the turf smoke ! This is a pious Catholic town. There would be fifteen in the convent in six months, if three hundred

pounds could be accepted ; but the poor funds will not admit of this. Three of our candidates have merely enough—another has forty-seven pounds a year, and five hundred to bequeath,—this latter has fully arrived at the eleventh hour. Our Order is greatly liked ; but there is really no money to spare among the people. A very nice person, daughter to an estated gentleman, is coming ; and with all the influence of Bishop and priests—and they possess much—more than five hundred pounds cannot be obtained—he would not give six. The generality of respectable inhabitants, could not, we are assured, give more.

" The Bishop is all sweetness to every one. Very Rev. Mr. Daly is guardian. He says he does not see any more who could bring what is absolutely required, five or six hundred pounds.

" I feel very much for your poor sister-in-law ; but I should fear much your taking her child. These engagements were never designed for our state : and whatever is contrary to it, *or not absolutely belonging to it*, will ever create agitation of mind. God will assist such a good mother—not one of her children will be lost. The English Catholics are rich. It is only in Ireland proselytism of that nature need be dreaded.

" Our English Sisters are greatly liked. One, Miss Beckett, a convert of high family, is quite equal to Sister M. Clare in arts, sciences, languages, &c. It is very animating to see six persons most happily circumstanced, leave their friends and country to enter on a mission so contrary to natural inclinations ; but the fire which Christ came to cast upon earth is kindling very fast.

" We just got a sweet postulant, a second Mary Teresa McAuley in look and manner. Her family are going to travel ; and though she would have seen the Pope and all the splendors of the Eternal City, she entreated to be left at home, that she might join us as soon as possible. Our Bishop could not be kinder ; and as for Father Daly, we all love him. He is delighted with being constantly called on, and proud of the new Sisters. He says " the root has struck, and he feels that it will flourish."

After two months' stay in Galway, Reverend Mother returned to St. Mary's, having left the new foundation " with every prospect of success." In the spring of 1840, six English ladies entered

to make a novitiate previous to opening the Institute in Birmingham. Mother McAuley thus comprehensively glances at them :

"The English Sisters are most interesting, and manifest, so far, every mark of a true vocation to the Institute. They are so playful, that they afford amusement to all at recreation. Miss E——, who came while I was in Galway, is a sweet creature, quite refined, simple, and interesting. Sister Marianne, a prime pet with Mother Cecilia (though this is not to be seen by every eye), is very gentle, and all that is desirable. Sister Juliana is quite satisfactory—all her doubts and fears have passed away. Sister Anna is very amiable, though, from a natural disposition to silence, not so pleasing as the others. Sister Lucy greatly improved—not nearly so much of the wild English girl. Their Mother, M. Cecilia, is in better spirits than ever I saw her ; her laugh at recreation is fully equal to our dear little Catherine's. It seems so extraordinary to find no vacant seat in the refectory, after all the dear Sisters we have parted in life and death."

To repeated inquiries as to her health, which was now quite shattered, she pleasantly replies :

"I have a real old man's cough—old woman is entirely exploded from the fashionable vocabulary, no such character is to be recognized in future. I hope, however, that my old man's cough will not impede my journey westward in September, as I look forward with joyful expectation to seeing you all once more."

Then she turns to the other invalids, all of whom survived her : "Sister M. Aloysia is exceedingly thin, pale, and weak ; she has no cough or any other alarming symptom. Sister M. Austin is quite delicate, with a prospect of recovery. Our poor, indefatigable Sister Teresa* is in the same state—teeth discolored, bad rest, scarcely any appetite—whole countenance expressive of some vital part being affected, yet doing more than ever for the Institute. She clings to her charitable employment, and every action of hers seems to be followed by a blessing. She is most patient and amiable every way."

This year Mother McAuley realized a project she had much at

* This Sister is still living (1866).

heart—the building of a public laundry in connection with the House of Mercy. "Through the providence of God and the kindness of Father O'Hanlon," she writes, "we have got a legacy nearly equal to the amount." She was also enabled to build an addition to the House of Mercy. Speaking of the laundry, she says :

"Sister Agatha head laundress (all the Lay Sisters are very good). The expense of coal is great—a ton a week—soap, &c. These things take time. The work should be great that would leave a surplus after this ; but fire will not cost more when the work is much increased, as the hot closet must be prepared in the same manner for a small as for a large quantity."

In June, 1840, Bishop Murphy, of Cork, wrote to Sister M. Clare, whom he had loaned to Bermondsey, stating that he would go to London for her in August. Bishop Griffifths learning this, sent an urgent appeal to Dr. Murphy, entreating that he would permit her to remain a little longer. "Let their Lordships settle it between them," wrote the temporary Superioress ; "I feel no anxiety." Their Lordships did "settle it between them," but not to the satisfaction of Reverend Mother, who, on hearing their decision, wrote :

"If I had it as I wished, I would not have left her in London after myself, since she was not to remain. A change hereafter will be dangerous—she has already been left there too long—but it will be a lesson for other foundations. God will direct all to His greater glory."

This prediction was verified. When the change was made, it proved dangerous indeed ; but had Rev. Mother's advice been acted on, the young Order had been spared much anxiety and some trouble. So far was Dr. Griffifths from consenting to Mother Clare's removal when "the little while" was over, that he wrote to Ireland for more Sisters, as the Foundress thus mentions :

"I had a most interesting letter from the Bishop of London, asking for two professed Sisters to forward some views which he does not fully explain. I suspect they design to open another house in London, in a more central situation than Bermondsey, though this has not been unequivocally stated to me. However,

he asked the favor so much in the name of God, that it was impossible to refuse, though most distressing to comply. Very Rev. Drs. Butler and Maddock arrived here to conduct them to London. I saw my poor Sisters M. Xavier and de Sales on board, and though the cabin was full of high-toned persons, the good little stewardess recognized us at once, and said most triumphantly: 'This is the *Queen*, that you went in to found a convent in London.' I feel quite deserted this morning. May God bless them, and receive the offering to His greater glory."

Whatever the projects were which the saintly Bishop entertained, they had to be laid aside for the present, three of the Bermondsey Sisters having caught a most malignant fever, which proved fatal in two cases. In a letter dated November, 1840, the Foundress says:

"We fancied Sisters M. de Sales and Xavier were going for some additional good work; but God has arrested the progress, no doubt to give us a greater contempt of earthly plans, and more animation to work with increased fervor, seeing that life and death are so closely, so intimately united. I have just got a third letter from my poor Sister M. Clare, who says: 'Picture us to yourself going to the vault with one dear Sister on Wednesday, and with another on the Saturday following.' The third remains in a very doubtful state. They caught this malignant fever attending a poor family, all of whom have recovered! My poor Sister Clare is in deep affliction; she says, 'My heart is gone.' You would not know her writing.

"I look forward now to their greater progress, to show that 'His ways are not like our ways, nor His thoughts like our thoughts.' This is the way of God's providence. All will go on well, to show that what we consider a drawback will be followed by greater progress. My poor Sisters Xavier and de Sales have been of the greatest assistance. What a scene of sorrow we sent them to!"

Sisters M. Ursula O'Connor and M. Scholastica Borroughs were the victims of this fever. Of Sister M. Ursula, the authoress of Geraldine, then Mother-Assistant in Bermondsey Convent, wrote to the friends of the deceased:

"Her death was triumphant in faith, hope, and charity. A little before her departure, she exclaimed: 'My God, Thou knowest I have never refused Thee any thing: call me now, and receive me into Thy bosom.'"

"The Community in heaven" was rapidly increasing. Sister M. Burke, in the Galway Convent, St. Teresa's, was summoned from the Order before she received its habit. Determined that the new branch should sustain no loss by her demise, she bequeathed her fortune to admit a Sister in her place. Six Sisters of Mercy passed from earth in as many months, of the year 1840.

In August, this year, the Sisters destined for Birmingham Convent received the holy habit, the Archbishop presiding. "I felt exceedingly anxious," wrote Mother McAuley, "that Dr. Murray should perform this ceremony, in order to make the most pious impression on their minds. His grace, who is greatly engaged, named the 8th of August. We must come out of retreat for that purpose, and will joyfully do so, since he assents. He looks so heavenly and venerable that the English Sisters will never forget him. The effect will be most valuable to them, and we esteem it so great a favor to get him that we would not make any difficulty." The beauty of the immortal spirit, which gives expression to the human face, can be seen only by its Creator; but one does not often meet a countenance so eloquent of every virtue, so well adapted to confirm in the beholder the reverence a high and sacred office naturally inspires, as was that of the late Archbishop of Dublin; and even this accidental circumstance the Foundress turns to account.

In September, this year, she assisted at a Reception, at St. Teresa's, Galway, which took place in the parish church. The whole Community attended, the carriages of the parents of the ladies to be received having been kindly placed at their disposal. Sister Christina Joyce, daughter of Walter Joyce, Esq., of Merview, and Sister Frances Macdonald, were the ladies received on that occasion. The sermon was preached by the "Apostle of Temperance," a great friend of Reverend Mother's. "Father Theobald Mathew has become quite eloquent since last I heard him," she writes. Yet, his reputation as a preacher being estab-

lished previous to 1840, she must have heard him before under unfavorable auspices. If the essence of eloquence be the power to persuade or convince, then was the Apostle the greatest orator of his day. Still, his extraordinary success was due rather to his extreme kindness and geniality than to his eloquence. In a letter dated October, 1840, the following characteristic passage occurs :

"The few Sisters they have in Galway are remarkably nice. Father Daly visits them some time every day. He objected to a very nice young person, to whom an uncle left a large legacy, because she had been for a few months in a respectable millinery warehouse! He said the Galway people would find out any thing, and if they found *that* out, it would cause certain injury! He had charge of the Presentation Convent for twenty years, and is quite attentive to every trifle. He is most generous, but has not means proportioned to his undertakings, and is always engaged for too much." Verily, it was not easy to supply subjects for a place where genealogies and antecedents were matter for such warm discussion ; and if the Foundress did not like these things "carried so far as—*Cork*," she certainly did not like them carried so far as—Galway. Yet she always conceded, as far as she could, to the peculiarities of every place, while she showed the Sisters that in religion virtue was the only real aristocracy, the chief thing valued.

Shortly after her return, she wrote to Mother Teresa White, of Galway :

"I cannot make up any excuse to write to Father Daly, since you say he is as kind as ever. If you would only complain, I could then alarm him by saying I would go to Galway immediately, to look after my poor, fatherless children."

Under a later date, she writes to Mother Catherine Leahy :

"I am delighted to find you are so happy. You cannot be otherwise, while the spirit of your vocation animates your actions. The daily review and interrogation : 'What had God in view in calling me to this state? Do I endeavor, in every thought, word, and action, to correspond with his intentions in my regard?' These are all important. As I am certain you attend to them, happiness must await you, even when you have many charges to bring against yourself."

The reader will easily perceive that the animated correspondence Rev. Mother kept up with each of her houses, was a heavy tax on her time, though not on her charity. Her children afterwards confessed that they had shown great want of consideration for their sainted Mother, whom they expected to give them a detailed account of all that took place in St. Mary's, and even to gratify them by going one or two hundred miles out of her way to visit them ; and this on a mail coach which sped through the country at the rate of four or five miles an hour. To an invitation to partake of the latter recreation, and a request to bring such and such Sisters with her, she replied : "I received your welcome letter, and am quite amused with all your proposed arrangements for the expected visitors. 'Man proposes,'" &c., &c. Yet she who knew how to make herself all to all, and who 'pleased not herself,' never seemed weary of the affectionate but rather distressing importunities of her absent children. When hindered from replying directly to their notes, she politely apologizes ; and the least effort they make to testify their affection, she immediately acknowledges, and strives to repay by prayers and thanks.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

The Apostle of Temperance and the Sister of Mercy.—A Howard among the Teetotalers.—Birr.—Worse feuds than the "O'Carroll Feuds."—The Apostle's expedient.—The Crottyites.—Mother McAuley on the progress of Temperance.—Letters from Birr.—Conversion of Rev. Mr. Crotty.—"The sun shines too brightly" for the Foundress.

DURING the past few years, Rev. Mother had frequently met and corresponded with her friend, Very Rev. Theobald Mathew, then the idol of the people. Besides the intrinsic graces of his peculiar "Apostleship," he was endowed with every exterior gift powerful to secure respect and win affection. His countenance was eminently handsome, his aspect commanding, his carriage noble, his whole presence majestic — suavity and benevolence glowed in his every feature. The elegance of the perfect gentleman, and the "universal blandness of the courtier," were tempered by the solemn dignity of the Priest, which never for a moment forsook the saintly friar, though he extended the hand of friendship to the beggar and the lord, and was emphatically the friend and father of the poor.

Catherine McAuley and Theobald Mathew had much in common. Enlarged benevolence, universal sympathy, utmost tenderness for the unfortunate, and almost extravagant kindness to the erring, marked the dealings of both with their fellow-creatures. Not a drop of gall or bitterness was found in either. The sweetness, mildness, and charity of Jesus faintly, yet truly, irradiated the countenance of each. They were, indeed, kindred spirits, almost too bright for earth. Perhaps neither ever caused the shedding of a tear, if we except tears of gratitude and affection. They left the world better and happier than they found it; and what a world this might be, if there were many such!

Mother McAuley noted with peculiar delight the successes of her

friend in his great work; and she always considered him as a special agent in the hands of God. Every rank, age, and sex flocked to the Apostle, eager to receive the "Pledge" from his venerable hands. The Earl of Arundel and Surrey, whose ancestors ruled the fairest portions of Europe,* ages before the royal Houses of Tudor, Stuart, or Brunswick were heard of, knelt with a crowd of laborers before the Irish Franciscan. The erudite and the illiterate, priests and laymen, Catholics, Protestants, and Dissenters, were among his cherished disciples. But the poor were the class most benefited by the immense boon of temperance. No longer were bacchanalian revellers, haggard wives, and wretched, starving children, found among those whom Jesus specially loves, and among whom His own blessed lot on earth was cast.

Father Mathew, in a Temperance mission to Birr, in 1840, became acquainted with the particulars of an affair which threatened serious consequences. This little town is situated in the south-western extremity of King's County, not far from Tipperary. It is much visited by persons curious to see Lord Rosse's telescope, the largest optical instrument in the world, which is erected in Birr Castle. In Irish history Birr is famous for "the O'Carroll feuds;" but the feuds which distracted it some thirty years ago acquired it a more unfortunate celebrity. Difficulties between its pastor and the Lord Bishop of Killaloe, which resulted in open rebellion on the part of the former, gave rise to something like a schism, for many joined the poor, deluded man who resisted his lawful superior. Now, it had always been the proud boast of Ireland, that neither heresy nor schism originated on her soil, and that no native of Ireland, at home or abroad, ever became an heresiarch or a schismatic;† and this boast few other Catholic coun-

* The nobleman here referred to was heir to the Duke of Norfolk. The Howards reckon, among their progenitors, Charlemagne, Alfred the Great, St. Margaret of Scotland, St. Louis of France, the greatest of the Plantagenets, &c.

† Another peculiarity of the ancient Irish Church is, that it had no martyrs. The few commemorated as martyrs in the calendar, as St. Dympna, &c., did not receive the crown of martyrdom in their native land. The Normans, reproaching the Irish for this in the thirteenth century, Archbishop O'Heney, of Cashel, retorted—"That reproach will soon be taken away, since the Normans, who know so well how to make martyrs, are come into our country." Since

tries, if any, can make. When Europe teemed with Arians, Waldenses, Albigenses, or Lollards—when the Reformation produced an English Church in England, a Scotch Church in Scotland, no Irish Church started up: the Irish people remained as they are to-day, almost "more Roman than the Romans themselves." No wonder, then, that all good Catholics grieved when something, ever so little, resembling a schism, threatened to sully a small fraction of the Church in Ireland, after fourteen centuries of fidelity.

The breach between legitimate and self-constituted authority became daily wider, to the scandal of the weak, the extinction of charity, and, perhaps, the loss of souls. Party feeling was at its height: the right could not, and the wrong would not, yield, and there was but one man in Ireland to whom both sides would listen,—that man was the genial and gentle Apostle of Temperance. During his stay in Birr he became fully acquainted with the evils Rev. Mr. Crotty had caused: and besides enrolling thousands under the banner of temperance, which was his chief business, he strenuously labored to restore unity and brotherly love. Few could resist his unfailing kindness; but he no sooner departed than his converts relapsed. Priests, except himself, could do nothing in the business. The Crottyites would not walk on the same side of the street with a priest. The expedient he devised proved entirely successful. He thought these great, rough men, who openly defied priest and bishop, might yield to the gentler ministrations of the Sisters of Mercy. Accordingly, he opened a correspondence with the Foundress, visited her several times, and having pleaded his cause with his wonted eloquence, obtained a promise that Birr would be her next foundation. He plainly told her that the conversion of the incorrigibles must be her chief inducement, there being as yet no foundation fund or endowment offered for the convent in contemplation; but no sooner had she learned that the faith of the poor people was in danger, than she wrote: "I would

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the Reformation, however, every diocese, town, and village, and almost every family can point out its martyrs. Rev. Mr. Neligan, in his "Saintly Characters," says: "The causes of several holy persons who died in Ireland for the faith, during the ages of persecution which passed over that land, ever faithful to the Mother of God and St. Peter, are before the Congregation of Rites."

like to remain in Birr as one stationary. I should not fear begging my bread." Even if Baggot-street had to be relinquished, Birr was sure to be founded.

Besides, the Apostle was an active friend to the Order, and as such his requests were commands. When he and the Foundress met in their widely dissimilar missions of mercy, it could only be to aid and encourage each other. Gladly would she have spent the few months that now remained to her, in Birr—happy, if by her life, much less by her exertions, she could repair the rent the enemy of souls was making in Christ's seamless garment, the Church.

"Give me, for Birr," wrote the Apostle, "truly spiritual persons —souls that rely entirely on God's providence." Such persons she sought for this trying mission. She always sought to meet the peculiarities of every place; and seeing that Birr almost required a saint, she destined for it the most saintly member then in the Order, her "most angelic Sister M. Aloysia Scott." But as Sister M. Aloysia was then in consumption, Prayers and Masses were offered for her recovery; and as she soon became perfectly well, Rev. Mother always thought Father Mathew had wrought a miracle in her behalf. "We are all grieved," wrote she, "to part with our dear, humble and saintly Sister M. Aloysia;" but as she was best suited to the arduous task of reconverting Birr, she must be spared. In November, 1840, the Apostle arrived in Dublin on a Temperance mission, and also to make conclusive arrangements for the Birr foundation. Of the change total abstinence had wrought in a few months, the Foundress speaks thus energetically:

"The publicans are in terror at Father Mathew's approach. Another visit, they say, will break them. What an agent he has been in the hands of God! You can scarcely form an idea of the moral improvement throughout the country. We passed through populous towns on fair-days without hearing one angry voice—men, women, and children well dressed, and all most peaceable and happy. This proves what the special grace of God can effect, though bestowed on but one man, yet so as to go forth amongst millions by the agency of his touch. Creatures are converted who never could keep a promise made to God or man, and who frequently violated the most solemn oaths when intemperance was

in question. Persons of strong mind and good education have never given evidence of greater resolution than these thousands of weak, ignorant, obstinate creatures are now manifesting."*

The Irish were not more addicted to intoxication than their Scotch and English neighbors; but if there were only a dozen inebriates on the island, it would be a dozen too many. There is no denying that this odious vice made dreadful havoc among the poor, particularly in large cities. None knew this better than Reverend Mother. Full half the misery which it had been her life-long business to relieve, was the result of intemperance. Wherever this vice prevailed, there coexisted nude, wretched children and famished wives, whose whole appearance bore but too eloquent testimony of the amiability which inebriate chivalry exercises towards weak, defenceless women and children. She had converted Protestants and bad Catholics by hundreds—she had scarcely ever yet succeeded in thoroughly reforming a drunkard. No wonder, then, that she revered the man who had changed these monsters into good fathers, good husbands, and peaceable citizens. "What an agent he has been in the hands of God!" she exclaimed; and well she might, for "no man could do these works unless God were with him." So enthusiastic a supporter was she of the cause of temperance, that she herself received "the pledge" from the Apostle, and wore her "medal" with a joy which the Star of the Garter or the Cross of the Legion of Honor could not excite. On her foundations, when passing through towns in which no convent was situated, the clergy of the place, who would not permit her to go to a hotel, always entertained her in a manner worthy of such a guest. If wine was served on such occasions, the friend of the Apostle quietly showed her "Temperance Medal."

Perhaps there never was a man more universally loved and reverenced than Father Mathew; and, indeed, it would not be easy to imagine one better calculated to inspire those sentiments. He is not to be claimed solely by Ireland, his native land; nor by Tip-

* In Cork, the Apostle's adopted city, the whole community of Christian Brothers, that they might aid the cause with better effect among the men, young and old, whom they instructed, joined the Total Abstinence. Engaged in the laborious work of teaching, they willingly relinquished a privilege they

perary, among whose green hills he passed his peaceful boyhood; nor by Cork, the city of his adoption, where his tomb is visited as a shrine, and his features kept fresh in the memories of the old, and made familiar to the young, in the almost breathing marble of the sculptor;*—Father Mathew belongs to the human race, to the whole world; and our nature may well be proud of him, and grateful to the Omnipotent Father of all, who wrought such wonders by His servant, and so well fitted that servant to become His instrument.

Mother McAuley, in the following extracts which we make from some of her letters, gives some particulars of the Birr Foundation, which she commenced on the Feast of St. John the Evangelist, December 27, 1840:

"I am anxious to write to you from my strange habitation. How many new beds have I rested in! When I awake in the morning, I ask myself where I am; and, on the last two or three Foundations, I could not recollect for some moments. This is a good old house, delightfully situated, fields and garden all around it; it must be particularly healthy. Sister M. Aloysia is remarkably well. I firmly believe Father Mathew has been the agent in her final recovery, he prayed so much for the Birr Foundress. We travelled to Tullamore on Saturday. The new convent is a beautiful edifice. I had no idea of its extent. The staircase is the finest I ever saw; the community-room larger than ours; the infirmary as large—thirty cells; and water brought through the whole house by conductors, so that a pipe can be put anywhere. The school-rooms are very fine, and connected with the convent."

"At Eglish, we dined with our dear friend, Father Murtagh, the parish priest; our own priest, Dr. Spain, the Dean, and the Vicar-general, came to meet us. We had a teetotal entertainment—coffee served immediately after dinner. We arrived in Birr

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could hardly abuse, for the sole purpose of adding the force of example to their instructions. Men like these are the real philanthropists. They *do*, as well as teach.

* A splendid statue of Father Mathew, the first ever erected to a priest in the British dominions, adorns Patrick-street, Cork. The citizens do well to perpetuate the remembrance of the physical features of one whose virtues, public and private, shed such lustre on their city.

about six, said our prayers, and went to rest. Next day, we saw several ladies—one a candidate, a Miss Egan, educated at Thurles Ursuline Convent.

"We were very busy all day Monday, till retreat time, when we left the reception-rooms and lived in our cells. How sweet, how blessed is our life, which affords so much solid consolation and enjoyment when all that the world values is shut out from us! Everywhere I thought the sun was shining even too much. I do not think any one in the midst of Christmas festivities was so happy as we were."

"Everywhere I thought the sun was shining too much." This is a curious passage. Certainly, she cannot mean the material sun, whose beams could scarce be too brilliant on a dull December day. And that the Eternal Sun of Justice should irradiate her beautiful soul with His light, is not wonderful; but that such an acknowledgment should escape one who so strongly inculcated reserve in speaking of spiritual favors, is strange indeed. There is not a similar passage in her whole correspondence. "Jesus was silent." This was the daily subject of her meditations. It hushed complaints when they rushed to her lips; for how could she complain when "Jesus was silent?" It schooled her into "reserve" as to the gifts bestowed on her, that she might be able to say, "My secret to myself." Only once did the superabundance of celestial favors throw her for a moment off her guard; and then, she, who preferred Calvary to Mount Thabor, complains that the sun shone too brightly—too brightly for the light of an exile, too brightly for one who desired to be included in the happy millions of whom Jesus said: "Blessed are they who believe and have not seen."

Under a later date, she resumes her lively narration:

"Sister M. Aloysia was up before five, New Year's Day, and did not get her breakfast till after ten. She rises at half-past five every morning, and looks remarkably well. After Mass, the Vicar said: 'My dear people, I have a present to make you. I have a New Year's gift to bestow, the most gratifying a pastor could give. I present to you the Sisters of Mercy, who, by their example and pious instruction, will draw upon our town the blessings of heaven. I recommend them to your respectful attention,

and I beseech God to bless them and you.' We had great laughing about this, saying that he might have tried us a little longer, and not made a present of us so soon. We got a separate place in the church, which is so near that we shall not require bonnets and cloaks.

"The unfortunate Mr. Crotty is indefatigable in his evil works. He is joined by Mr. Carlisle, lately a commissioner of education. They have the same church, and preach the same doctrine, namely, that 'nothing is to be feared but Popery.' This speaks well for the National Board: had Mr. Carlisle found it likely to injure Catholicity, he would not abandon it."

"*Jan.* 12, 1841.—We are getting quite at home here. Sister M. Aloysia strong and lively, Sister Martha a real treasure, and our postulant useful in every way, quite a different person from what she was in Baggot-street. Nothing like Foundations for rousing us all. Our expected Sister is really in affliction at not joining us. Her father does not refuse consent, but says he must have time to prepare his mind. He cried here on Sunday. I fear she must make a *runaway*. We hear of other postulants, but nothing near a close. You will see by the writing that I can scarcely hold the pen. I feel so grateful to God for the prosperity of Wexford, that, if we should not get a postulant for a month, it would not cast me down. I never saw such frost; the cold is intense—every place covered with snow. Sister M. Clare says they have a more severe winter in London than has been for a century. What sailors call the 'white swan' (a cloud of snow floating in the air), has been seen off Winchester. She expects two Sisters immediately, daughters of the principal merchants in Portugal. Dear Sisters Xavier and De Sales well—all well in Baggot-street. My poor James* has rallied a little. My good, affectionate Sister M. Genevieve is his constant nurse, gives all her day to him, and, when she finds it necessary, goes again in the evening. She

* Her nephew, James McAuley, then dying of consumption. Sister M. Genevieve was past sixty when she volunteered to nurse him. Before entering Religion, she had lost her husband and sons "on a blood-red field of Spain." She was an enthusiastic gardener, as the grounds of St. Anne's still show. Her chief recreation was to rear flowers for the altar.

has become quite fond of him, and, provided he does nothing without her leave, grants whatever he wishes. He won't even open a book that is lent him till she approves of it. How good God is to him!

"A long poetic epistle from Sister M. Ursula, who says:

Sister Genevieve's garden is locked up in snow,
So she cannot exert herself there,
But a certain sick child whom you tenderly know,
Has all her affectionate care.

'No sign of our Pastor's* return here as yet,
Some think that next month he'll be home;
Others think that a bishopric surely he'll get,
Or be kept for the College at Rome.'

"Slow workmen here—no choir yet. Sister M. Aloysia is out every day. She has a sick priest and an old lady in her own charge. Sister M. Teresa has two unfortunate Crottyite families, obstinate, though most miserable in mind. I never saw anything so like the description the French Priest, Monsieur De Luers, gave at George's Hill, of some possessed persons he saw in a remote part of France, who could not bear the Sign of the Cross. These unhappy people will not raise the hand to make it, or even suffer you to help them; and while they pour out dreadful curses on the miserable man that deluded them, they will not move one step to obtain reconciliation. It seems as if they could not. I never saw schismatics before. They are worse in appearance than heretics. The latter think they are right; the others *know* they are wrong, and yet are obstinate. If any of them make the Sign of the Cross when we are with them, it is in the style of a stubborn child, who is forced to say what is against his will.

"They are not persecuting me with letters to return. God bless Father O'Hanlon, he put an end to that in Baggot-street. When I returned from Galway, I looked so ill, that he particularly asked what had distressed me. I told him the uneasy state my mind was kept in with accounts from St. Mary's, saying, 'I would not be

* Very Rev. Dr. Ennis, Booterstown.

home before Sister Aloysia's death, &c., &c., and this when I had a death-bed to attend at St. Teresa's."

"*Feb.* 14.—Miss Egan has entered, a very fine person, about twenty-four. Poor Miss M—— has no chance here,—money, money is all the theme. I entreated in favor of a young lady with sixteen pounds a year and a hundred in hand—it was regarded as quite insufficient. A convent never yet succeeded in this diocese (Killaloe), it is supposed from imprudent arrangements. The Bishop has given strict charges to the Vicar, who is Ecclesiastical Superior. I leave this on Monday. Some remarks have been made on my being twice absent during the novitiate of the English Sisters. The English Bishops think Superiors should be with their charge. Sister Aloysia is about in all the bitter cold, a very busy little woman, entering on her new state very quietly and very efficiently. We saw little to expect first, now a bright light is dawning. Sister M. Cecilia had three Bishops to entertain on Sunday, and two on Monday. She likes the Primate (Dr. Crolly) and Bishop Wiseman very much.

"P. S.—Since I mentioned to S. M. Aloysia that I was going, I have found her crying, and must try and remain eight or ten days more. Besides, I promised to read and explain part of the Rule for our postulant, at which I will work diligently to help my poor Sister Aloysia, who cannot speak much. She has got a nice lay Sister, strong and good-humored. Sister M. Josephine begs that I will take Naas on my way home, in which I promised to gratify her."

In another letter, she says :

"Dear little Sister M. Rose is like an angel, instructing the poor people led astray by the schismatical party. She has them constantly about her, and begs the whole Order will unite in the Thirty days' Prayer for the conversion of the poor apostate leader. I try to moderate her zeal. I am really afraid, that if they met in any poor place, she would speak to him, and this would be exceedingly wrong.*

* Mother McAuley never allowed the Sisters to introduce controversy when they met Protestants, &c., on the visitation. She said, if persons having doubts about their own religion want instruction, the Sisters were ever ready to give it;

"I will not expect a letter from you till I return to our dear old habitation, where I shall never again see all my dearly loved Sisters—all strange faces now! They all say that the first separation from home and kindred was a *joyful sorrow*, but that separations in Religion are *bitter sorrows*. What must it be to me, who have never yet seen one unkind Sister? This is a gloomy subject. We will all meet in heaven. Oh, what a joy to think of that!

"It is reported that poor Father Crotty is getting several preachers to Birr, to aid him in recovering some of his congregation stolen by the Sisters of Mercy. Thank God, the poor deluded souls are returning very fast, and preparing to approach the Holy Sacrament."

The dark spot which the obstinacy of the late Pastor of Birr threatened to mark in the glorious history of orthodox Ireland, hardly deserves the degrading distinction of being designated by the name of schism. It was like a momentary eclipse of a very small segment of the sun; it passed as a noxious vapor, tainting what it touched, but incapable of inflicting lasting injury. It left no perceptible traces behind; the people strove to bury it in oblivion, and in a short time the very memory thereof seemed completely obliterated. Had it not been so graphically described in the letters of the Foundress, we could not attempt to trace its history, no one being able or willing to give correct information on the subject.

The Birr Convent, which was dedicated to St. John the Evangelist, prospered exceedingly. The Apostle of Temperance continued its active friend and benefactor, and the primary object of the mission was achieved in the rapid conversion of the "Crotty-ites." The "most angelic Sister Aloysia Scott," when after lin-

but if they desired to wrangle about religion, the Sisters had not time, nor was it suited to their vocation to join in such. She was so successful in converting Protestants herself, that a friend once said to her: "I should think a great deal more of your benevolence, if you did not always take such pains, in your quiet, irresistible way, to bring every one you relieved to your own way of thinking." To which Rev. Mother replied, her countenance glowing, as it always did, when she spoke of the Faith in which she gloried: "It is a burning shame, and a lasting humiliation for me to think, that I, who know so well what the Catholic Faith is, should show so little zeal in drawing all persons to it." But if she had little zeal in this matter, God help the most of us.

gering some years in consumption (but not *invalided* till near the end), she passed from earth in May, 1844, did not leave a schismatic behind her. Even the unhappy man who had vainly attempted to tarnish the glory of his Church, at length sought, and we hope found, mercy through the ministry which he himself had for years exercised, with a zeal and fruit that secured him unbounded influence over his simple-hearted, impulsive flock; and no Catholic, in Ireland or out of it, bewailed the Birr affair more bitterly or sincerely than he who had the misfortune to originate it. Very Rev. Dr. O'Brien, of All Hallows College, Dublin, who received back this poor erring sheep, this real Prodigal, to his Father's house, says of him: "He wept long and bitterly; indeed he looked the very victim of broken-hearted sorrow. He kept ever and ever crying out: 'Oh, the pride of my rebel heart! What could I expect? Disobedience—this has been my curse from first to last!'* Those who witnessed his heroic penance, hoped, and almost felt, that it was accepted by Him who wills not the death of a sinner, but his conversion. Indeed Rev. Mr. Crotty's fine natural talents, his eminently prepossessing appearance,† and his previously irreproachable life, were not the only circumstances that awakened sympathy for him, even in the minds of such as knew well that he was using God's gifts against God himself. There were also those who thought that, had he been less sternly dealt with, he had never attained so unfortunate a celebrity. Of this we cannot speak with certainty; but of one thing we are certain, that while many things may *account* for rebellion in religious matters, nothing can *justify* it. Besides, who could have thought that there were in the breast of that exemplary, meek-looking priest, passions, which a few simple circumstances could lash into such frenzy?

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* This interview took place in the College Chapel, All Hallows.

† The Foundress had one interview with Mr. Crotty, of which we do not know the particulars; but she said that, except Bishop Nolan, she never met any ecclesiastic whose whole demeanor was so expressive of every priestly virtue.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Fresh objections to the Institute.—Reverend Mother appeals to Rome.—Letter.—She loses the last of her "earthly joys."—Her warm attachment to her relatives.—The Naas Convent.—A severe letter.—O'Connell's speech at Carrick-on-Suir.—The Wexford Convent.—A spoiled vocation.

IN 1838 the rumors began to be renewed which had been previously considered so injurious to the Institute. As far as these concerned herself personally, Mother McAuley did not notice them; but when it began to be circulated that the Indulgences granted to her Order merely signified approval of a temporary good work; that the approbation subsequently given by the Holy See was of a similar nature; that Sisters of Mercy were not Religious, nor their Institute recognized; and further, that these reports caused several ladies to hesitate in joining the Institute, she eagerly inquired what she ought to do to perfect the work intrusted to her, and, in a letter on the subject, she informs us that she "did exactly what was pointed out." She wrote to His Holiness, praying him to confirm the Rules and Constitutions of the Institute, and every Bishop in whose diocese a Convent of the Order was located made, at her request, the same petition. The documents were forwarded to Rome by Right Rev. Dr. Griffiths, who very courteously offered to use his personal influence in favor of their speedy confirmation. They were confirmed in June, 1840, but as this joyful intelligence did not reach Ireland for more than a year later, she was unable to silence the objections urged, with apparent reason, against her Institute. These weighed heavily on her mind, tending as they did to undermine the fabric she had raised with such labor. They grieved her children, who did not always know how to reply to them. The Superioress of Charleville having written to inquire what answer ought to be given to a person she

was bound to respect, who had made inquiries on the subject, the Foundress wrote as follows :

"Most Rev. Dr. Murray obtained the full approbation of His Holiness for our Order in 1835. When the Rule was completed, he affixed his seal and signature ; but we did not wish to ask a confirmation of it from the Holy See till we had reduced it to practice. When I was in London in January, 1840, a petition for confirmation was presented, accompanied by letters of strong recommendation from his Grace, the Archbishop of Dublin,* the Lord Primate,† the Bishop‡ of Dromore, the Bishop§ of Cork, the Bishop of Cloyne,‖ the Bishop¶ of Limerick, the Bishop** of Kildare and Leighlin, the Bishop†† of Ossory, the Bishop‡‡ of Meath, and the Bishop§§ of London. Very Rev. Father Colgan, of the Carmelite Order, was bearer of a most gracious reply. He wrote to me, saying that if he could remain in Rome some time longer, he could bring home the documents. I spoke with Rev. Dr. Cullen,‖‖ of the Irish College, when he was in Dublin. He assured me that the Confirmation was certainly granted, but that in Rome they were slow in issuing final documents."

There was another cross in prospect for the Foundress at this time, the only one of the kind she was destined to endure She was about to lose her nephew James, the last of her "earthly joys." Poor youth ! his short life had been sadly chequered ; he had lost his beautiful sisters, whom he had loved with proud and passionate affection ; his beloved but wayward Willie lay, perhaps, beneath the cold, blue wave, and last of all, his friend, his companion, his more than brother, had been snatched from him. While Robert moaned away his young life in the racking pains of a quick consumption, James hung over him like a mother, nursing him day and night. His aunt soon observed that if sorrow had robbed his cheek of its fullness, consumption was beginning to color it with its hectic flushes. The soft hair lay damp against his clammy brow. The tumid lips, the hurried respiration, and the quick little cough, were unmistakable symptoms ; and besides all

* Dr. Murray. † Dr. Crolly. ‡ Dr. Blake. § Dr. Murphy.
‖ Dr. Coppinger, ¶ Dr. Ryan. ** Dr. Haly. †† Dr. Kinsella.
‡‡ Dr. Cantwell. §§ Dr. Griffifths. Now His Eminence Cardinal Cullen.

this, there was a sickness at the poor boy's heart, the loneliness of one who had lost all he loved on earth. James, if he did not possess the talents of Robert, was gifted with the beauty of Mary Teresa, and the attractive amiability of the "innocent, playful Catherine." He was gentle as a little child. His aunt fondly hoped that this last memento of her departed sister would be spared her, but the hand of God was already on him. In October, 1840, she wrote to the Superioress of St. Leo's :

" My poor James is in an advanced stage of consumption. He keeps the same way, but is, I suppose, getting nearer to eternity. He is really pious, and wishes the priest to visit him frequently, and receives Holy Communion as often as persons in his state can. The Sisters are with him every day. He is quite cheerful, and speaks of his death most happily. This is a great consolation. Continue to pray for him. My poor Robert's last wish was, that the Sisters would always pray for his poor soul. I am with my dear child as much as possible."

In December, 1840, she wrote to the same :

" We have a Sister in fever, another had three attacks of hemoptysis in one day, another has erysipelas. In the midst of all this, a note from Sister M. Genevieve, saying : ' Come as fast as possible; James is dying, and wants to see you.' My cough was greatly increased by going, as the doors and windows had to be kept open to give air to my poor boy. The weakness passed away. I fear my child will have many such. He is in a heavenly state of mind, always imploring God's forgiveness. Get all the prayers you can for him. Thanks be to God, he is quite joyful. How good our Lord is to him !"

In the next letter, dated March, 1841, she thus pathetically describes the departure of the last of "her earthly joys" :

" My poor James* is in eternity. He died like a saint. Though

* A college friend of James McAuley's, whom the Foundress describes as "a very good young man," and who seems to have loved his dying friend as Jonathan loved David, insisted on staying up with James every night for some months before the death of the latter. This self-constituted nurse fell a victim to his charity and affection. No sooner was James laid beside Robert, than his friend either caught the disease or became sympathetically affected, and in a few weeks was no more. This death greatly affected the Foundress.

parched with thirst, he would not take a drop of water without making the sign of the cross, or suffer his pillow to be moved without saying some little prayer. He never was impatient for five minutes, though for six months he was not up an entire day. He received the Holy Viaticum every eight days, and lived to the last eighth, so as to receive it two hours before he died. He would not allow the crucifix to be removed from his bedside, even when his uncle came. Tell all this to Dr. Fitzgerald. It will gratify him to find that the pious impressions he made did not pass away. You will all pray fervently for my poor boy, I know. My earthly joys are all cut down now, thank God, but the joys of my state remain, and I feel the most lively gratitude. I have nothing now to draw me one hour from my Religious Sisters, in whom all my earthly happiness is centered. Every year's experience of their worth attaches me more strongly to them, and I am as ardent for new ones as if I were only just beginning. I suppose it is the spirit of my state, and all my first children have it."

The intense affection which Rev. Mother manifested in life, in death and after death, for her sister's children, may excite some surprise. Towards them she was peculiarly placed. She became at once their father and their mother. God used her as His instrument in drawing them to the Faith. They had spoiled bright earthly prospects in choosing her for their guardian. She had promised their dying mother to regard them as her own children. For these reasons and others she felt bound to show them the greatest affection—indeed, their gentleness and amiability quite won her; and their fidelity to the Catholic religion, under extraordinary difficulties, excited her to revere them. She possessed immense influence over them. Willie was the only one that ever resisted her; and we have already related how soon and how bitterly he bewailed his disobedience. Yet it was in God and for God that she loved them: all her influence was exercised only for God's greater glory. Deeply as she loved them, they never came betwen her and her duty. Catherine was dying when she left for Cork, Robert when she left for London, James when she left for Birr—yet she turned aside from their dying beds when God's will called her elsewhere; and she did this so cheerfully that those who

accompanied her could not perceive the least trace of the terrible struggle it cost a heart like hers. One by one she resigned them all to their Father in heaven, freely, nay joyfully, though with a bursting heart; and if she bent over their fair young forms, beautiful even in death, and performed the last offices for them, and chanted *requiems* for their disembodied spirits, with a tearless eye and serene countenance, it was because her agony was too deep for tears, though her heart concurred with her pen in writing, "My earthly joys are all cut down, *thank God.*" She could hardly step over the prostrate body of an only son, as did the heroic widow of Dijon.* Like St. Bernard, however, she brought the dearest of her relations to the cloister with herself, and them all to the true Church; and if in secret the tears gushed from her soft, blue eye, her children remembered that "Jesus wept" over his friend, and they could say with the Jews—"Behold how *she* loved *them.*" But well they knew that His will was dearer to her than all else—that she "loved Him as well when He took as when He gave," though the tear glistens in her eye when she recalls the offering.

But to resume the history of the foundations:

A Convent of Mercy was opened in Naas in 1839. Its progress was for a time very slow, as Mother McAuley pleasantly remarks, thus: "Poor Naas is like the little chicken called *creepy-crawley* in a healthy clutch. It has been a little martyrdom to my poor Sister M. Josephine, so much to be done and so few to do it. I wish it would take a start." In time it realized her most sanguine expectations, but a circumstance occurred in connection with it, towards the end of 1840, which drew from Reverend Mother the severest letter she ever wrote. The circumstances were these:

A lady entering St. Mary's, whose friends in Naas wished her to

* The fortitude of St. Jane Frances looks too superhuman to edify every one. Thus her countryman, Lamartine, says something to this effect; "M. la Baronne de Chantal is regarded as patroness of the Visitation Order, but she never can be considered the patroness of mothers and orphans." (*Vie de Madame de Sevigné.*) Monsieur le Comte does not seem to have read the saint's life very carefully.

enter Naas Convent, the latter undertook to induce her to leave Baggot-street, the Pastor engaging to help them, and the Superioress consenting by her silence to the dishonorable proceeding. Mother McAuley, who was the quintescence of honor and uprightness, was deeply pained on learning this. She would rather that a hundred postulants were lost to the Order, than that one of its members should use *finesse* in the most trivial matter. As soon as she saw through the affair, she offered to send the young lady to Naas, but the latter did not wish to go there. She then wrote as follows to the young Superioress :

"St. John's, Birr, February 14, 1841.

"I have seldom heard anything more extraordinary than your expectation of getting a Sister who was never spoken to on the subject till she heard that Father Doyle had come for her. I was not aware that she or her friends ever heard there was a Convent in Naas. Had the least intimation been made to me, she would never have been admitted here; of this you may rest assured. But how could such arrangements take place without communication with you? The Sister laughs at it, and says she thought the Superioress was the person to act on such occasions. She was educated in a Convent, and knows how business of this kind ought to be transacted. Worldly persons can never arrange the affairs of Religious. I am much distressed, dear Sister, to hear you say, 'I wrote to you, but just at that time I got the painful intelligence of my Sister, which absorbed all my thoughts since.' *All* your thoughts? I hope not, my dear Sister ; that would be a very bad way to make Religious houses flourish, or advance the work of God.

"Earnestly wishing you all the graces and blessings of this holy season, I remain," etc., etc.

This cold, almost bitter letter, comes strangely enough from the sweet, gracious Foundress; but anything that savored of duplicity she could never understand or tolerate in a Religious. At the very time she wrote the above, she sent to Limerick a letter which has this passage : "I feel very much for my poor dear Sister M. Josephine, she was so fondly attached to her sister." "Easy to

forgive," she took the earliest opportunity of visiting Naas, to show how entirely she was appeased, and to ease the mind of the poor Superioress.

Wexford Convent, St. Michael's, was founded in 1840, at the request of the Bishop of Ferns, Dr. Keating, and Very Rev. Father Lacy. Besides attending to the more spiritual wants of the new houses, Reverend Mother used to purchase for them what could not be easily procured in country towns, as materials for veils and habits, etc., the house at which she used to deal in Dublin always sending to Baggot-street, whenever she desired it, pieces from which she might select what best suited. Sending a piece of veiling to Wexford, she gives an amusing extract from a speech of O'Connell's :

"While providing for the head, do not forget the poor feet, to which the Repealer thus called attention at a public dinner lately given him in Carrick-on-Suir :

"'No country on the face of the earth is like Ireland. Look at the fairest portion of creation, educated and possessing all the virtues that adorn and endear life, forsaking their homes and families, and friends—entering a convent in the morning of their days, to devote long lives to piety and the promotion of virtue. Look at the Sisters of Mercy (hear, hear), wrapped in their long, black cloaks. They are seen gliding along the streets in their humble attire, while a slight glance at the foot shows the accomplished lady. (Cheers.) Thus they go forth, not for amusement or delight ; no. They are hastening to the lone couch of some sick fellow-creature, fast sinking into the grave, with none to comfort, none to soothe ; they come with love and consolation, and by their prayers, bring down the blessings of God on the dying sinner, on themselves, and on their country. (Great cheering.) Oh, such a country is too good to continue in slavery. (Immense cheering.)'"

"This afforded great amusement here, each claiming for her own foot the tribute of praise."

No wonder that, when the Foundress read this speech at recreation, there was plenty of laughing. How Dan. contrived to give "a glance at the foot," they could hardly imagine, for the "long, black cloaks" neither "began too late, nor ended too soon ;" but

how he could read "the accomplished lady" in the homely footgear, embroidered with the rich metropolitan mud, which clings heavily and gratefully to all who tread the lanes and alleys of Dublin, was a problem, the solution of which is, that O'Connell was an Irishman of the old stamp, and as such, could not mention ladies, religious or secular, without paying a compliment.

The following little passage shows that Mother McAuley's zeal extended to every thing connected with the Order, nor did she think any thing so trifling as to be beneath her notice :

"Sister M. Teresa takes a paper daily to look at arrivals at hotels, &c., (in order to seek work for poor girls from the Catholic nobility, &c.) She pointed out to me a paragraph announcing the arrival of *Sisters of Charity* in Wexford. I immediately sent the following correction, which will appear to-morrow :

"SISTERS OF MERCY.

"The beloved and venerated Dr. Keating, Catholic Bishop of Ferns, has brought a branch of this Order to the town of Wexford, from the flourishing establishment in Carlow."

Some time after, one of her convents met with a two-fold loss, that of a promised subject and of a liberal benefactress. A lady who had been most generous to the convent we allude to, had decided on entering, and even went to Dublin to make conclusive arrangements. During her stay at Kingstown, whither she repaired to recruit her health, she became acquainted with a gentleman considerably her junior, whose wealth consisted in a dashing appearance, high blood, a light purse, and an unconquerable objection to every thing vulgar, especially earning his bread. This acquaintance ripened into friendship, on one side at least. When very wise people become foolish, it is generally on a large scale. The young gentleman soon gained so complete an ascendancy over the fair spinster, that, the day before the marriage, persuading her that the rough work of looking after real estate was ill-suited to so fine a lady, he induced her to settle nearly all her property on him. A few days after, he informed her that his 'affairs' required his presence in London. A scene took place. He went next morning, but forgot to return. His wife had the pleasure of sending

the bulk of her income every year to be squandered in the gambling-houses and race-courses of England. Once when she refused to do this, he coolly told her, that, in case she delayed payments, his lawyers had instructions to commence proceedings against her. The poor lady knew that, however dishonest the conduct of her juvenile spouse was, it was perfectly legal. None pitied her more sincerely than Rev. Mother, who could never see the wisdom of censuring people when "the harm was done," while she regretted that, by this ill-starred union, the Sisters lost a benefactress able and willing to assist them in their charitable undertakings. But God raised up other friends for them, that his poor might meet with no loss.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Declining health of the Foundress.—The English Sisters.—Letter of the Bishop of Birmingham.—Bishop Wiseman.—The Bishop of Liverpool.—Miss G— -, of Eaton House.—Renewal of the Liverpool negotiations.—Letter of Dr. Youens.—Dr. Pusey.—Confirmation of the Rule.—The Birmingham Foundation.

IN the spring of 1841, it became evident that Rev. Mother was not long for this world. All her old complaints attacked her; and the cough, previously only an occasional visitant, scarcely ever left her. "Her face was as of one going to Jerusalem;" already it reflected the rays of brightness that emanate from the Eternal Sun of Justice, who is the light of that distant promised land. The Sisters, whom she called her "kind tormentors," entreated her to try change of air; but she replied, by repeating her favorite lines:

> "Ne'er quitted but to solace man,
> Ne'er entered but to worship God."

She had never yet gone beyond her cloister for purposes of health or recreation—it was hardly likely she would do so now. "I must wait for change of air," she wrote, "till May, when I have in view another toilsome journey to Birr. It would not stand without aid. I had the kindest of notes yesterday from Father Mathew, God bless him! He fixed Ascension Day for the ceremony. Four here are preparing to play and sing, all possible excitement being required."

In the same letter she informs her correspondent that she has sent the Mistress of Novices on a visit, and, ill as she was herself, she took, for the time, the direction of the Novices in addition to her other duties.

"Sister M. Cecilia is gone to Birr. She was very weak, and had some complaints similar to the last poor Sister Frances had;

it being the same period of the year, we became a little superstitiously affected—a favorable opportunity offered, and I sent her. As we had designed she should go there to assist at the ceremony, I had not much difficulty to surmount—all have strong objections to move merely for health. She is better, but still weak. I fear she will never be strong. I am now a very busy woman, minding my Novices. Our English Sisters edify us greatly. They give unquestionable evidence of a real desire to understand perfectly the obligations of the religious state, and to enter into its true spirit. I look forward to my journey to Birmingham with fear and trembling. The Sisters for that foundation continue to be all that we desire. Not a doubtful one among them. Pray, and get all the prayers you can, that God may bring us well through this business. His Divine aid alone can. I am greatly perplexed about a Superior."

At the suggestion of Dr. Wiseman,* who kindly offered to preach on the occasion, and with the full approval of the Archbishop, the venerable Bishop of Birmingham was invited to St. Mary's, to receive the profession of his future children. To this invitation he kindly acceded, and he thus concludes his courteous letter :

"I shall have great pleasure, indeed, in receiving the vows of my dear daughters in Jesus Christ, and the more so as I have a beautiful convent, the admiration of all who see it, furnished with every requisite, ready for them to commence their works of mercy."

Archbishop Murray, on reading this very courteous letter, remarked that was "a high honor to all concerned."

The greatest possible interest was manifested in the Institute by the English bishops and priests. Right Rev. Dr. Brown wrote for a colony, but the Foundress was obliged to refuse, because she had not a single Sister to spare that was not already destined for previous applicants. The following letter from a wealthy and pious lady of Lancashire reached St. Mary's just as Reverend Mother had declined, for the present, to undertake the Liverpool foundation :

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* Late Cardinal Wiseman.

"DEAR AND RESPECTED MOTHER:

"I take the liberty of addressing you as a child, to beg a favor which I have long wished for, of being really admitted as one among your community. I deferred writing until I could take this decisive step, and now the consent of my parents enables me to do so. I think you know the difficulty I have had in obtaining this, being the only daughter with them, and how much I feel leaving my present happy home; but I have long had a strong desire to dedicate myself to God in the admirable Order of Our Lady of Mercy, and I think I have met with sufficient trials to prove that this desire comes from the Almighty, and from a conviction that it is in that state I shall meet with the most abundant means for working out my eternal salvation. It is with the advice of my Director that I now humbly beg to be admitted a postulante in your house. I know I have *many, many* faults. I have so long followed my own will and inclinations, that, no doubt, my idle habits will repine at a life of continual activity, but I trust our good God will give me grace proportioned to my necessities. I feel determined to make every effort in my power to become a true spouse of Christ, and prove my gratitude for the inestimable grace of a religious vocation. I cannot tell exactly the time when I shall be able to leave home.

"Should I be allowed to spend a year and a half or two years in the noviceship of your house, with the intention of returning to England at the end of that time? I feel very desirous of doing what little good I can in my own country, where I see instruction and good example so much needed, but I do not wish to bind myself to any place. I certainly should like very much to go to Birmingham, but I should be sorry to relinquish the advantage of passing my whole novitiate with you, and I cannot tell what establishments may be founded in my own district meanwhile.

"But above all, I desire to be guided by what you consider most advisable for me, and for the advancement of God's honor and glory. Papa will pay any sum required during my novitiate, and the usual portion to the house at which I am to be professed. Perhaps you will be good enough to say what that is, when you write; also, if there is anything you wish me to bring. Sister

Juliana will be able to tell you anything about me which I may have omitted.

"May I beg of you, dear Mother, and your charitable, holy community, to remember me sometimes in your prayers. I feel that I stand in need of them under the present trying parting. I trust, if I leave all those dearest to me on earth, it is to do God's will, and to attach myself more closely to Him, while I hope to meet them in a far better world, never more to be separated.

"Believe me, Reverend Mother,

"With sincerest respect,

"Your most obedient child,

"FANNY G———.*

"EATON HALL, Lancashire, March 26, 1841."

The Foundress was greatly pleased with this letter, the penmanship of which is very beautiful. The young lady arrived in a few days, and was regarded as the beginning of the Liverpool foundation. Her letter is endorsed in the cramped writing of Mother McAuley: "Sister Fanny is as nice as her letter; a docile, affectionate creature, all alive and delighted with her duties, highly accomplished, and as humble as if she entered for a Lay Sister. She is a real treasure."

Reverend Mother, with that beautiful urbanity which heroic charity produced in her, used to go a little way with everybody. She could be a merchant with a merchant, a divine with a divine, a poet with a poet, a physician with a physician, but it was only with O'Connell that she became ever so little of the *politician*. Now, she knew that this great champion of the Church was highly pleased to see ladies of the highest rank in England, coming to learn the alphabet of the spiritual life in what he delighted to call "the finest country on the face of the earth." Hence, whenever an application of the above nature reached her, she always informed the Liberator, who was a frequent visitor at St. Mary's. On reading the above letter, he remarked: "Miss Fanny will persevere—she will never repine in God's service." He was right.

The Bishop of Liverpool wrote again to Baggot-street, and sent

* This lady is now (1866) Superioress of the Liverpool Convent of Mercy.

Dr. Youens, his Vicar-General, to urge the Foundress to give him a colony. Eager to oblige his lordship, and yet unable of "stones to raise up children," she offered to procure a few Sisters from some house in the provinces; but he desired that Religious trained directly by herself should, if possible, be obtained. As this could not be done, and as the matter was still pressed, she wrote to Very Rev. Dr. Youens as follows:

"Respected and Very Reverend Father:

"I this day received a letter from my dear Sister Warde, of Carlow, speaking of your intended Institute, and of the arrangements she intended to make if called upon; and they seem to me exceedingly good. She makes me perfectly understand the Sisters she designed to give, who are truly desirable. Some of them would, I think, bring the usual portion. Indeed, all she proposes, Reverend Sir, far exceeds what we could do; and I am now as ardent as my youthful Sister, praying and trusting that the good work will not be frustrated. Very little preparation would be necessary on your part, dear Father, and we might sail together for Birmingham and Liverpool. I have been speaking with Sister Fanny J——, and find that she would go at once with the Liverpool foundation.

"Recommending myself to your charitable remembrance,

"I remain," etc., etc.

His reply, dated July 30th, 1841, is as follows:

"I received your letter, and also one from Father Maher inclosing one from Mrs. Warde. At the moment these letters arrived I was preparing to write to you, as I had just returned from a journey to Lancaster and Wild Bank, where I had been to confer with his lordship and the Grand Vicar on the subject of a convent After describing how much I was delighted and edified by all I saw in Carlow, his lordship's conclusion was, that he intended to treat with the mother house, and he desired me to write to Ireland to that effect. Just as I was about to execute this order, the letters arrived from Ireland. I must again confer with the Bishop before I can give a conclusive answer."

"Dr. Youens requests that I will write again before he sees the

Bishop," says Mother McAuley. "I shall be obliged to state that we have no colony to give. If his lordship had any consultation with Dr. Griffiths, of London, and Dr. Walsh, of Birmingham, they would endeavor to impress him with the feeling that establishments in England ought to be made from the chief, or mother house in Ireland."

Dr. Youens did not seem to think his Bishop's answer conclusive, and wrote again and again to urge the business. His lordship, who had gone to the Isle of Wight in delicate health, begged of Mother McAuley to await his next decision, which was slow in coming. "These good Bishops," said she, "take their own time to consider every little circumstance, and those who are inclined to be impatient, like myself, had just as well make up their minds to wait."

Very Rev. Dean Gaffney consented to conduct the August retreat this year, but as he became suddenly ill, this important duty devolved on the Foundress herself, who, when asked by one of the Sisters what Father would replace the Dean, pleasantly replied, "Father McAuley, my dear." And well she knew how to stimulate the weary, encourage the weak, and keep up the fervor of the fervent. She dwelt chiefly on those parts of our Lord's teaching best calculated to excite gratitude and love, thus to expand the soul with a generous desire of making every possible return for such unmerited goodness. And she made her children clearly understand that the end of spiritual as of corporal refection, is not to rest in the indulgence of it, not to seek it for its sweetness only, but to invigorate the soul, and to become more capable of glorifying God by performing more efficiently the duties of our state. Those who assisted at this retreat were favored indeed. It was the last time that Mother McAuley led her little flock into the desert, as she would say, to gain new strength for the coming year.

She was now far gone in consumption, but "suffer and be silent" had ever been her motto and her practice. In reply to the repeated queries of a spiritual child, she writes :

"I am sorry to find by your letter that they are saying too much about my loss of health. My rather new visitant, a cough, has been with me very constantly. To please my kind tormentors

I took a large bottle of medicine, and put on a blister, from which, for want of faith, perhaps, I did not receive any benefit. I am now doctoring myself as I doctored my Mary Teresa—warm flannel, barley water, a little hippo at night ; and I think, *Mr. Time* taken into account, I am doing very well. I am now hiding from the doctor, who is gone up to four influenza patients. When I returned from my last journey, Father O'Hanlon exclaimed, as he entered the parlor, 'Oh, my dear, how well you look, thank God !' By this you will see that he does not urge change of air."

The last gleam of comfort vouchsafed her on earth, was the joyful intelligence of the confirmation of the Rules and Constitutions, which reached her July, 1841, though not officially communicated for some weeks later. This speedy confirmation excited universal surprise, the Order not being yet ten years old. "How was it obtained ?" was the question heard on all sides. Certainly, many kind friends of the Institute, in Rome and elsewhere, used their influence in its favor, but greater efforts had been made, and made unsuccessfully, to obtain the confirmation of other Orders. Apart from the will of Him who holds in His hands the hearts of popes as well as of kings, we may venture to conjecture one cause of this speedy recognition : that Church which regards the poor as her treasures, and which commands emperors and kings to celebrate the festivals of beggars and slaves, could not long withhold its sanction from an Order specially devoted to the poor.

In August, the Sisters for Birmingham were professed. Several distinguished persons came from England to witness the ceremony, among whom were Dr. Pusey, the celebrated Hebrew Professor of Oxford, and his accomplished daughter. He spoke much of illuminated works, and expressed himself greatly pleased with the exquisite specimens of the ancient Church art of illumination executed by the Sisters of St. Mary's ; so much so, that Reverend Mother expresses great regret in a letter, because she had not the Baggot-street Register, then loaned to Carlow, and which is a perfect gem of that art, to show him.

News reaching Dublin that Mr. Hardman, who had built and endowed the convent in Birmingham, was dying, this impelled the

Foundress to hasten the departure of the missioners, that his child, Sister M. Juliana Hardman, might arrive in time to soothe his last moments. Sister M. Cecilia Marmion was appointed temporary Superior of this colony. In the following letter the Foundress alludes to her :—

"Sister M. Cecilia, you know, is a general favorite. Perhaps there never was a more beloved Mistress of Novices. They call the noviceship 'Paradise,' though the best discipline is kept up. Her going will make it easier for any novice or postulante to be removed, and will be another great blow to poor Baggot-street, which has already passed through so many sorrows. Dean Gaffney saw Mr. Hardman in his bed. He said if he lived only an hour after our arrival he would be happy. The whole family have been such generous friends, that Bishop Walsh writes to Dr. Murray begging there may not be any more delay. Young Mr. Hardman gave fifteen hundred pounds for the Cathedral, and purchased an organ, at the expense of five hundred and fifty pounds, for the Convent. The Dean promised the good old father that he would bring him his nice child, and he sails with us on Friday.

"Poor Sister Fanny G—— had a sorrowful letter coming out of retreat. She is a delicate creature, and looks as thin as a ghost, since she read the sad communication. As a source of great consolation, I have promised to take her to England. She will see her poor, afflicted parents ; and her father, seeing his very sweet child in the Religious dress, may be inspired to do for Liverpool what Mr. Hardman has done for Birmingham."

Who will say that the writer of the last sentence had not a large share of the prudence of the serpent?

"Her spirit willing" to do great things for God, though her "flesh was weak," and "the time of her dissolution at hand," she set out for Birmingham, not in fear and trembling, as she had anticipated, but with the most lively joy, for she felt that once returned, she would not leave St. Mary's again. In its little cemetery she would soon repose, among the precious remains of the Sisters she loved so well, till the last trumpet should summon her to hear her well-merited doom : "Come ye blessed of My Father, possess the Kingdom prepared for you. For I was hungry, and

you gave Me to eat. I was thirsty, and you gave Me to drink; naked, and you covered Me; sick, and you visited Me. I was in prison, and you came to Me. Amen, amen, I say to you; as long as you did it to one of these, My least brethren, you did it to me."

A little before her departure for Birmingham, she received a pressing invitation to try Carlow air, which Dr. Fitzgerald declared would exhilarate and strengthen her. She returned this noble answer, worthy of the whole life of Catherine McAuley:

"It would be delightful to me to accept your kind invitation to St. Leo's, but think of all that must be left behind. They would feel it very much, indeed. It is quite impossible for one in my situation to think of pleasing herself. *My pleasure must ever consist in endeavoring to please all.*"

In a letter dated Birmingham, September, she says:

"We got here about four, Saturday evening, and had scarcely time to change our dress, when we were summoned to the choir, where the Right Rev. Dr. Wiseman, in full pontificals, recited the *Te Deum*, said a few animating words, and concluded with a fervent prayer for the aid of Almighty God. The convent is beautiful, and fully furnished for twenty Sisters. Mr. Pugin would not permit cloth of any kind on the parlors. We have rush chairs and oak tables, and all is so admirable and religious, that no want can be felt. The building cost but three thousand pounds. I would say six without hesitation. We were most happily circumstanced while travelling, nine of us. Father O'Hanlon came with us. Dean Gaffney was our angel guardian, and Dr. Brown, Bishop of Kilmore, who is going to Leamington—not one stranger amongst us. The convent bell weighs a hundred and fifty pounds. It is hard work to ring it. The ceiling of the choir is very beautiful, the walls all blue and gold. The stained glass windows have MERCY in every type and character over them. Indeed, we may say we are surrounded with MERCY.

"Old Mr. Hardman, whose death was expected, has rallied wonderfully. They are a most holy family."

But we must now leave the Foundress in Birmingham, and relate some events passing south of it, painfully interesting to her and her Institute.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Return of the London Superioress.—Innovations and reformations.—Unfavorable Report by an English priest.—Very Rev. Dr. Butler congratulates himself on being independent of "borrowed plumes."—Stormy nationality.—Forbearance of the Foundress.—Visions.—Bishop Baines.—"Where Paul and I differ."—The lady who has had the visions secedes.—She goes to Rome.—Is protected by Cardinals Acton and Fransone.—She gives her revelations in a Catholic novel.—The "Solitaires" and "Handmaids" disperse.—Their projector writes another story.—Why did she leave us?

IN June, 1841, Mother McAuley had the consolation of seeing her "beloved old companion, Sister M. Clare," whom Dr. Butler accompanied to Dublin, where Bishop Murphy received her. "The Bishop of Cork met her here," writes the Foundress, "and is quite proud of her return. He says she must come home directly, and adds, what I have no recollection of, that I promised to let the other S. M. Clare go to Cork, to do some wonderful things for him. So our artist* goes, too. He made it imperative, and I dare not venture to contend with his lordship."

As Rev. Mother predicted, a change in the government of the London House proved dangerous, indeed; but God, who watched over its interests, protected it. And though the new Superioress was the medium through which innovations were attempted, the community, in general, were faithful to their vocation, as Sisters of Mercy, and anxious to maintain the spirit of their Rule, which had just received the highest sanction, that of the Vicar of Christ.

To reform an Order is an ungracious work even for a Saint; and such as have been inspired to accomplish so gigantic an undertaking, have usually been endowed with uncommon gifts of grace and nature. But reformation simply means the restoration of primitive fervor, the keeping of the rules and observances kept in the days of

* "Our artist:" a Sister who painted and illuminated beautifully.

the founder. No Order is warranted in aspiring to more than this, no Superior has a right to enforce more, no subject is obliged to obey when more is enforced. "Oh, golden age of Romuald!" sighs a Camaldolese writer; he knows he can aspire to nothing higher. But the Order of Mercy was still in its infancy, still in its "golden age." If any of its members had "inspirations," such inspirations ought to agree with, or, at least, not contradict the Rules and Constitution just confirmed by the Holy See. Should doubts as to their interpretation arise, the Foundress was still living, and she whom the Church described as "most religious,"* would surely be able, *ex officio*, to clear them up. Innovations were not to be tolerated, for deviations from the will of the Foundress, as expressed in the rules she wrote, and the observances she established, cannot be considered otherwise than as deviations from the will of Him who inspired her: God will not contradict His Church, for this would be to contradict Himself. And though the visions which impel any person to innovate upon or change the Rules confirmed by the Church and the observances by which the Foundress interprets these Rules, may be very specious, the receiver ought to remember that Satan can transform himself into an angel of light. In this case, the Religious who had "visions" proposed the establishment of perpetual adoration, while the duties already imposed by the Rule which says, "the Sisters are *continually* employed in the spiritual and corporal works of mercy," did not give leisure for more spiritual exercises than those observed from the beginning. The ingenious visionary also suggested that the Sisters should be permitted to follow their respective *attraits*, as they might happen to incline to action or contemplation, but the Rule said: "The daily duties are the same for all; the manner of performing them alone distinguishes one from the other."

Visions from God are discerned to be such by direct superiors, especially the Confessor, the Bishop, and, in case of a Religious, the Foundress or her successors. But here, though all three were versed in the theory and practice of high spirituality, the Bishop *vetoed* the proposed "improvements" at once; the Confessor, in a

* Religiosissimæ præsertim feminæ Catharinæ MacAuley studio fundata.—*Decretum.—Sororum Misericordiæ.*

little time, suspected delusion, and speedily acted on his suspicions; and the Foundress, whose humility made her shrink from giving her opinion as to the more supernatural part of the affair, said quite enough in these few words: "Sister A—— is given to extremes in matters of piety—that is her greatest error."

How any person of understanding and piety could attempt to change the rules and observances of an Order just confirmed by the Holy See, and whose Foundress was still living, is a marvel. For such a person must have known that her subjects were not only not obliged to obey her in this, but positively obliged to disobey her. For every command of a Superior, in order to be obligatory on the subject, must be accompanied by three conditions: 1. It must be not sinful, for God does not give any one authority to command what is opposed to His service. 2. It must be good in itself, or at least an indifferent thing imposed for a good object. 3. It must be not only good, but conformable to rule. Hence, if the Superior commands a thing *opposed* to the rule, or above the rule, that is, *more* rigorous than the rule, or below the rule, that is, *less* rigorous than the rule, the subject is not bound to obey. This is the doctrine of approved writers on the subject. "Let the command of the Superior," says St. Bernard, "keep within the limits of my profession; let it neither rise higher nor sink lower; let him not hinder the accomplishment of what I have promised, but let him demand nothing more of me; let him add nothing without my consent, and let him diminish nothing without great necessity."* And the same Saint, speaking of commands in which Superiors exceed their authority, says, that if we were obliged to this kind of obedience, it was useless for the Apostle to say, "Prove all things, and hold to what is good;" and that we ought to efface from the Gospel the words, "Be prudent as serpents," if those which follow them, "Be simple as doves," suffice.†

The authority of the Superior being always limited by the established rules and observances, she is obliged to enforce these, as she

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* "Prelati jussio vel prohibitio non prætereat terminos professionis," etc.—*De Præcep. et dispens*, c. 8.

† Bern. Epist. 7.

is obliged to observe them, but can neither add to nor subtract from them.

Now all this the lady to whom we refer must have known, or at least must have learned in her novitiate. The very terms of her vow of obedience, which was made "*according to the approved Rule and Constitutions of her Order*," must have taught her this. And probably had she not had "visions," she had never attempted innovation.

But even this was not enough; if the direct Superiors do not recognize the inspiration, there is ordinarily no obligation to act on it, and it could not in her case be acted on without their consent.

But, if the ordinary director do not recognize the inspiration, another may be more lenient; and, by a strange fatality, poor human nature usually prefers what best accords with the ideas suggested, naturally or supernaturally, though not necessarily divinely.

The brilliant Cardinal Wiseman gives this comprehensive glance at the late Bishop Baines:

"He had a power of fascinating all who approached him, in spite of a positive tone and manner which scarcely admitted of difference from him in opinion. He had sometimes original views on a certain class of subjects; but on every topic he had a command of language, and a clear manner of expressing his sentiments, which commanded respect, and generally won assent. Hence, his acquaintances were always willing listeners, and soon became sincere admirers, then warm partisans. Unfortunately, this proved to him a fatal gift. Assent to his plans was the condition of being near him: any one that did not agree, or that ventured to suggest deliberation, or provoke discussion, was soon at a distance. He isolated himself with his own genius; he had no counsellor but himself; and he, who had at one time surrounded himself with men of learning, of prudence, and of devotedness to him, found himself at last alone, and fretted a noble heart to a solitary death."*

Perhaps, we may say, without disparagement to the higher and

* "Recollections of the Four Last Popes," p. 292.

better powers of Dr. Baines, that such a prelate, though a Benedictine, was not the best director in the world for one "given to extremes in matters of piety."

But it often happens that the recipient of "extraordinary favors" (?) will not choose to acquiesce in the decision of a direct superior, unless the decision agree with the "revelation." It will be understood, that whatever we say here refers not to such extraordinary things as are proved in the proper manner to be of divine origin, but such as are produced by the human or the diabolical spirit, or a union of both; for the devil, whom a holy Father aptly calls "the ape of God," has often given evidence of much power in this respect, though it is seldom a matter of difficulty for the learned to discern by certain signs whether he is the origin of any given supernatural illumination, etc., or not.

Now it is very absurd for any one to prefer the vagaries of her own imagination to the calm judgment of an enlightened director; it is so absurd that we can hardly imagine it, except in a person who cares not if she is deceived, when the delusion is pleasing. And, as it is better to smile at absurdity than to lose one's temper over it, persons of such a class will excuse us for hinting that they remind us, very distantly, of course, of an ancient lady, whose eloquence at "class-meetings" was the admiration of—herself.

This venerable maiden determined to give up her former "way of thinking," though not of preaching, applied to be received into the Catholic Church, informing the priest that she designed to make prayers and orations for the good of the brethren every Sabbath, as the Spirit might move her. Notwithstanding the admiration he must have felt for the zeal which excited her to give to the world the full benefit of her ready oratory, he was obliged to inform her that his Church did not allow women to exercise the function of preaching in public. But, as the bashful vestal objected strongly to every thing he urged in defence of this point of discipline, he quoted St. Paul, innocently supposing that she was willing to abide by the Bible, which she grasped in her shrivelled hands. Whereupon, striking the blessed book with the index finger, she exclaimed, with terrible emphasis:

"But, my dear sir, *there's* where Paul and I differ!"

It is thus with the victims of delusion. It is little use to quote Paul, or a higher than Paul, if he and they "differ."

The lady who, in this instance, desired to introduce novelties, was a convert, of that high birth* which adds lustre to the sacrifice made in quitting the world, when she who makes it says, with her heart as with her lips: "The empire of this world, and all the glory thereof, I have despised for the love of my Lord Jesus."† She had already seen more than forty summers; her intellect was beyond the average; she wrote with ease, and sometimes with elegance; her accomplishments were numerous; she spoke several languages, sang, played on many instruments, and painted, in a style that some professors might envy. And, to do her justice, she did not seem to be in the category of those who are "deprived of the fruit of the tree of life for having eaten too greedily of the tree of knowledge." In appearance she was plain, but every one agreed that "the beauty of the king's daughter was within." As to manner, she seemed a perfect Religious, and that, in Reverend Mother's vocabulary, included a perfect gentlewoman. We meet with one passage in the Foundress' letters, in which she regrets the necessity there exists of taking down some of Sister A——'s "self-importance with regard to opinion;" but every thing else said in them is in praise of Sister A——. Would that she had used her gifts more for the glory of the Giver!

The desire to introduce duties incompatible with the Rule, is nothing new in the history of Religious Orders. Thus Orviedo and Onofrio wished to become hermits, and still retain the title of Jesuits, but *there* they and St. Ignatius differed. Thus Mandarini wanted to *improve* on St. Liguori's views, but *there* also he and the saint differed. In these cases the delusions were very specious, nevertheless the two saints quickly discovered the ruse. If people want, as they sometimes would pretend to make us understand, something more perfect than the rule the Church of God approves for them, the more honorable course is to quit the

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* Hardly high enough, however, to justify the frequent allusions made to it in her works, which, to say the least, cannot be considered in very good taste.

† "*Regnum mundi*," etc. Profession ceremonial.

Order, and not to remain within it to injure, if they cannot subvert it.

Now, the Rules, the common life, the perfection which consists in "performing extraordinarily well the ordinary exercises of every day"—this was all Reverend Mother ever directed the Sisters to aspire to. This was the will of God in their regard. "I had rather assist my neighbor than be rapt in ecstacy," said a great contemplative,* "because in an ecstacy God assists me, but in serving my neighbor, I assist Him." With far greater reason should a Sister of Mercy make a similar selection. Mother McAuley wished all her children to be saints, but she was not ambitious that some should "appear before men" endowed with greater gifts than others; and she thought it a very good mortification for the strong to wait sweetly for the weak, and accommodate their pace to that of the weary and sickly, as Jacob slackened his speed through compassion for the children and lambs that brought up the rear of his Oriental cortége. When she praises a Sister in particular, it is not for severe discipline, high contemplation, extraordinary fasts, prolonged vigils. These are excellent things, but from their very nature they cannot be always and universally practised in any Religious house, still less if such house be occupied by "*Sisters of Mercy, whose charity is their inclosure, while for the love of their Heavenly Spouse, in His poor and suffering members, they deny themselves the peace and protection of a cloister.*"† But she praises for exact observance of Rule, and she instructs her children to emulate the virtues of the saints, not their *extraordinary* actions. Her letters abound in such passages as the following: "Little Sister M. De Sales is well versed in all our ways, and very faithful to her vocation." "Sister M. Aloysia is most humble and edifying; in the most trying circumstances she is never moved. She labors incessantly for the objects of the Institute." "Sister M. Teresa is proving that she profited of the advantages she received. She is now *laboring* at the manuscript, and though she cannot do it in the very best style, she is so anxious that I am forced to appear content." "Sister Teresa 'the Less' is doing

* Saint Mary Magdalen di Pazzi. † Faber.

great good among the poor." "Sister M. Clare teaches me, by her example, what genuine meekness and humility are." "I hear great accounts of Sister M. Josephine's prudence, and nice, regular example. I saw all that was amiable in her character." And as a preparation to enter a new house with a renovated spirit, she does not prescribe extraordinary fasts and novenas, but a more perfect observance of the common regulations. Thus she writes: "It is gratifying to hear that you are to have the comfort of entering your new convent in May. You will all be making a fervent preparation for that happy event, and draw down upon yourselves the blessings of heaven, by *observing all the regulations, and by a cautious, salutary fear of every departure from rule and observance.* Then will God make your house His own, and love to dwell among you."

She did not undervalue the extraordinary things that often accompany or form an element in heroic sanctity, but she preferred the common life to the working of miracles, and she thought, with the great masters of spiritual science, that only stern necessity should compel one to speak of such things in connection with self. "My secret to myself" was her motto, and so well did she practice that beautiful "reserve" she constantly inculcated, that though it was only when her weak arms refused to torture her dying frame, that she laid aside the "discipline" wet with her blood, yet it was after death that her wounded shoulders and lacerated feet bore eloquent testimony to a degree of bodily mortification her most confidential companions never suspected till all danger of paining her humility and "reserve" was past forever!

The following letter will show that she did not deem it in accordance with religious modesty to speak or write too much on "the delectations" experienced in prayer, the impatience to "consummate the sacrifice," the boiling fervor which may be in some danger of boiling over, &c.:

"My dear Sister, accept my thanks for your kind note, which was quite cheering. You are timely in thinking of your profession, and I feel satisfied you will make due preparation for it, and that you will never be unworthy of so great a favor. But I expect to see in all my dear Sister novices, a sweet, holy reserve, which will

be as a shield around them. This word 'reserve' is extensively useful for meditation. If we acquire Religious reserve, we shall never speak too much, write too much, grieve too much, laugh too much; and when we do all things in due order, and do not exceed in any, then a good foundation will be laid for advancement in religious perfection. May God grant to us all this beautiful reserve, that restrains words, looks, and actions, and continually whispers: 'Go back, stop, say no more." It is of immense value, and greatly to be desired.

"I must select a nice postulant for you, and endeavor to induce her to help the poor Sisters. Some one has said that a great barn must be opened in Bermondsey, to admit all who are talking of going there. Perhaps their pious intentions will evaporate in talk, for want of that heavenly *reserve* we were speaking of. Now, like a dear good child, pray for me, and believe me most affectionately yours in Jesus Christ."

In young, lively persons, who enjoy rude health, and are still untried, nature may have as much to do with spiritual sweetness as grace has. Evidently, the wise Foundress would prefer a little "reserve" to all the splendid resolutions of her youthful correspondent—she feared the perfume might exhale if the vase were too freely uncovered. She loved flowers, but she liked fruits better. Of her own resolutions hardly one has reached us, but her *acts* are, at this moment, animating thousands of her children.

When first "the improvements" to be introduced into the London House were discussed, it got out, in some way or other, that the late Superioress was opposed to them. A distinguished lawyer, a friend of the convent, consoled her successor by expressing a hope, that "the house would do better now since 'Paddy' had left."

In many instances there exists between the English and Irish an antipathy which persons of ordinary virtue cannot easily overcome, and which, after it seems to be eradicated, starts into being again. An inordinate love of country may make narrow-minded people imagine they cannot prove their loyalty without insulting or wounding the natives of other places; just as some persons fancy they cannot show their independence without showing their vulgarity. Not a shade of this ignoble feeling existed in the heroic-

ally charitable Foundress. She loved her country as St. Francis of Sales loved the rugged soil of his native Savoy, and like the same saint, she was ready "to fly to England," or anywhere else, to promote God's glory and the salvation of souls. One quality she possessed in common with St. Ignatius, that every Sister of the Order believed herself to be a particular favorite of hers; but certainly, if she showed any partiality, it was for the strangers, not for her own countrywomen. She praises her Scotch and English Sisters much more frequently than her Irish Sisters—the former had left happy homes and their native land, the latter had only stepped from the paternal roof. The former were, in several instances, converts, who, by embracing the faith and the Religious life, had broken the ties that bound them to all they loved, and really taken up the cross; and how immensely she appreciated such a sacrifice, her description of Sister M. Gertrude Jones, whom she views as a martyr for the faith, beautifully shows.

To hear nationalities discussed in a manner capable of wounding the most sensitive, would be exceedingly painful to her. And because England was regarded as the hereditary foe of Ireland, she did not allow politics to be mentioned at recreation, lest any thing should escape an impulsive Hibernian,* tending, in the slightest degree, to wound those who had crossed the sea, and left every thing they loved, to learn the maxims of perfection in a country

* It will be remembered that the greater part of Mother McAuley's life belonged to the most exciting period of Irish history—the leadership of O'Connell. Religion and politics were mingled, and the fathers and brothers of many of the Sisters were enthusiastic supporters of the "great champion of Catholic freedom." Her dearest friends, as Archbishop Murray, Dr. Doyle, Dr. Blake, etc., were among the public men of the day. The talented daughters of the Liberator daily assisted in her poor schools; yet with all this, a word that could pain a foreigner was never uttered in her community. Like her friend, the Apostle of Temperance, while she sought to do good to every party, her sympathies were chiefly with the vanquished and unfortunate; and when there was misery to be relieved, or sorrow to be assuaged, repealers and orangemen, Catholics and non-Catholics, natives and foreigners, were all the same to her. Or, rather, the foreigners, of whom she knew comparatively few, were the most tenderly cherished. She even required the Sisters who spoke foreign languages, to continue to study them occasionally, that they might be able to afford the foreigners they constantly encountered in the hospitals and prisons, the comfort of instruction in their native tongue.

which, in the days of its prosperity, had opened its glorious monasteries to Frank and Norman, Dane and Saxon, and had ever received the stranger with the national *cead mille a faltha.* That this ancient spirit still lived, in the Foundress at least, the following pleasant passage, in a letter to the Superioress of Galway Convent, will show:

"All our English Sisters have signs of solid, genuine piety, and strong vocation to their state. They are, indeed, all that we could wish. Our venerated Archbishop has promised to receive them, but cannot yet appoint the day. The Irish Sisters are going to treat them to a great christening cake, to impress them with a due sense of Irish hospitality; and even now, when some fruit is being distributed at recreation, the English Sisters always get the best of it. I am instructing them for nearly two hours a day for the ceremony. Thank God, they love instruction, and seem most desirous to profit by it. Their new convent is a beautiful Pugin structure. It could not be too nice for those whom God has destined to be its first occupants."

No one would think, from the following letter, that Mother McAuley had just had an unfavorable account of the house she addressed it to; the Superioress, however, must have understood the hint conveyed in the second sentence, about "the active practice of our duties." It is written to Sister M. De Sales White:

"We shall leave this house so badly provided, when going to Birmingham, that we thought it would be necessary to get you and dear Sister M. Xavier home before we left; but I am now satisfied to wait till my return, though indeed I see the necessity as clearly as those who do not deem it prudent to wait so long. But we will get you both so much improved by the good example you have had, and the active practice of our duties, that you will soon help us to get all in order, that is, to teach the new children."

Nor is there a shade of anxiety expressed in this quiet, humorous passage, written about the same time to a Sister in Limerick:

"We shall soon have a very thin house, if God is not pleased to send us a new batch. If four go to Newfoundland, and nine to Birmingham, thirteen vacant cells will be a curiosity here. This will be a great relief to my poor little house-steward, Sister M.

Teresa (the Less), who has been often perplexed to make out a bed, so much so, that I used to try to avoid her when an addition was on the way. We were sure to hear something like the following dialogue :

" 'Reverend Mother, I hear there's another Sister coming ?'

" 'Yes; have you any objection ?'

" 'Where is she to sleep ?'

" 'In my lap.'

" 'Oh, I declare, Reverend Mother, it is impossible to make any more room—the Sisters are dreadfully crowded. Come, look into the dormitory,' etc.

"Read this for her, and she will rejoice at the prospect of thirteen spare beds. She must come home soon; we cannot afford to have our poor reduced forces scattered."

St. Mary's was never without a cell for a new Sister. In conjunctures like the above, Mother McAuley quietly led the stranger to her own, and took her rest in an old arm-chair, if, indeed, she rested at all.

The following extract, however, is not very complimentary to the "improvements" attempted in London :

"I hope my dear Sisters M. Xavier and De Sales will come home in their own native style, and that the Irish malediction, 'Bad manners to you,' will not have fallen on them. As my last poetic effusion has been on this subject, I send a copy of it to dear Sister M. Catherine, as a tribute of affectionate remembrance, not at all insinuating that the curse has fallen on her."

Mother McAuley's life-long intercourse with the poor made her familiar with all their very energetic modes of expressing joy and sorrow, anger and affection. She was acquainted with every personification of poverty, from the venerable vendor of apples and nuts, who sat at her "standing" conning her beads when not selling her merchandise, to the poor little boy who slept anywhere, and dined on a "crust of bread and the smell of Gresham's Hotel." She sometimes repeated at recreation their witty sayings, but their ordinary mode of expressing dissatisfaction, "Bad manners to you," greatly struck her. She wrote a few verses on it for the amusement of the Sisters, playfully deprecating the maledic-

tion, and regretting that it fell on so many. She thought the world would be a happy place, if people's manners were as good as their hearts; since much of its unhappiness comes from "bad manners." Good manners, she said, should always accompany good works, of which they are the most graceful ornament; and if the ugly malediction, "Bad manners to you," should fall on her children, she believed their usefulness would be greatly diminished, if not utterly destroyed.

One virtue which she considered peculiarly necessary for a Religious was forbearance. Forbearance when under any little excitement, forbearance in School, forbearance in the House of Mercy, forbearance everywhere. "We must not make too many laws," she would say; "if we draw the strings too tight they will break." She desired for her Sisters a share in that adorable dissimulation that "winketh at the sins of men to draw them to repentance." Hence she wished them to be ever ready to praise, to encourage, to stimulate, but slow to censure, and still more slow to condemn. The surgeon does not apply the knife and caustic until gentler means have failed, and even when circumstances justify the severest applications, we all know that the remedy may often prove worse than the disease. There are disorders, too, that of their nature are incurable. No physician will attempt to remove the unsightly excrescence of a hunchback. Yet if diseases of the body were treated with as little consideration as are those of the mind, what would be the physical condition of the human race!

But, with reference to the London difficulties, Reverend Mother surpassed herself in forbearance. As Foundress of an Order which had just received the highest possible sanction, every attempt at innovation must have been hateful to her. Yet her whole conduct is conciliatory in the highest degree; she never insists on the authority her office necessarily gave her—she refrains from uttering a command—she explains, suggests, entreats. The lady "inspired" to improve on what the Sacred College had just confirmed, designing to begin with the exterior, asked her whether the visitation dress could not be changed. Hoods were to be substituted for bonnets, and something else for cloaks. Mother McAuley replied that she would consider it, and when next Bishop Griffiths called, she inquired whether the state of things in London required any

alteration in non-essentials, for in essentials none could be made without changing the Order into something else, very good, perhaps, but yet not the Order of Mercy. His lordship replied very emphatically : " I do not wish *any* changes." But innovations were attempted in more important matters, and the lady " inspired" to make them, whatever her other qualifications were, does not seem, on this occasion, to have evinced over much respect for the Foundress, who writes : " We can clearly discern a desire that John Bull should be *head* on all occasions." She had just heard the Irish element designated as we have described by the courteous, hospitable counsellor above quoted, and she adopts his elegant phraseology in the confidential letter in which this passage occurs.

Bermondsey had every earthly prospect of success. The house was rich, its members persons of talent, rank, and influence, its Superioress well known in the literary world, and its Pastor the ever-devoted Dr. Butler. Still, rumors reached St. Mary's, and bishops and priests began to suspect that however excellent its members were, some of them were no longer Sisters of Mercy. An English priest having written to Mother McAuley that the Religious were following their respective *attrai's*, not the Rule, she immediately begged Dr. Butler, who was Ecclesiastical Superior and Confessor, to let her know exactly how matters stood. The Doctor, who then thought that with such a staff it was impossible for a convent to get ever so little on the left side of perfection, informed her by next post that he knew not what enemy of the Order in general, and the London house in particular, had been disseminating such injurious and false reports. Proceeding to describe the flourishing condition of the house in spirituals and temporals, he states that the two senior novices had just passed their examination for profession in the most creditable manner, as Bishop Griffifths could testify. " Hitherto," continued the aggrieved Doctor, " we have been obliged to depend on borrowed plumes for our ornaments, but these being so difficult to procure, I am happy to say that now we can dispense with them." He concludes by entreating the Foundress to ease her mind on this matter, since nothing could be more satisfactory than the manner in which the House was conducted. He forgot to say why " two Sisters left under such angry circumstances that they became enemies to the House," although

she had specially inquired ; and she knew that though it is sometimes necessary to send novices away, it is never necessary to treat them in a manner calculated to make them "enemies." She did *not*, therefore, set her mind at rest ; Bermondsey continued a thorn in her side till the day of her death. Dr. Butler was soon obliged to come to Ireland "to borrow plumes," or rather to ask them as a gift. The original Superioress returned with him, and things became as the Foundress had established them before twenty hours elapsed. The somewhat ancient projector of the innovations at once seceded.* She retired to Rome, where, protected by Cardinals Acton and Fransone, as she herself informs us, she wrote a Rule for a community destined to include "Solitaries" for contemplation, and "Handmaids" for action. These she afterwards established near St. George's Church, Southwark, London, where, as she herself was Foundress, she had ample scope for her zeal, and no "tepid Religious" to restrain her. Yet, notwithstanding these and other advantages, "the Consecrated Abbess," "the Mother Almoner," and the rest of the "Solitaries" and "Handmaids," dispersed. Their projector resumed her literary labors, but her next work shows little of "the Recluse," and less of the saint.†

It is a high eulogium on the Foundress, that when this lady left the Order she carried with her the highest veneration for her former Superioress, whom she always styles "the sainted Catherine McAuley," and of whose immediate admission into glory she says she had a vision. Such testimony from an opponent, who, whatever were her errors of the head, was appreciated in the Order and out of it for her high moral worth and splendid literary ability, may have its value; but of all who knew Catherine McAuley, there was not one who did not *feel* certain of her admission to glory, or that required a vision to confirm this belief.

Poor S. M. C——! did she go out from us because she was not of us, or did God inspire her to take that step?

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* This unhappy finale the Foundress did not live to see.

† This lady wrote an account of her stay in Rome, her projected Order, &c., which she dedicated to the Princess Doria. When saints wrote their visions, it was generally by the command of their spiritual directors, but this lady published hers in a Catholic novel! What would Mother McAuley think of such "reserve?"

CHAPTER XL.

The Foundress writes to the Bishop of Galway.—Her return to Ireland.—Letters to Very Rev. Dr. Burke, of Westport; to Sister M. Joseph Joyce; to Mother Teresa White.—Her continued interest in her Houses.—Her zeal.—Old opinions about the New World.

DURING her stay in Birmingham, Mother McAuley's cough became so much worse, that every one saw she was not long for this world. The Bishop of Galway having written to invite her to assist at the profession of the Sisters who had been received with such *éclat*, she immediately forwarded the following reply:

"St. Marie's, Birmingham, *September* 20, 1841.

"My Lord and dear Father in God:

"I have just had the honor to receive your esteemed favor, and deeply regret that I am not to have the happiness of meeting my beloved Sisters on the joyful occasion of their holy profession. Even in this warm weather, my lord, if I remain in a room with a window open, I cough all night, and so disturb the poor Sisters who are near me. When I return to Baggot-street, I expect to be confined to a close room, as the least blast makes me very troublesome for several days together. The good Bishop here celebrated Mass for us yesterday. To-day, Dr. Wiseman continues his course of lectures in the grand cathedral. He commenced with the novel opinions of the sixteenth century, placing before the congregation the arguments of both sides. Right Rev. Dr. Walsh said there were at least twelve hundred persons present at the preparatory discourse, some hundreds of whom were Protestants. It is thought these discourses will produce many converts.

"My Lord, I should apologize for encroaching on your valuable

time, begging to thank your lordship for all your kindness to me and the Sisters, and entreating your charitable remembrance.

"Your grateful child and servant in Christ,

"MARY CATHERINE McAULEY."

Mother McAuley left Birmingham, September 23d, accompanied by Sister Fanny G——, now Sister M. Liguori. They made some hours' stay in Liverpool, where the latter met her mother. Very Rev. Dr. Youens received them most hospitably, and, renewing the subject of the Liverpool Foundation, conducted them to a large, gloomy-looking house on Mount Vernon, which he was fitting up for a temporary convent. The day was wet and cold —one of those bleak days that, in England, often fall towards the end of September. Reverend Mother's clothing was scant, and her shoes, though decent in appearance, old and worn—damp feet did not improve her health, and the tossing on the stormy channel, during a very unpropitious voyage, seemed completely to overwhelm her. It was her favorite Feast of Our Lady of Mercy, the last she spent on earth. On the morning of the next day, she reached Kingstown, and the Sisters were shocked at the change a few weeks had wrought in her appearance. On the same day, she wrote the following letter from St. Mary's, in which, as usual, she expresses more concern for the afflictions of others than her own:

"*September* 25, 1841.

"MY DEAR SISTER M. FRANCES:

"We had a weary passage: kept three hours waiting for the tide, and did not arrive at Kingstown till nine A. M. The poor Sisters had comfortable tea for us, and we rested there till twelve. I had with me the young Novice, Sister Fanny, who has had great family afflictions. Her poor papa now in London, after a severe operation; her mamma's letters such as it is wonderful she can bear. Never did I see a vocation so well proved. Very Rev. Dr. Youens, an intimate friend of hers, had her mamma to meet us at his house. We dined with him; and, as the packet did not sail till eight, he brought us to the place he intends for the convent. It is very well suited, quite close to the town, with three good approaches to it. He says the present House shall remain

for a House of Mercy. We changed our visitation dress for our House dress before dinner, and some of his priests have now seen our full costume, which they like very much. He seems quite ardent about the Foundation, and sent a lady here in my absence, a Miss Coucitt, very nice person indeed."

That her interest in her convents continued to the last is proved by such sentences as these, scattered through her letters: "Their progress in Galway exceeds all expectation." "I hope they will go on in Bermondsey with great ardor now." "In Cork they advance *piano, piano*." "I think Birmingham will be a flourishing House." "I am delighted to learn of the prosperity of Wexford." "I am happy to learn that poor, sickly Naas is recovering so fast." "The Sisters in Birr have four hundred and fifty children in their schools. Poor Father Crotty is greatly afflicted. He calls the Sisters poor deluded dupes." Notwithstanding all that pressed on her, she still sympathizes with her children in their little troubles. "It distressed me much," she wrote to one of them, "to hear that your good director was changed. I know it is an affliction for you; but rest assured God will send you some distinguished consolation. This is your life—joys and sorrows mingled—one succeeding the other. Let us not think of the means God has employed to send us some portions of His holy Cross, being ever mindful that it comes from Himself." Grateful for every kindness shown a delicate Sister, she says: "How shall I express the affectionate gratitude I feel for your kindness to my poor novice, Sister M. Justina, who is, indeed, a good Religious, and valuable in every way. I believe sending her to the world would be followed by her death. Dr. Corrigan is attending her, at her father's request. Dr. Stokes, who is now considered the best opinion in lung cases, desires she should drive out every fine day. He says she is better, but fears consumption is lingering about her."

Towards the end of Mother McAuley's life her zeal redoubled, and she would gladly go to the ends of the earth, "to plant Jesus Christ in the hearts of the poor." She offered to go to Nova Scotia without foundation fund or settlement, to assist poor e grants and their children, of whose sufferings she had heard.

When Right Rev. Dr. Fleming, of Newfoundland, applied for a colony, she desired to accompany her Sisters to the New World. At that time this was something of a sacrifice. The most exaggerated accounts of the climate and inhabitants of America were prevalent among the better class of Irish, some thirty years ago. It was, indeed, a *terra incognita* to most of them. Persons of good abilities and information in other respects, who could accurately describe the Steppes of Russia, the Pontine marshes, the beauties of ancient Greece, the orange groves of Spain, the climate of Saxe Weimar or Andorra, spoke of America as an immense continent, every inch of which was subject to irregular vicissitudes of tropical heat and polar snow—a vast prairie, in which Indians and buffaloes wrestled for dominion. Many who crossed the Atlantic expected to find wigwams in New York and Baltimore, and see Cherokees, Crows and Blackfeet smoking the calumet in Broadway. "To converse with an American," says a noble author of the present century, "is like speaking with posterity from the other side of the Styx." But no dangers, real or imaginary, could deter Catherine McAuley when the salvation of souls was in question; and could the Archbishop's consent be obtained, she had been the first of her Order to touch American soil.

In the beginning of October her health seemed greatly improved. Father O'Hanlon expressed astonishment at this. "O, my dear!" he exclaimed, "you are looking quite yourself again, thank God." It was a change before death; yet the too bright light of her soft, blue eye, and the hectic of her sunken cheek, could deceive only a superficial observer. On the seventh she was so exhausted that the Sisters prevailed on her to take a little rest. The following note she wrote to Dr. Burke, of Westport, on the 8th:

"Many thanks, dear Rev. Father, for the kind concern you express about my health. I am really quite a fine lady, doing nothing but looking on, keeping up the little remnant for foundations, and above all, for Westport.

"Earnestly begging a remembrance in your prayers,

"I remain, dear, respected, Rev. Father,

"Your very grateful Sister and servant in Christ,

"M C. McAULEY."

A little later she wrote to Sister M. Joseph Joyce,* the first Sister of Mercy professed in Galway:

"How joyfully, how sincerely I congratulate you on the completion of your hopes and wishes. What a sweet and blessed union you have formed! Prove your gratitude by going hand in hand with your Divine Redeemer; nothing to interest you but what relates to His glory. May He grant you every grace and blessing, and make you one of His dearest and best beloved."

At the same time she wrote to the Superioress:

"How heartily I rejoice that all difficulties have been surmounted, and that our dear, dear Sisters have been professed. Thanks be to God! How I felt for them, kept fasting till three o'clock. But the holy and delightful view God inspired them to take of their mortified Redeemer at that hour, was well calculated to support and animate them. My poor Sister M. De Sales was disappointed at not going to you, but she is my constant, affectionate nurse, and indeed I am a troublesome child. I have felt the last heavy days very much—great increase of the cough—thank God—this mild day has revived me. Your mamma was here since we returned. She looks as well as ever I saw her. I must try to write a few lines to each of my grandchildren. May God bless and protect you all."

The Sisters professed on the foundations she playfully styled her grandchildren, and she showed them, equally with the rest, the affection of the fondest mother. The racking cough, and the twitches of inflammatory rheumatism, were insufficient to lessen the heavenly sweetness of her countenance; but she was no longer able to make much physical effort. "The singing I have beside me, and all the noise they make at recreation, do not disturb me," she wrote, "but the sound of a carriage-wheel rouses me at once." To the last, she strove to conceal the gravity of her disease, lest her approaching death should grieve the Sisters; and she denied

* Sister M. J. Joyce was one of "the first seven" professed at St. Teresa's. Before the confirmation of the Rule, "the first seven" entering each house were professed after one year's novitiate; but since the confirmation, the novitiate must continue "two entire years" before profession, and two years after. This was the only change made in the rules, &c., at Rome.

to herself in her last days the care she had lavished on hundreds. Speaking of a Sister who was dying at Tullamore, she thus unconsciously describes herself: "Blessed is that sweet and spotless soul, getting rapidly out of this miserable world." No wonder that her own joy was great when she was "getting out of this miserable world;" she had led "that blessed and happy life which makes death so sweet." The following letter is, so far as we know, the last she ever wrote. It is dated October 12, 1841:

"My Dear Sister M. Frances:

"Very Rev. Dr. Kirby, Vice-President of the Irish College at Rome, having called here the day before he sailed, I mentioned to him some evident mistakes in the copy of our Holy Rule: he told me to select them, and forward the document to him, with Archbishop Murray's signature, and said we should, without any more trouble, obtain permission to rectify them. I almost forgot to add, what will occur to yourself, not to speak of any mistakes in the Rule.

"I have just received your welcome letter. How grateful I ought to be for all your anxiety. We shall meet again, please God, *but not at present.* I was sorry to hear poor Dr. Fitzgerald is suffering so much. Tell him I pray with all the fervor I can for his comfort, etc. Ever your affectionate,

"Mary C. McAuley."

The Rules and Constitutions were originally written in English. They were translated into Italian for the greater convenience of the Sacred Congregation by whom they were examined. Very Rev. Mr. Colgan, of the Carmelite Order, certified the translation to be "substantially accurate." After their confirmation they were translated back into English, and this new translation Mother McAuley found did not agree exactly with the original; the errors she pointed out were, however, immediately rectified. The first printed copies of the Rule were those sent from the Propaganda to the Bishops in whose dioceses convents of the Order were located in 1841.*

* In the last edition of the Rule, published in Dublin with the *imprimatur* of H. E. Cardinal Cullen, and certified by Monsignore Forde, who "carefully

The examination of the Rule, and the effort to have its inaccuracies rectified, occupied the time of the Foundress, and the rectifying of these was almost the last act of her life. She rallied for a couple of weeks, without any new indication of her approaching demise. Present at every community exercise when she was scarce able to crawl, it was with difficulty the Sisters persuaded her to allow herself the comfort of retiring in the evening an hour before the appointed time. When her cough was unusually bad at night, she seemed greatly distressed next day lest she had disturbed any of the Sisters who slept near her cell, and she would sweetly apologize when they came to see her, for having made so much noise at a time of strict silence. Weak and exhausted as she was, the Sisters could not believe her to be in danger of death, because they considered her indispensable to themselves and to their infant Institute. But that Institute was His work more than hers, and she had ever taught them that its prosperity did not depend on any individual, but on a continuation of His blessing. She herself knew what was coming; she set all in order, and when she had arranged her papers, turning to Sister M. Teresa Carton, she said: "Now, they are ready, my child." Calmly she settled all her business, as if she were going to be absent for a long time; but this excited no alarm, as she always did so before setting out on foundations. After death, her papers were found, every one in its own place; the thousands and tens of thousands which had passed through her hands were accounted for to the very farthing, in the clear, concise method of book-keeping which she had adopted; wills, deeds, and legacies were arranged in order, and an index showed where each item could be found; such of her correspondence† as might not, if

examined it," to be "substantially accurate," the latter recommends that the Italian always be published with the English, "the better to decide any questions that may arise." The word *dozzena*, for instance, admits of two renderings, yet, after all, both come to the same thing, so far as the Order is concerned, in translating the passages in which it occurs: "Non si ammettera alcuna a *dozzena*, ad eccezione di una fondatrice, o grande benefattrice." (Capo viii. s. 4.) And: "Siccome le sorelle di questa Santa Congregazione sono dedicati ai poveri—e siccome è loro rigorosamente proibito di ricevere a *dozzena*, non si aprirà alcun nuovo Monastero, se non abbia una certa rendita pel suo mantenimento," etc. Capo x. *Degli Stabilimenti.*

† As, for instance, the letters of Bishop Blake and Bishop Haly on the chap-

produced, prove agreeable to persons still living, and such as was strictly confidential, could not be found, she probably having destroyed it to prevent any unpleasant consequences. As far as she could, she made the way easy, as she would say, for her successor; and one could not examine her papers, arrangements, etc., spiritual and temporal, without seeing that "He that feareth God, neglecteth nothing."

During life she always manifested a singular devotion to the abandonment of Jesus on the cross ; in death she desired to participate in this sorrow. She preserved silence as to what she knew to be inevitable, lest the Sisters should send to distant Houses for her old companions, whom she always particularly esteemed, and whom, according to nature, she might rejoice to see thronging around her death-bed.

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laincy question. As they entirely agreed with her, passages in their letters might be considered strictures on Dr. Meyler, whose own Bishop did not deem it necessary to interfere in this matter.

CHAPTER XLI.

All Saints' Day.—All Souls' Day.—Joy of the Foundress at the approach of death.—She receives the Last Sacraments.—Her last moments.—The ruling passion strong in death.—Her obsequies.—The remains of her departed children are brought home.—Her personal appearance.—Her portrait.—Statistics of the Order.

BROWN October had robbed the trees of their beauty; nature was stripped of her fairest ornaments; the birds had flown to a more genial clime; but, though the bright and beautiful things of nature had faded, nature's God remained, as ever, without vicissitude. The glorious festival of All Saints, so consoling, so inspiring, came round. With what fervor did our dying saint celebrate it! It gives us a glimpse of heaven, when the beauteous things of earth have vanished, reminding us that in our true home all things will be made new forever. Other feasts show us Jesus the Head, or Mary the Mother of the Church, or angels her guardians, or saints her body; but, on this, the gates of heaven are thrown open to us, "poor, banished children of Eve." There we see Jesus, the First-born of the saints, Mary, the Queen of saints, and millions of ransomed souls, of every tribe and tongue and people and nation: souls decked in the fair garb of baptismal innocence, and souls adorned with the martyrs' palm; the souls of our parents, our brothers, our friends—those who had the same trials and temptations as we, who walked in the same streets, who prayed in the same church—those who instructed us, who loved us. They pray for us now—charity is perfected in heaven; they ardently long for our arrival among them—their bliss will not be complete without us. Our thrones await us: when shall we be summoned to fill them? When shall we increase that "great multitude which no man could number?" This feast is placed near the end of the ecclesiastical year, when the fallen leaf is

beautifully teaching us that all we love on earth must sooner or later vanish from our view; it opens heaven to us "towards evening, when the day is far spent." No wonder that the dying servant of God longed for her release, sighing, with the Prophet, "How miserable am I that my exile is so prolonged!" or, with her beloved St. Teresa:

"Ah! Lord, my life and living breath,
Take me, oh! take me from this death,
And burst the bars that sever me
From my true life above!
Think how I die Thy face to see,
And cannot live away from Thee,
Oh, my Eternal Love!"

And gazing in spirit on her departed children, whom she fondly called her "Community in heaven," with what ardor did she not exclaim, "O Jesus! First-born of the elect! Saint of saints, and King of glory! command me to come to Thee, that, with Thy saints, I may praise Thee forever and ever!"

Though the Church sometimes celebrates the glory of thousands of her children in a single day, still the year is not long enough to commemorate the millions and billions of her sainted children. But, on this day, not a member of the Triumphant Church is forgotten. All are praised and venerated by their brethren of the Militant Church.

Nor was the Feast of All Souls less animating to the departing Foundress. How often, during life, and still more at the approach of death, did she not sigh for that "Eternal Rest" which the Church so lovingly and so perseveringly implores for her departed children.

Death hovered around her yet a few days, as though this king of terrors were afraid to make her his prey. Consumed by love rather than pain, her light went out, but slowly. Like the glorious Apostle of the Gentiles, she longed to be dissolved and with Christ. Like the same Saint, charity and zeal so urged her, that she seemed not to have elbow-room in this world.

All her life she appears to have had a peculiar gift of joy; and during the too short period of her religious life, she never seemed

weary of expatiating on what she called "the joys of her state."

"We *must* be happy," she said, "while the spirit of our sublime vocation animates us." She could not understand sadness in Religious. The joy of a good conscience, the joy of spending themselves in the service of Christ, the joy of wearing the livery of such a Master, ought to beam on their very faces, she thought. She had seen and mingled with the world during the greater part of her life, and she had seen it under favorable aspects, for her friends and connections were all estimable persons; yet she ever held, that if there is true happiness on earth, it is found in the Religious life; by those who are animated with the spirit of their vocation. Writing to a lady about to join her Institute, she thus concludes her account of the day's employments: "After supper, we make a visit to the Blessed Sacrament, and then go to recreation; and you never saw such a happy, merry party, nor never will, except in a Religious community." To Sister M. Catherine, in Galway, she writes: "While the spirit of your vocation animates your actions, happiness *must* await you, even when you have many charges to bring against yourself in your daily examens." In another letter, she says: "How sweet, how blessed is our life, which affords so much solid enjoyment when all that the world values is shut out from us. O blessed and happy life which makes death so sweet!"

Towards the end, her joy became so intense, that, when asked by her friend, Dean Gaffney, whether she still experienced that fear of dying which at one time threatened to become excessive, she replied: "If I thought death could be so sweet, I never should have feared it. Our Lord has spared me very much."

One of the Sisters having remarked that, after doing so much for God and His poor, the Foundress of the Order of Mercy could have nothing to fear, the latter said, impressively:

"My child, let us never think of what we *have* done but rather of what we *might* have done, had we been more faithful stewards of God's gifts and graces."

If Alexander sighed when the philosophers told him the stars were worlds, because there were many worlds, and he had not yet

conquered one, much more did Catherine McAuley sigh, because there were so many sinners in the one world she knew, and she had won so few of them back to their Creator.

During the Octave of All Saints, her exhaustion became so great, that she was unable to leave her bed ; yet she would not grieve the Sisters by telling them that the hand of death was on her. But her debility increasing, the last Sacraments were administered on Monday, the 8th of November, the Sisters still clinging to the hope that Extreme Unction would restore her. But God decreed otherwise.

To one of her children, S. M. Gertrude B——, who came from a distance to see her about this time, she said :

" Have you received the necessary permission to leave home, my child ?"

The Sister, who was a local Superior, candidly confessed she had not, and Mother McAuley having embraced her with a fervent " God bless you," desired her to return directly.

Mother Elizabeth, of Limerick, came with " the necessary permission" to see if there were any real danger of death. Her dying Mother received her with utmost cordiality, and when she left the room, called the infirmarian, and said :

" Who sent for Sister M. Elizabeth, my child ?"

The Sister replied, that Mother di Pazzi and the Community Sisters, fearing there was some danger of death, wished some of the old Sisters to come and see her.

One gleam of a long suppressed affection now burst from the expiring saint. Of the two Sisters whom she had reproached herself with loving too well, in 1837, one was still living, but at a distance. Naturally, she might wish to see this cherished friend once more ; but grace would not allow such a gratification to nature, and she expressed no wish on the subject. Fearing, however, that the Sisters might anticipate her natural desires, she said, somewhat eagerly :

" Sister, *have they sent for my child ?*" And on receiving a negative reply, she raised her eyes towards heaven, but said nothing. The Sister, in deference to what she knew to be the wishes of her dying Mother, did not mention this circumstance till

the Foundress was beyond all danger of participating in mere human gratification.

On Tuesday, November 9th, she handed to the same Sister her discipline, still reeking with her blood, ordering her to put it in the fire, and see that it was burned. The same day she gave to Mother Elizabeth a parcel carefully tied up, desiring her not to let any one see the contents. It was supposed that it contained, among other things, her old shoes, which were nowhere to be found after her death, and which, it was often observed, seemed to fit her very uneasily. Owing to the "reserve" which she practiced far better than she preached, the full amount of her mortification can be known only to God. But when life was extinct, the scarred shoulders, the lacerated feet, and the attenuated frame, eloquently testified that she had "borne about in her body the mortification of Christ."

At four A. M. on Thursday, November 11, she called the infirmarian, and said :

"My darling, could you have this bed moved to the middle of the room? I shall soon want air."

It was only after she had said this, that the Sisters believed she would never leave that bed alive.

She expressed, several times, an ardent desire that the prayers of the poor might be procured for her soul, and especially the prayers of the servants, to whom she had ever been so much devoted. But, with her usual beautiful considerateness, she remarked that it would be troublesome for the Sister in charge of these to make this request of each one of them as they happened to come; and she suggested that a card could be hung up in the Servants' Office, on which one of the Sister's should print :

"PRAY FOR THE SOUL OF POOR CATHERINE McAULEY."

This little incident shows her deep humility. She had the highest idea of the dignity of the Religious state, and she used often say to the Sisters : "There is more difference between what you were in the world and what you are now, than there is between the rudest peasant and the greatest princess on earth." And in her last appeal for the prayers of the poor, she used not the title which Religion gave her, and of which she deemed herself utterly

unworthy, but her secular name, and that still further qualified in a manner that showed she felt her need of the prayers she was so eager to obtain.

About seven, she said she would like to see the Sisters individually, and as each one came, she gave to her the spiritual advice best suited to her particular necessities ; but with every one of them she began and ended by inculcating perfect union and charity. To all in general she said : " My legacy to the Institute is charity. If you preserve the peace and union which have never yet been violated amongst us, you will feel, even in this world, a happiness that will surprise you, and be to you a foretaste of the bliss prepared for every one of you in heaven."

She then called again the venerable Sister M. Genevieve, who had affectionately nursed James McAuley, the last of his aunt's " earthly joys," and consequently was particularly dear to the dying Foundress. In the natural course of things, Sister M. Genevieve's death could not be far off, and her Mother, as if to encourage her to think happily of it, exclaimed :

" My fears have all vanished, Sister darling. I feel exceedingly happy." Thus did she strive to encourage and console others when hardly able to speak herself.

To the very last she recognized every one that entered the room. Seeing her god-child Teresa (little Sister Camillus) weeping bitterly, she said to her : " Kiss me, my heart, and then go away, but don't be crying." It was not easy to obey the last injunction. She had held Teresa at the baptismal font, she had reared and educated her, she had been for years her spiritual Mother ; how could the poor young Sister restrain her tears when she saw herself about to lose the gentle guardian of her childhood ?

About half-past eight, the Holy Sacrifice was offered in her room. While preparing for Mass, she called a Sister and said that as she had been anointed without the usual ceremony,—rather to hasten her recovery than to prepare her for death,—it would be a comfort to her to see the Church-cloaks on the Sisters once more. She always directed that these white cloaks should be worn at the last anointing and burial of her Religious, as well as at Receptions and Professions : " for," said she, " the burial-service of

a Religious is a heavenly ceremony, more so than any Reception or Profession."

About eleven, her breathing became greatly oppressed, but, distressing as it was to make the effort, she spoke as calmly and cordially as ever to those who visited her. On this dull November day "the sun must have shone very brightly" to her, for in reply to a remark of Father Gaffney's, she said: "Oh, if this be death, it is easy indeed;" and she repeated the same several times. To her brother, who asked whether she had any thing particular to say to him, she replied:

"Nothing, James, only what I have so often said before. Return to the Faith of your Fathers."

She was particularly affectionate with Very Rev. Dean Meyler, as if to show how completely she had forgiven the annoyance he once caused her; and, though he had never granted her any thing, she received him as cordially as she would Bishop Blake, and said, confidingly:

"You will be a father to my poor children when I am no more? I know you will."

The Dean, deeply moved, answered that he would; and the promise he then made was *well redeemed*. In future, the Order had no better friend.

With Rev. Messrs. Walsh, of Kingstown, O'Carroll and O'Hanlon, of Dublin, she spoke so serenely and collectedly, that they could not believe death was so near. To the physician, she said, pleasantly:

"Well, doctor, the scene is drawing to a close."

She then thanked him for his attention, and gratefully acknowledged his kindness, though she had not been benefited by his skill. At the vesper hour (five P. M.), she asked for the blessed candle; this she held firmly for some time, but, as it burned too brightly for her failing sight, she entreated the infirmarian to replace it by a smaller one. But, weak as her sight was becoming, she noticed that the Sisters who surrounded her had not taken any supper, and, with that exquisite considerateness for others, which was always a prominent feature in her beautiful character, she called the Sister who presided over the culinary department, and made an effort to whisper:

"My child, the poor Sisters look greatly fatigued; be sure you have a comfortable cup of tea for them when I am gone." Some of the Sisters had come from a distance to be present at her last moments, and she feared that, for the first time, the duties of hospitality might be forgotten or neglected at St. Mary's.

She continued praying and responding to the prayers for the departing as long as she was able. Mother Elizabeth having said for her a favorite prayer of hers, she turned her head towards her, and said, impressively, "May God Almighty bless you, my child." About a quarter to eight, the Sisters, fearing she did not hear the consoling prayers, suggested to Mother Elizabeth, who was reciting them, to raise her voice a little, which she did; but the dying Foundress at once said, "No occasion to speak so loud, my darling: I hear distinctly." A few minutes before eight, she gave an affectionate blessing to all her children, present and absent, and then calmly closed her eyes to open them no more. Seldom has God summoned from earth a soul so well fitted "to deck His paradise."

"The poor Sisters," says the annalist, "now had recourse to their Heavenly Father, and, with touching earnestness, prayed Him to receive their cherished Mother, and to look with compassion on themselves. They besought grace to become worthy of their sainted guide, and calm resignation to sustain their heavy affliction.

"The death of any one to whom the survivor has been united is a bereavement—it is hard to look the thought full in the face that we shall never see such a one again. But when that one has been light to one's feet, the stay and encouragement of moments of trial—moments when God's servant is so necessary to explain God's dealings, and to point out the opening dawn in the dark night-time—the removal of such a one is, for a while at least, a foretaste of death to those who remain behind. Accustomed to rely and confide and lovingly obey, and thinking of nothing else, when the spring of activity breaks, everything appears in confusion—to want an aim and a use. Thus, for a moment, the poor Sisters found themselves, when they sank on their knees to beg God's protection, and to end by saying, as Jesus had said before them, 'Not my will, O heavenly Father, but thine be done!'"

Great as this affliction was, it had none of the marks of an angry cross ; "there was no disunion, no gloomy depression of spirits resulting from it." The orphan Sisters exclaimed, with one accord, "God's will be done ;" and they "loved Him as well when He took, as when He gave." Besides, they were determined to keep her precious remains ; and when, on Friday, the Archbishop paid his visit of condolence to the Community, he gave permission to have the part of the garden the Foundress had designed for a cemetery consecrated.

Even this singularly accorded with her wishes ; for the expense of procuring the kind of coffins necessary to prevent the deleterious effects decomposition might produce in a public church, did not seem to her to be in accordance with the perfection of poverty, and she often said, "When I go, I hope I shall be laid in the earth like the poor."

It is almost unnecessary to say that every thing appertaining to the Foundress was seized by her orphan children. Her books, articles of clothing, autograph letters, etc., are still preserved with veneration. Her successor in office, M. M. di Pazzi Delany, with considerate kindness, sent some little memento of the sainted Mother to each of the distant convents. Miracles are said to have been wrought with some of these, and the late pious and talented Mother Mary V. Hartnett, of Roscommon, has left it on record that she "never asked God to grant her any favor, through the merits of His servant Catherine," without obtaining her request. Only the oldest Sisters ever prayed for her, and this they did in consequence of a promise they had made her. The Requiem Mass, usually celebrated in every House of the Order, on the 11th of November, is offered for the deceased members of the Institute.

On Saturday, 13th November, 1841, Catherine McAuley was "laid in the earth like the poor," her old and devoted friend, Dr. Kinsella, Bishop of Ossory, presiding. Archbishop Murray, on account of illness, was unable to attend. Five bishops and sixty priests celebrated her obsequies, and followed her to the grave. A little more than a month before her death, she had attained her fifty-fourth year.* A small cross, bearing her name and the date

* Her godchild says that the Foundress was only forty-seven.

of her death, marks the spot where her sacred remains repose, but her noblest monument is the Order of Mercy. In a few days, her children who slept at St. Teresa's were brought home and deposited around her.

Catherine McAuley was above the middle size, rather slight in youth, but in after life, full though not corpulent. Her figure was very fine—erect and well-proportioned ; she moved or sat with utmost grace. At any period of her life she might be pronounced handsome, for years and sorrows dealt very gently with her beauty ; but there was a something in her look superior to beauty, which charmed every beholder. Her complexion was transparently fair, her cheeks rosy, her eyes were deeply, darkly, beautifully blue ; her features well formed, her contour soft. Serenity and intelligence beamed on her countenance, but benevolence was its prevailing expression. Her eyes were singularly expressive, and her glance so penetrating, that with a look she seemed to read your inmost soul. Those who had given her cause of displeasure, almost quailed before her eye, till reassured by her smile. Her hands and feet, though not "aristocratically small," were well shaped and in proportion. In the phrenological formation of her head, the organs of benevolence and veneration were very strongly developed.

No accurate likeness of the Foundress exists, as there never was one taken during her life. After her death a sculptor was employed to take a cast of her features, and the Sister frequently mentioned in her letters in connection with the fine arts, painted in oil a life-size portrait, which is considered tolerably correct, though taken from a corpse. She is represented in a sitting posture, clothed in the costume of her Order, and holding the book of the Rules. Her eyes are very beautiful, her lips somewhat thin, and the formation of the mouth indicative of much firmness. Her hands are fair, plump, and finely shaped. The expression of the countenance is serene and dignified, the posture easy and graceful, and the *tout ensemble* very pleasing. The original is in Baggot-street,* but several other convents possess copies. Every one acquainted with Mother McAuley bears witness that her very look inspired

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* The likeness in this book is not taken from the painting in Baggot-street.

love of virtue, and that her whole demeanor evinced constant recollection of the presence of God. "Her deportment was ever kind and compassionate to the poor," says one of her biographers, "and ever maternal to the Sisters." They loved her as a mother, and revered her as a Saint, while she venerated them as spouses of Christ, and loved them as her most dear children. She once admitted that she had seen "human weakness" in a Sister, but such were her heroic charity and the immense allowances she made for natural character, early training, peculiarities of constitution, and other accidental circumstances, that in her voluminous correspondence which is always addressed to her subjects, and in which she is constantly speaking of her inferiors, she never charges any one with a positive fault.

Bishops and divines who revered her, and Sisters who loved her intensely, have sought to portray her character, but this will be best done in the words which she herself applied to a Sister in 1839: "Sister Mary C——* is a delightful addition—always recollected, but never too solemn—no show of any kind, but everything valuable shows itself continually. She is evidently selected for a great work—every day becomes more pleasing and amiable—she yields to the opinion of others like a little child, and you feel irresistibly drawn to hers, by the very manner in which she submits. She teaches me by her example what genuine meekness and humility are."

The Sisters, to evince their affection for dear Reverend Mother's memory, and to honor her Patron Saint, changed the title of Baggot-street Convent from St. Mary's to St. Catherine's. Nor have they been without a confident hope that their own Saint Catherine will one day participate in the title and the honors of the Saint of Sienna.

The Order of Mercy commenced in Ireland 1827, was introduced into England in 1839, to Newfoundland 1842, to the United

* This Sister was an English convert of high birth, and so singularly gifted by nature and education, that her friends declared they never would give her in marriage to any one less than a prince! She kept them to their word, and espoused the King of heaven. However, she was nearly forty years old before they could be prevailed on to part with her.

States 1843, to Australia 1845, to Scotland 1849, to New Zealand 1849, and to South America in 1856. At present (1866) the number of convents is over two hundred, and the members of the Order over three thousand. Considering that more than half the Sisters join the Institute under twenty, and nearly all under twenty-eight or thirty, the mortality is very large. It was twenty-five per cent. the first ten years of the existence of the Order, and has since been above ten per cent. per annum ; and among all the Sisters of Mercy scattered over the world, there are scarcely twelve who have attained the age of fifty. Mother McAuley used to say that, subtracting the period of novitiate and that of declining health, few of her children would give much more than ten years of active service to the Order. Just ten years she gave herself, but what a service hers was !

Between endowments and the surplus dowries of the Sisters, the poor in Ireland have received, through this Order alone, during the first thirty years of its existence, three million five hundred thousand dollars.* In England the amount is proportionally great, and the aggregate sum given by bequest in both countries must be very large, but we cannot ascertain the exact amount.

In a letter alluding to the affairs of Kingstown Convent, Catherine McAuley wrote with exquisite simplicity : " God knows that I would rather be cold and hungry than that His poor should suffer want." How would she have felt had she lived to see her unhappy country depopulated at the rate of " a million a decade" by famine, pestilence, and emigration ?

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* Very Rev. Dr. O'Brien gives the amount as £700,000.

CHAPTER XLII.

Letter of Bishop Blake.—Letter of Dr. Gaffney, Dean of Maynooth.—Obituary, from the *Halifax Register*.

FROM the letters of condolence that flowed into Baggot-street after the death of the Foundress, we select two, written respectively by the Bishop of Dromore and the Dean of Maynooth, who, as her intimate friends and sometimes her spiritual directors, were well qualified to speak of her. The former writes :

"We have all reason to weep at the loss which Ireland and England have sustained in the death of the ever-memorable Foundress of the ORDER OF MERCY. A more zealous, prudent, disinterested and successful benefactress of the human race, has not existed since the days of St. Bridget.* She has been taken from us after bestowing incalculable services and benefits on her fellow-creatures. What she accomplished would suffice to attach celebrity to many individuals. Her course was long enough to render her name immortal among the virtuous. But judging what she would do had she been left longer amongst us, from what she executed amidst difficulties and trials of no ordinary magnitude, we cannot but lament her departure, and we are tempted to exclaim : 'Oh, it was too soon !' But God's holy will be adored at all times ; to Him we are indebted for all that she did ; from Him she received the spirit that animated her pure soul. His Providence guided her steps, removed her difficulties, strengthened her heart, and ensured

* The thousands of virgins who, in the palmiest days of the Irish Church, served God under the Rule of the great St. Bridget, (there are fourteen St. Bridgets commemorated in the Irish calendar), were not cloistered, though bound by the vows of Religion. They chanted the office in choir, but at stated hours performed the works of mercy towards their less favored fellow-creatures. Perhaps this is why Right Rev. Dr. Blake always puts St. Bridget and Catherine McAuley together.

her success. By His ever-watchful care and ever-assisting grace, every opportunity of doing good was turned to advantage, every undertaking well preconsidered, every work made solid and permanent; and though her sojourn here was, alas! too short for our wishes, it was, nevertheless, so far prolonged as to have enabled her to finish the great machine she planned and constructed for the glory of God, the salvation of souls, and the corporal relief of the destitute. Let the holy will of God be ever adored—let us bless His name at all times; and in this moment of bereavement, while we lament the loss such a removal has occasioned, let us be grateful for the benefits conferred, and profit of the good example still fresh before our minds.

"Most earnestly and sincerely do I sympathize with all the members of the Holy Order of Mercy. Most ardently do I beseech the God of all consolation to pour His healing balm into their wounded feelings, and in this trying conjuncture, while their hearts are mellowed with love, grief, and gratitude, to fill them all with the spirit of prayer. Although the Foundress was holy, and *eminently* holy, still she was a human being, liable to human temptations and infirmities, and obliged daily to repeat that hallowed petition—'Forgive us our trespasses.' Let us now be mindful of her, and by our fervent supplications obtain for her, if indeed she need it, the entire remission of the smallest debt which could retard her admission into the realms of bliss.

"Your letter, dear Sister, reached me just as I was going to the Altar this morning. On seeing the black seal I hastily opened it, and my heart was intensely filled with grief; but this was useful, I hope, in making me offer the Divine Sacrifice of propitiation for the happy repose of that dear, departed friend, whom I ever esteemed and reverenced, and whose memory I shall ever value and revere."

Very Rev. Dr. Gaffney wrote as follows:

"It is not necessary, in speaking of the revered Foundress of the Sisters of Mercy, to conjure up an imaginary picture of perfection and benevolence, and then apply it to the character we wish to praise. No: her eulogy would be written by the mere mention of one hundredth part of what she has done for suffering and destitute

humanity. In 1830 she entered the Presentation Convent, George's Hill, to prepare herself for the great work she was about to undertake. In 1831 she began the foundation of the Order of Mercy, and in 1841 she died. How short the time, yet how wonderful the works of that mighty mind—of that expansive heart. They would hardly seem credible, had they not happened in our own time, and passed under our own eyes.

"This great and good woman had three objects in view in founding the Order of Mercy—the instruction of poor girls, the visiting and relief of the sick, and the spiritual and temporal care of distressed women of good character; and far beyond her own most sanguine expectations she succeeded in realizing her desires. Whoever visits the schools of Baggot-street will be consoled and delighted by the scene that presents itself to his view. But what shall I say of her charity towards poor servants who had no resource, no friends, no home? She built a house for them, she supported them, she clothed them, she instructed them, she provided situations for thousands of them. If all this good has been effected by one convent of the Order of Mercy, how much may be effected by the fourteen convents she was instrumental in establishing?

"Few ever left this world that could with greater confidence expect to hear, on the great accounting day, from the lips of our Divine Redeemer, 'Come, you blessed of my Father, possess the kingdom prepared for you; for I was hungry, and you gave me to eat; I was thirsty, and you gave me to drink; I was a stranger, and you took me in; naked, and you covered me; sick, and you visited me; I was in prison, and you came to me. As much as you did it to one of these my least brethren, you did it to me.'

"Catherine McAuley's death was such as might be expected from a life replete with good works. It was the death of the just, which is precious in the sight of the Lord. Her soul was calm and joyful, and perfectly resigned to the Divine will. The Sisters of Mercy have one more advocate in heaven. May their Order prosper! May they ever keep before their eyes the example left them by their Foundress. May they ever imitate her virtues, and they will have glory before God and man."

Of the numerous obituaries that appeared, we give the following, abridged from the *Halifax Register*:*

"The amiable Foundress of the Order of Mercy has departed to that land 'where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.' Ireland proclaims the loss to be a national one, and a thousand hearts lament it with the deep intensity of domestic sorrow. Many a houseless orphan, to whom her institution gave a resting-place; many a straying one, to whom it gave virtue and a name; many a child of poverty, to whom it opened the ample pages of sacred and profane learning, will gaze with a tearful eye and a full heart on the grave of Catherine McAuley! It is not to be wondered at that one of the most saintly prelates of the Irish Church has declared that, since the days of St. Bridget, his country has seen no such benefactress.

"At an early age, Catherine was adopted by a rich Protestant family, and she lived to see the venerable parents of her adoption received into the Catholic Church. She became heiress to their immense wealth, having previously become, through her own great merit, the object of their affection, respect, and admiration. And truly, few could be found so transcendantly fascinating in person and manner as the venerated Foundress. The bright intelligence of her all-accomplished mind addressed you in every glance of her calm, but penetrating eye; and as it diffused itself over her features, cast in the finest mould of benevolence, but on which passion had never left trace or shadow, you could scarcely imagine any one physically or intellectually superior to the Foundress of the Order of Mercy. Before her death, she beheld her Institute diffusing its blessings throughout the length and breadth of the land. Hundreds of consecrated virgins owned her spiritual parentage with pride, and, taught by her example and instruction, ministered like angels of light at the death-beds of penury, and in haunts of misery and destitution. For some years she had become the centre of

* In a late memoir of the Foundress, this obituary is not correctly quoted. Through the kindness of Mother Elizabeth S——, of Pittsburg, who loaned us the original, we are enabled to give a correct copy. We have made one omission—the reason which delayed Dr. O'Brien in Dublin, 1838—which, of course, would be irrelevant here.

attraction to the high and titled of the three kingdoms. Her time was much occupied in bestowing those attentions which the distinguished of every country demanded from her high position and exalted character. No variety of intercourse could exhaust the versatility of her conversational powers, no difference of character could baffle her penetration. Whether her visitor were a votary of this world or the next, he quitted her presence in astonishment at her powers, and in admiration of her virtues.

"But Nova Scotia itself owes Mother McAuley and her Order a debt of grateful remembrance, which no country could be more ready to acknowledge. Very Rev. Dr. O'Brien had a considerable delay in Ireland between the period of his engagement by Most Rev. Archbishop Murray, and that of his departure for Halifax. It was natural that the possibility of introducing the Order into this province should become the object of his thoughts. He had been engaged to deliver a few lectures to the nuns of Tullamore. Their convent had just been built at an expenditure of some thousands. The community comprehended many accomplished young ladies, who had recently abandoned their happy homes; yet, at the bare mention of the wants of a new country, every individual of the community offered to abandon friends and country to encounter poverty and privation in Nova Scotia.

"Some time after, the same clergyman's surprise at the self-devotion of the children, was not a little increased by the heroism of the parent. He preached in Dublin to a numerous community, including the venerable and lamented Foundress. He expressed a hope that a branch of the Order of Mercy might be introduced into Halifax by its respected Prelate. After a few days, when Catherine McAuley, unknown to the world, had contemplated the sacrifice she was about to make—a sacrifice much exaggerated by false notions of our climate and state of society—she declared her intention of devoting herself, if permitted, for the rest of her days, to Nova Scotia. To every representation of the loss that would accrue to her native country, she calmly replied: 'The Institute does not require me at home. It has young, intelligent, and devoted children, and I may be fit for the rough work to be encountered in a ne region.' When spoken to regarding the funds

necessary for such an object, she smiled, and said : 'For ourselves we need none. We shall teach a day-school in addition to the poor-school ; and you know not, Sir, upon how little a nun can live.'

"We have dwelt, perhaps, too fondly on these details ; but the recollection of Mother McAuley calls up associations endearing by their holiness, and by the remembrance of the country which they bless while it cherishes them. She is gone ! The blessed benefactress of her race had not the coveted happiness of closing her eyes in this distant region ; but there is no child of the Faith which she professed, of the religion for which she lived, and in whose service she yielded her last breath, that will not cherish the remembrance of her heroic virtues."

CHAPTER XLIII.

Mother McAuley's views on various subjects. — Gentleness.—St. Anselm.—St. Catherine of Bologna.—Sweetness and condescension.—Importance of the education of women.—Patron Saints.—Amusing anecdote.—Converts.—Regular observance.—Works of literature and art.—M. l'Abbé Grou.—Mother McAuley's special devotions.—Her abstraction.—Her appreciation of the Sisters.—Her unbounded confidence in them.—Profession and renovation.—Prayer.—De La Mennais.—Conclusion.

TO the last, Mother McAuley paid the same attention to the manners of the Sisters. "A Religious," she would say, "should be a perfect lady. As spouse of Christ, her manners should be dignified; as modeled on Christ, she should ever be sweet, kind, and gracious." To a Superior who urged her to admit a young person with whom she was unacquainted, she wrote: "If her manners are not plain, if she is rather nice than otherwise, I think they could take her in Galway. You would not bring discredit on me; and if the little lady is not such as I describe, you will tell me." St. Mary Magdalen di Pazzi desired that her novices should be as uncultivated as wild deer. How different is Reverend Mother's opinion! Yet what would suit Carmelites, destined to live between the cell and the choir, might be very *un*suitable for Sisters of Mercy, established to edify and instruct the world, and to seek outside the cloister to relieve Jesus Christ in His suffering members. The Foundress would never admit any one whose manners were not calculated to win respect. Even in Lay Sisters, she looks for "manners and appearance suitable to persons who must be seen in public." If the Sisters were to be employed only in saving their own souls, all this would be superfluous. But they had also to labor for the salvation of their neighbor, in the manner their Rule directs. They had to confer with physicians in hospitals, with inspectors in schools, with persons of every rank

and profession in the parlors. Now, if they could not, on all occasions, appear before the world as gentlewomen, religion would be the sufferer. Hence, she continually impressed on them that each one of them had the reputation of the whole Order to sustain ; that, while individual virtues are reputed to their owners, individual faults are charged upon the whole Institute ; and that upon the reputation the Order sustains, depends, in a great measure, its power of doing good. She took every possible precaution before receiving a Sister, but once entered, all were treated with democratic impartiality—the governess, the daughter of a merchant or professional man, the reduced lady, the simple country-girl, and the countess who had laid aside the coronet to assume the veil—all performed the same duties; there were no distinctions—virtue was the only aristocracy acknowledged by the Foundress ; and, if she valued talent, as she certainly did, it was only when it became the handmaid of virtue. In the novitiate and community-room, all conversations tending to nourish family pride were prohibited ; one Sister seldom knew who the other was—the Foundress had made the necessary inquiries, and, once inside the walls, all were known only as Spouses of Jesus Christ, Sisters of Mercy, and Servants of the Poor.

To the end, she practised the same unfailing gentleness to every one. "I have tried all methods of governing," says St. Jane Frances de Chantal, "and I have always found that to be best which is based on meekness and condescension." Our Foundress could not say as much : *she* had never tried any method but one, and that was the gentlest of the gentle. When any thing was to be done, she entreated in the humblest terms—a command never issued from her lips. Her very manner of addressing the Sisters won them. Whether in speaking or writing to them, she always prefaced her remarks by some endearing epithet, as "my dearest child," "my heart,"* "my darling," etc. She loved to yield to them as much as possible, and, like St. Anselm, she took this method to prove that she had become a little child for the kingdom of heaven. She strove even to gratify their inclinations, and, when she could not do so, she was sure to make up for the disap-

* *Machree*, "my heart," is a common term of endearment in Ireland. A still warmer expression, *Cushla machree*, "pulse of my heart," is also common.

pointment in some way or other. "Sister M. Teresa," she wrote, "must come with me to Carlow, to the ceremony; she was so disappointed at not going to the consecration of the chapel, that I must bring her this time." She condescended to the harmless peculiarities of every one—weak with the weak, and strong with the strong, she was all things to all, that she might gain all to Christ; and when unable to grant a request, or act on a suggestion, her refusal was couched in terms that placed you under a new compliment.

The nuns of St. Catherine of Bologna often complained that their Rule lost its force because of the excessive lenity of the Saint, who never could see a fault in any of them; and when their faults were pointed out to her, she would manifest the greatest surprise, and obstinately refuse to see them as faults. Similar objections might be urged against Mother McAuley's government, but they would be urged in vain, for she thought that, by their very name, SISTERS OF MERCY, her children were bound to pourtray to the world the sweetness of Jesus; and how could she expect them to do this if she did not set them the example? "The doctrine of Christ surpasseth the doctrines of the saints," and He was the meek "Lamb that taketh away the sins of the world." This sweetness, this pliability, is not a mark of weakness, but of strength; those who exercise it from supernatural motives, have the power of acting in a contrary manner; and that they prefer to exercise the meekness of Jesus, proves that they have perfectly overcome themselves, and thus achieved the greatest of all victories. "He who prevents his neighbor with the blessings of his sweetness," says St. Francis de Sales, "is the the most perfect imitator of our Lord."

The following exquisite passage from the same Saint will describe Mother McAuley no less accurately than it does St. Anselm:

"When St. Anselm was Abbot, he was extremely beloved by every one, because he was very condescending, bending to the wishes of all. One said to him, 'Father, take a little broth,' and he took some. Another said, 'Father, that will do you harm,' and he directly left it. Thus he submitted, in every thing that

did not offend God, to the will of his brothers, who, no doubt, followed their own inclinations. Now this great pliancy of the Saint was not approved by all, though he was very much beloved by all; so that one day some of his brethren pointed out to him that he ought not to be so yielding and condescending, but to make those of whom he had charge bend to his will. 'Oh, my children,' replied the great Saint, 'perhaps you are not aware of the reason why I do it. Know, then, that remembering our Lord's command, that we should do to others what we would wish done to ourselves, I cannot do otherwise, for I wish that God should do my will, and I willingly do that of my brothers and neighbors, in order that it may please our good God sometimes to do mine. Besides, I have this consideration, that after God's own signification of His will to to me, I can have no better or more secure means of ascertaining His good pleasure, than by the voice of my neighbor; for God does not speak to me, still less does He send angels to declare to me His good pleasure. The stones, animals, and plants do not speak. It is only man that can make known to me the will of my God, and therefore I attach myself to this as much as I can. God enjoins me charity towards my neighbor; it is great charity to keep ourselves in union with each other. I know no better way of doing this than by being gentle and condescending; a sweet and humble condescension should always preside over our actions. But my principal consideration is the belief that God manifests His will to me by that of my brothers; and, therefore, I obey God when I yield to them. Besides, has not our Lord said that if we do not become like little children we shall not enter heaven? Do not be surprised, then, if I am as gentle and yielding as a little child, for I am thus doing what my Saviour has commanded me. It is not of much consequence whether I go there or stay here, but there would be great imperfection in not submitting to my neighbor in these things.' 'I know nothing better,' says the glorious St. Paul, 'than to render myself all things to all men, to rejoice with them that rejoice, to weep with them that weep, and, in short, to make myself one with each.' "*

* Conference on the Will of God.

Mother McAuley was of opinion that the perfect observance of Rule was the greatest of all mortifications ; that occasional severe disciplines, prolonged vigils, and severe fasts, were incomparably more easy than persevering exactness in observing the common Rules every day. With regard to corporal mortifications, she thought great prudence ought to be used, and she makes none *obligatory* on the Sisters, except a few additional fast-days. She would never give any one permission to perform severe austerities who could not lead the common life perfectly, without requiring a dispensation from any of its observances ; nor would she allow any that could incapacitate them in the least for the duties they are bound by vow to fulfil to the poor, which are always fatiguing enough, and sometimes very great mortifications. She was, however, never weary of recommending mortifications of a nobler and more useful description than the hair shirt or catanella, such as mortification of the eyes, of the other senses, mortification of the tongue, which, though the most useful of all, can never, as St. Teresa remarks, hurt any one's health. She preferred frequent small acts, that escaped the notice of others, and never hindered the Sisters from applying to their duties, to great acts, which can only be performed occasionally, especially in an Order devoted to the works of Mercy, and which are often dangerous, as attracting observation, or, at least, tempting the performer to congratulate herself, like the Pharisee, on not being "as the rest of people." Whatever mortifications she herself performed—and they were neither light nor few, for we know it took many a stroke of the chisel to make of unhewn human nature so exquisite a statue—they never hindered her from applying to her duties. She would have deemed it absurd to use the discipline to-day, and require something better than the common fare to-morrow ; to weaken herself by fasting, and then be obliged to go to bed, neglect her duties, or burden others with them, and put a Sister to the trouble of waiting on her.

Mother McAuley considered all society to be in the hands of women ; if wives were good, they could save their husbands ; if sisters were good, they could convert their brothers ; if mothers were good, they could rear their children well. She delighted to

gather poor little ones about her, to make them happy and to surround them with holy and gentle influences. She would never hear of severity with them. "There is a *way* to deal with them," she would say. If children are made to *feel* that their teachers are their best friends, it will be easy to manage them; but as she says, speaking on another subject, "if our own hearts be not affected," if *we* do not realize the importance of performing our duties well, "in vain shall we hope to affect the hearts" or instruct the minds of those with whom we come in contact.

As regards patron saints, the Foundress wished the Sisters to choose those whom they could best imitate. There was St. Agnes, for those who entered very young; St. Clare, for such as had a great spirit of poverty; St. Cecilia, for the musicians; St. Catherine, the philosopher, for the *bas bleus;* St. Jane Frances, St. Paula, etc., for widows. She preferred female Saints as patrons for the Sisters; but if they were particularly devoted to the others, she conceded to their wishes. Afterwards, however, she would playfully revenge herself by styling them, "My fine boys." She would, if possible, induce them to be satisfied with the feminine of the names they wanted, as Josephine for Joseph, Aloysia for Aloysius, Paulina for Paul, etc. In addressing each other, she wished them always to prefix *Mary* to the patronal name, thus, Sister *Mary* Frances, etc. She was very particular about this.*

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* She once related a droll anecdote in connection with this subject. Her brother-in-law being called in for consultation to a very bad case of fever in some convent, noticed that several of the nuns who surrounded the patient, spoke of "John," "Paul," "Vincent," "Joseph," etc., without prefixing the usual *Sister Mary*. The Doctor, who caught an odd word of their discourse, was greatly puzzled to know what this meant. Dissembling his surprise till his return home, he told the affair to his sister, at dinner, after thus accosting her:

"Why, Kittie, how is it that you never told me they had *men* among them in that convent?"

She explained about the nuns having patron saints; but her brother's guests could not, or would not, understand her. One of the gentlemen muttered something about "the scent of the roses," alluding to a popular song which has this couplet:

"You may break, you may ruin the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still."

This set the whole company laughing. The future Foundress smiled with the rest, but the lesson was not lost on her. Indeed, it was the critiques she some-

She often said, that if seculars perceived in Religious the least defects contrary to good breeding, they often unjustly drew the conclusion that it was only good-for-nothing persons, who would not be tolerated in refined society, that entered Religion; and such an inference, with reference to an active Order, as the Order of Mercy, would be most detrimental to the glory of God and the salvation of souls.

Mother McAuley had the utmost consideration for converts. "Those who have been always among Catholics," she would say, "can have no idea of the rank prejudice in which most Protestants are reared. Every thing in the Catholic religion is new to them. They have continually heard it misrepresented, and it requires extraordinary grace to overcome prejudices which are as firmly rooted as if they were born with them." But while eager to make every necessary allowance for these things, she was opposed to that glorification of converts so common in many instances, as if, forsooth, Protestants deserved extraordinary credit for preferring a little temporal inconvenience, to the fate of those who, being enlightened, refuse to confess Christ before men. She often deplored the hold human respect has on our separated brethren, and which more than any thing else, blinds them to conviction. She regretted, too, that some, who were willing their friends should become Catholics, refused to bend their own necks to the sweet yoke of Jesus Christ.* She had a peculiar talent, or, rather, a grace, for working the conversion of Protestants, though she never introduced controversy.

Mother McAuley's zeal for regular observances was such, that no public exercise was ever neglected in her convent. "The perfection of ordinary actions," this was a favorite theme with her. When writing, or otherwise occupied, she was often seen to pause and direct her glance heavenward, after which she resumed her

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times heard on nuns, while yet a secular, that made her so scrupulously exact with reference to intercourse with worldlings.

* Thus Lord Byron, who sent his daughter to a convent, writes: "I have placed my daughter Allegra in a convent of the Romagna, at much expense, for her education. It is my wish that she should be a Roman Catholic, which religion I look upon as the best, as it assuredly is the oldest, of the various branches of Christianity."

work. In general she did not spend more than the prescribed time in prayer; and when she did, she rose before the rest, or prolonged her prayer while they slumbered, that no one might be inconvenienced by her devotion. "Having fulfilled the prescribed exercises," she would say, "our time belongs to our community and the poor." During her life several valuable books were translated, illuminations and other works of art completed, by her children, though how they found time to accomplish any thing outside the ordinary duties of the Institute was a marvel to themselves. By seizing on the spare moments of every day, a great deal may be accomplished in a month. "Do all you can for God," she would often say, "because time is short." She herself was never known to waste a moment. The five or seven minutes her simple toilet cost, was a pain to her. "What a pity to be obliged to take so much trouble about a life that passes so rapidly," she would say. "How pleasant it would be if we could invent some contrivance to save our precious time by dressing only once a year. It seems as if we have done no more than put on our clothes in the morning, when the night prayer-bell rings."

She laid such stress on spiritual reading, that she appointed an hour's lecture to be made in common every day.* Her favorite works, after the Holy Scripture, were the Spiritual Combat, the Imitation of Christ, and the Lives of the Saints, especially those most devoted to the sick and to the education of youth. She had a high opinion of Rodriguez's "Christian Perfection," but she considered the English translation too diffuse. She herself wrote an immense amount of spiritual matter, consisting of prayers to be used on the visitation of the sick, instructions on the Rules, directions to be observed in the schools, House of Mercy, etc., but the result of much of her labors in this way was accidentally burned. Looking for some will or deed, she dropped her taper among her papers, and before the conflagration could be extinguished, most of them were destroyed. She was not in the least disturbed at this great loss; probably she thought as the Abbé Grou did on a simi-

* Half an hour in the morning, and the same in the evening. At these lectures she allowed the Sisters to work, paint, or do any thing else that occupied the fingers and left the mind free.

lar occasion, that if God had willed to draw His glory from the works, he would have preserved them.*

She could never bear to see a Sister lose a moment of time. If one came from a duty only a few minutes before office, she expected that these few minutes would be employed in something useful, as reading a page in the Testament or Imitation, etc. She would often quote the saying of St. Paul to Timothy: "Apply thyself to reading;" and St. Jerome's advice to Eustochium: "Let sleep surprise you with a book in your hand, and let the Holy Scripture receive your reclining head." With her, spiritual reading was "oil for the lamp of prayer," but she would prefer any kind of good reading to idleness. To a postulant who excused herself for loitering, by saying it was only five minutes before some exercise, she said: "Ah, my child, many a fervent prayer was said in five minutes."

The special devotions pointed out in the Rule were her special devotions. Meditation on the Passion was her favorite exercise; from this she drew strength to bear her Cross with joy. When a trial came, she would quietly say: "It is part of the Cross of Christ, which we so often pray may be always about us." Her life, from the cradle to the grave, may be reverently called her "Way of the Cross." She made a regulation that meditation should be made on the Passion every day in Lent, and every Friday through the year; also, that prayers should be said in honor of the Five Wounds, at three o'clock every Friday, "for those in their agony, in mortal sin, and for the souls in purgatory." Her heart, so tender to all, was not less tender towards her suffering Spouse; and to meditate on the various circumstances of His dolorous Passion was a physical pain to her, as she once told a Sister in confidence. "For us He suffered," she would say, and this, she thought, was more than sufficient to move all to gratitude and love. So great was her devotion to the Sacred Heart of our Lord, that she scarcely ever used any prayer-book but that entitled "Devotions to the Sacred Heart of Jesus."

* "Son grand ouvrage, le fruit de quatorze années avait été brûlé à Paris. Il soutient cette perte avec beaucoup de calme, et dit simplement: 'Si Dieu avait voulu tirer sa gloire de cet ouvrage, il l'aurait conservé.'"—*Notice sur R. P. Jean Grou, S. J.*

From her devotion to the Sacred Infancy sprang her love of little children. If the majesty of God inspires our admiration, His littleness in the crib must awaken tenderest love. She felt, when meditating on these endearing mysteries of the "Word made flesh," and beginning to "dwell amongst us," as did St. Bernard, when glancing from the Son in the bosom of His Father, to the Son in the crib of Bethlehem, he exclaimed, "O, Jesus, how great thou art, and how adorable! O, Jesus, how little thou art, and how amiable!"

On every feast she was sure to note down the fruit the Church wishes to be drawn from the commemoration of the saint or mystery; but she was never weary of extolling her who, next to Jesus, is the most perfect model of every virtue. "All religious persons," she would say, "ought to make known her virtues and power wherever they have influence; but we, who are her own chosen children, who bear her name, and that of her sweetest attribute, MERCY, *we* are specially bound to love and honor her." She appointed the Rosary and Office to be daily recited in honor of Mary, and Novenas to be offered with much solemnity before her feasts, especially the Feast of our Lady of Mercy.

She urged the Sisters to cultivate among the poor a great devotion to the Mother of God—a devotion which, she said, would lead them back to Him, even if they should have the misfortune to wander for a time. Indeed, she was often touched with the great devotion the poor evinced towards the Blessed Virgin Mary. The Son and the Mother are never separated on their lips; and in the south and west of Ireland the poor peasant or laborer frequently dies murmuring, in his expressive Gaelic, "O, Holy Mother!"

The saints to whom the Rule recommended the Sisters to be devout were those to which she was most devoted, and among them St. Joseph, the foster-father of Jesus and spouse of Mary; St. John the Evangelist, the disciple whom Jesus loved, and the first "Child of Mary;" and St. Patrick, who had brought the faith to her native land, and changed it into an island of saints and scholars, were her special favorites.

In choir, reverence and love were depicted on her countenance: she chanted the Office and recited the prayers in a tone which

showed that she felt what she uttered. At ceremonies she sometimes became so absorbed that she forgot the exterior observances prescribed. This at length became so frequent that she was obliged to request some of the Sisters to remind her of her duty on such occasions. These monitors, who were sometimes oppressively importunate, she would playfully style her "mistresses." Ceremony days were delightful to her. She rejoiced to see laborers enter the vineyard at any hour. Often she would expatiate on the sacrifices the Sisters had made to enter religion, and her affectionate heart led her to lay particular stress on that entire separation from those to whom they were bound by nature's dearest ties, and whom they quitted, not because they loved *them* less, but because they loved God more. She used to say that nothing but a spark of the fire that Jesus came to cast on earth could enable nature to make this sacrifice.

At the Renovation her fervor seemed to reach her greatest height, and she renewed her vows in a tone of exultation the hearers could not easily forget. "It is no wonder," she would say, "that our voices are weak and timid when first we pronounce our holy vows, for then we are only beginning to know the God whom we are privileged to serve; but at Renovation our tone should evince joy and triumph, for then we know better what He is to whom we have the honor to be espoused." When writing about the time of renewal (the Feast of the Circumcision), she would always say something on the subject, as, "May God grant you, and us all, the full benefit of our Renovation, and grace to perform our resolutions."

At recreation she would sometimes lay aside her sewing or knitting, and gaze upon her children, while her countenance beamed with intense delight, as she thought of the glory given to God by their labors and sacrifices. Their sorrows were her sorrows—their joys her joys. When possible, she permitted them to undertake long journeys, for the consolation of their sick and dying relatives. Thus she hastened the departure of the Birmingham mission, that one of the Sisters who composed it might have the comfort of tending her dying father; and she took Sister G—— to England, to console her parents, who had just met with severe

afflictions. She placed such unbounded confidence in her children, that she never would believe anything to their disadvantage. When informed that a Superioress had made arrangements to found a House without her consent, she wrote to her, saying, "I have been told several times that you are going to Liverpool; but I am sure matters are not closed with you, or you would let me know." If love begets love, it is no wonder that the Sisters loved this loving, confiding mother.

Prayer seemed to be the life of Catherine McAuley. If her duties required her to be nearly always in action, every action of hers was, as one of her sisters sweetly said,* "embalmed with prayer." If they left her little time to *kneel* in choir, they were animated with that purity of intention which is in itself a perfect prayer. She wished the sisters whether sighing for heaven, or sinking under affliction, or thirsting for the salvation of souls, to seek their strength and consolation in prayer. The happiness of pleasing God was the greatest reward she looked for. Hence she directed the sisters to say often: "O, most compassionate Lord Jesus, grant me grace to be perfectly pleasing to thee, even for one moment!" She often told them to have real faith in the divine promise, "Ask and you shall receive." The following passage contains so many of her ideas, though it is probable that she never read a page of De Lamennais, that it may with propriety be inserted here:

"When you pray, do you not feel your heart lighter and your soul more content? Prayer renders affliction less painful, and joy more pure; it gives to the one something ineffably sweet, to the other a celestial perfume.

"You are a stranger seeking your country; your country is heaven, and when you look towards heaven, does no desire press you, or is that desire mute?

"You say God is too high to hear such poor, mean creatures as we. And who, then, made those mean creatures? Who but God gave them feelings, and thought, and speech? And if he has been so good to them, was it that he might afterwards drive them

* M. M. Di Pazzi Delany, one of "the first seven," in a private letter.

from him? Verily, I tell you, that whoever says in his heart that God despises his own creatures, blasphemes God.

"Others say, Does not God know our wants better than we? What good, then, is it to pray? God knows our wants, and it is for that reason he wishes us to speak to him, for God himself is our first want, and to pray to God is to begin to possess God. The father knows the wants of his child; is the child, therefore, to address no word of petition or gratitude to his father?

"When animals suffer, or fear, or are hungry, they utter plaintive cries, which are the prayers they address to God, and God hears them. Shall man be the only creature whose voice never ascends to the ear of his Creator?

"There sometimes passes over countries a scorching wind which dries up plants and flowers; but, moistened by the dew, they recover their beauty and raise their languishing heads. Burning and scorching winds are always passing over the soul of man; prayer is the dew which refreshes it."

But our task draws to a close. Perfection was the bright goal to which the Foundress tended, and hence we find her possessed of "such noble self-command, so crucified in the flesh, so meek, so gentle, so tender-hearted, so merciful, so sweet, so prayerful, so diligent, so forgetful of injuries,"* that we involuntarily exclaim: "The finger of God is here."

That Mother McAuley was a woman of eminent literary ability, her letters and ascetic writings remain to prove. The former exhibit great versatility. She describes spirituality like a divine, she sketches house-plans like an architect; she gives the diagnosis of disease in a manner that would not disgrace her distinguished medical friends, Sir Philip Crampton and Sir Henry Marsh; she reads countenances like a professed physiognomist; she describes joy and sorrow with the imagery of a poet; and though her tender, humorous, racy epistles were, as the writing shows, dashed off with extraordinary speed, there is not in them a single line that could disedify, and hardly a superfluous word. Evidently, had her talents been thoroughly cultivated, had she been trained exclu-

* Dr. Newman.

sively to literary pursuits, no woman of her age, and few men, could have attained greater eminence in the republic of letters. Happily, she was zealous for better gifts, and if she were born to a throne, she had taken off her crown and laid aside her sceptre, for the honor and happiness of serving Jesus Christ in His suffering members.

We have failed to portray Catherine McAuley aright, if the reader do not discern in her, the spirit of tenderness for the afflicted, of compassion for the erring, of zeal for those who need a physician, of anxiety to serve not merely the just but sinners—the Spirit of Mercy which is pre-eminently the Spirit of Jesus. And may He, whose mercy is above all His works, increase in His servants the the spirit which animated the pure heart of the saintly Foundress ; that spirit of love and compassion, which, far more than the most persuasive words of human eloquence, keeps the just with Jesus, and leads the sinner weeping to His feet ; that spirit which is a surer test of His presence than the gift of miracles ; that spirit which teaches us to weep with those who weep and rejoice with those who rejoice, that by becoming all things to all, we may gain all to Christ.

It was said of Mother McAuley, in her lifetime, that every one who approached her carried away some of her contagious sweetness, and felt a new degree of love for Him whose Spirit her whole exterior so beautifully portrayed. Bishops, priests, millionaires, came into her presence without any distinct projects of charity, and left it, after a few minutes' interview, to erect convents, hospitals, and schools, and to increase their customary alms. May God give this blessing to our work, that all who commune with the Servant of God through these pages, may experience the same blessed results.

MOTHER M. ELIZABETH MOORE'S ACCOUNT OF THE DEATH OF THE FOUNDRESS.

"Of our dear Reverend Mother, what shall I say, but that she died the death of the just? Cautious as she was of bringing herself into notice while in health, she was still more so in sickness,

waiting on herself even in her last agony, and preserving to the end the peace and serenity which so eminently distinguished her through life. She omitted not an iota of what was essential, but she disregarded all else.

"I was not aware that her death was so near. I was full of hope till the day before she died. Had I then known what I have since heard, I should not have been so unprepared for the shock.

"For the last six months, she was well aware that she was dying, but was perfectly silent on the subject. About a month ago, she arranged all her papers, and said to Sister Teresa Carton, 'Now, they are ready.' About four on Thursday morning, she desired her bed to be removed to the centre of the room, saying that she would soon want air. About seven, she desired the Sisters to be brought to her, and said to each individually what was best suited; but her first and last injunction to all was to preserve peace and union; and, if they did, she promised them in return a happiness that would be ever a new surprise to them. She told Sister M. Genevieve that she felt exceedingly happy, as if to encourage her to die. To little Sister Camillus, her god-child, she said, 'Kiss me, my heart, and then go away;' thus she sought to prevent her from weeping. The Holy Sacrifice was offered in her room about half-past eight. She said it would be a comfort to her to see the white cloaks on the Sisters once more, for she had been anointed on Monday without the usual ceremony—more to hasten her recovery than because we thought her in danger. I think her agony commenced about eleven. She spoke very little. Dean Gaffney, her brother, Dr. McAuley, Dean Meyler, Rev. Messrs. O'Carroll, O'Hanlon, and Walsh, visited her during the day. To the physician she said, 'Well, doctor, the scene is drawing to a close.'

"About five in the evening, she asked to have the blessed candle in her hand. We then commenced the last prayers. I repeated one or two she herself had taught me, and she said, with energy, 'may God bless you.' When we thought her senses were failing, and that it might be well to rouse her attention by praying a little louder, she said, 'No occasion to speak so loud, my darling; I

hear distinctly. At a few minutes to eight she calmly breathed her last. I did not think it was possible for human nature to have such self-possession at the awful moment of death.

"CONVENT OF MERCY, ST. CATHERINE'S, BAGGOT-STREET,
"*November* 12, 1841."

PRAYER FOR THE ORDER OF MERCY.

O God! who, under the protection of the glorious Mother of Thy Son, wast pleased that the Order of Mercy should be instituted in Thy Church, for the relief of the suffering and the instruction of the ignorant; vouchsafe so to strengthen and enlighten those to whom Thou hast granted this holy vocation, that they may faithfully and efficaciously dispense Thy mercies on earth, and thereby come to the enjoyment of Thy divine presence in heaven, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

The following simple, touching account of the Foundress is from the pen of a spiritual daughter,* who has lately gone to join the "Community in heaven:"

"The conventual life of Catherine McAuley was brief indeed, but replete with good works, meekly, silently, and lovingly done. She was ever ready to undertake whatever was pointed out to her by legitimate authority to be the holy will of God. She kept her eye steadily fixed on that blessed will, with unshrinking faith, certain that by its guidance her little bark and all it contained would be safely led through rocks, and breakers, and storms. Sometimes, like St. Peter, when the waves were very high, her poor heart feared, and then, like him, she called on our dearest Lord, who never failed to come to her assistance and rescue her from the impending danger.

"Her humility was equal to her filial confidence and child-like simplicity. Never could she bear to receive a word of praise, or to hear the merit of the good works she performed ascribed to

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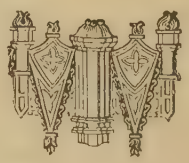
* Mother Mary V. Hartnett, Roscommon.

her ; and so much did she dread the danger of egotism, that she would not speak even in her own dispraise. When people, surprised at what they saw, sometimes commended her, she would gently turn the conversation, or playfully reply that 'every thing went on of itself, like a piece of machinery.'

"Among her great virtues, perfect detachment and love of holy poverty shone conspicuously ; but, above all, her charity was transcendant. The pure love of God was her one motive, and for His dear sake, she loved her neighbor, His image. She was never weary of dilating on the description of charity given by the Apostle, and, with almost inspired eloquence, inculcating it on her spiritual family. For several years she had no other rule by which to guide her rapidly-increasing community, but the single chapter on Union and Charity ; and so great a blessing did God give her lessons, and so deep and lasting an effect did they produce, that she used to say the Sisters' only boast was, that there never had been a breach of charity committed among them. Almighty God raised the supernatural edifice of her perfection on the gifts of nature with which He had previously endowed her. He gave her great benevolence and kindliness of disposition, which made her feelingly alive to the wants of her fellow-creatures, and ever solicitous to relieve them. Her sweetness of disposition endeared her to all who knew her, while her great uprightness and high moral character made her respected no less than loved. Her Heavenly Father chastened her with many trials, both before and after calling her to establish the Order of Mercy. Her whole life was chequered with afflictions. Some came in the ordinary course of things ; others, and the most painful ones, came through the instrumentality of good and saintly persons ; but never did a word of murmur escape her lips, which were always sealed with conformity to the adorable will of God."



APPENDIX.

LETTERS.

SUCH letters of the Foundress as would appear irrelevant in the Life, we insert here. Although they may not have a general interest, they will be read with delight by Sisters of Mercy, and indeed by all Religious. Except one to Dr. Fitzgerald, they are all addressed to her own spiritual children :

I.

St. Mary's, Baggot-street, August, 1837.

I am glad to have an opportunity of forwarding a few lines to you. Thank God you are so well and happy, and doing so much for the afflicted poor. Blessed and happy life, which makes death so sweet! Our dear Catherine* might have sung in the last hours of her innocent life, "Oh, death, where is thy sting?" for she did not seem to feel any. I have suffered more than usual from my old pain of sorrow and anxiety. Poor Sister Maria has been very ill. I fear she cannot remain. Her delicacy increases daily. I pity her very much, she is so desirous to persevere, and so gentle and complying. Sister M Clare's eldest sister has joined us. Miss F——, from Meath, comes to-morrow, which will make ten postulants, including Eliza and Bridget, lay Sisters. This is all the news I have for you, my own dearly beloved child. The Rule is ready, but we wait, hoping to get his Grace to affix his Approbation.

God bless and preserve you all. Give my most affectionate love to each dear Sister.

II.

I cannot express the gratitude I feel to the truly good, kind priests who have shown you all such kindness and attention. Sister M. Josephine has given me great comfort. I rejoice to find Sisters Cecilia and

* Her niece, Sister M. Agnes McAuley.

Teresa so happy, also Sisters Anna and Catherine, and my dear old child Josephine, whose *nine lines* I received. Enclosed is a note from Sister M. Josephine Warde, which will gratify you as it did me. I hear great accounts of her prudence, and nice, regular example. I saw all that is amiable in her character.

God bless you, my dear child.

III.

St. Marie's, Cork, October 12, 1837.

I have just heard, with deep concern, that Right Rev. Dr. Nolan has fever. The manner in which it is reported gives me some hope that it may be a mistake. It is said he took it from his curate, and the priest who told me did not know how long the curate was dead.

Sister L——, at Tullamore, in fever. One of the last Sisters we got has been, and still is, very ill. Father O'Hanlon gave a gratifying account of your healthful appearance and happiness; also of the new convent, which is admired by all who see it.

I was very glad you got the Rule, with the Approbation; but if this melancholy report is true, your ceremony will be delayed a little. I trust that is all.

All here unite in affectionate love to you and the dear Sisters. Write me a few lines as soon as you can, and believe me ever your attached.

IV.

St. Mary's, Dublin, November 22, 1837.

I was greatly comforted with your letter. Please God, Sister M. Ursula will soon be quite restored. I am delighted you all got the venerable Archbishop's blessing. When I went to Kingstown, I found Sister M. Elizabeth heavy, and far from well. I remained three days, and made her stay in bed. She is recovered, thank God. All well here. We go to Westland Row (Church) to Mass every morning, which gives us a good appetite for our breakfast. My dear Sister M. Josephine is happy in her new state, and the novices quite at home in the coif, etc., etc.

Remember me with respect and affection to my dear friend Dr. Fitzgerald, who has taken such a kind, feeling part in our troubles. Tell him all will end well. Remember me most gratefully to the other good clergymen from whom we experienced such attention and kindness. To Father Maher you could not omit to offer my grateful, respectful remembrance. God has given you all a good Father in him. May God bless and animate you all with His own Spirit, that you may prove it is Jesus Christ you love and serve with your whole hearts.

P. S.—It will give you pleasure to hear that James and Robert have been to see me. Both go on remarkably well, living together, and studying for the bar with real attention. Robert's pay increased.

V.

St. Patrick's, Kingstown, January, 1838.

Though I find it difficult to write without the assistance of my second hand, yet I am going to depart from my rigid rule of not writing more than six lines, or what is barely necessary. I will tell you all I can collect, but first, must heartily congratulate you on the arrival of Miss Maher, to whom I beg you to offer my affectionate regards. If Miss Coffey has come, remember me to her, and tell her we all pray that she may get good health and the grace of perseverance. The account of Sister M. Ursula is consoling indeed. She will not feel the winter passing in Carlow, the air is so mild and clear. I am sure she will be a grateful child for all your affectionate care and solicitude, and make herself, like Missie Rice,* "generally useful." Then she will be quite prepared for Booterstown. I am comforted to hear of all the fatherly affection you meet. The beauty of your convent has become a town talk. Father Carroll is proclaiming it as the handsomest in Ireland.

Remember me, with great respect and esteem, to all our good pastors and friends. I hope to have a strong party of exquisite singers for the blessing of the chapel. Tell Father Dan his teacher will expect to find him well prepared after diligent practice.

P. S.—*All private.*

As if you and I, like old Darby and Joan, were sitting together at the community-table. The day after I arrived here I broke my arm. The inflammation was so great that nothing could be done but apply leeches. After two days, Surgeon White bound me up in boards. A broken arm is by no means so distressing a matter as I always supposed—the want of its use is the chief inconvenience. However, take great care of your bones, and, if you go through the new convent before stairs are put up, be extremely cautious.

No arrangement has yet been made as to chaplain. Poor Sister M. di Pazzi is after getting one of your old Mother's best and strongest lectures and reasoning. She is perfectly happy. I know you will be particularly kind to Miss Doyle's aunt, who goes as housekeeper to the college. You have a high name in that quarter.

Sister M. Magdalen gave a few lectures, while I was absent, on the duty of a Superioress, and on being away from the convent. She has reason to think I heard it, and is as meek as a lamb.

May God bless and preserve you all, is the constant prayer of your ever fond Mother.

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* Missie Rice was a delicate orphan child Mother McAuley took in some time before. This little lady used sometimes grow tired of Baggot-street, and ask for a "change of air." "If I could go to Cork or Carlow," said she, "I'd make myself generally useful."

VII.

CONVENT, BAGGOT-STREET, December, 1837.

A very pleasing young person, of plain education, called here yesterday, to say she wished to join the Carlow Sisters. Rev. Mr. McSwiney advised her to call here, and inquire of me if three hundred pounds would be accepted. Her name is Kelly. She has a brother at the college. They live five miles from Carlow. I like her greatly—very nice-looking and sweet countenance. When I say *plain* education, I do not mean any thing objectionable. I referred her to Dr. Fitzgerald, and recommended *Mrs. Warde* in the highest terms. I hope she will not disgrace my judgment.

Write soon. Sister M. Teresa has delighted me telling of the instructions you give. *Show them forth in your actions as much as you can*, my dear child, and your house will outdo us. May God grant you all the gifts reserved for this holy season.

I have been walking three hours in the snow, so I am growing young again. Eight Sisters in retreat, and so much to be done, I am obliged to assist. Seven to be received, and Sister A. Scott to be professed on Wednesday.

VIII.

DUBLIN, Eve of the Annunciation, 1838.

I am sure the Sisters are all very anxious to hear of our dear Sister Aloysia. Thank God, the feverish symptoms have passed away, though she continued ill and heavy all day Thursday. She was up a little yesterday, and now complains only of weakness. She did not sleep till after four this morning, and still seems to be apprehensive; but, please God, there is no fear. I trust my poor Sister M. Cecilia has been pretty well, taking great care to avoid cold and hunger, as desired. The weather here is fine, but frosty. I suppose it is milder with you. I trust the ceremony will go off well. We all pray for dear Sister Maher. I have charged the travellers* to bring me a full account, and hope to hear all on Tuesday. Very Rev. Dr. Ennis was here yesterday, about our going to Booterstown. There is a good room, in which the caretaker's family lived all the winter. I intend to put Sisters Cecilia and Ursula in that; indeed, every part of it is perfectly dry, it has been so long building. Sister M. Teresa desires a thousand loves to you all. She is doing much for the poor, thank God. I expect to find Sister Ursula greatly improved, from what I see of the effects of Carlow. Sister Teresa W—— never tires speaking of the instruction and advantages she received there. She is uneasy about her young brother, who writes very dissatisfied, etc. She hopes you will advise him. His family are in Dublin. It would be

* The Sisters who went to Carlow to assist at the reception.

better for him to write to his eldest sister. Poor Teresa cannot do much for him, now that she cannot see him.

The passengers on the stage-coaches are bringing descriptions of the new convent. I hear of it constantly. God bless and preserve you and all with you, my very dear old child. Sister M. Cecilia will bring our Register and print for you during three days. She would have done your Register long since; but, knowing there was one who could do it more fancifully, she was quite anxious to get it done so. *That one** has more of her own ways yet than of ours, and it is not easy to fix her to a point. She finds the duties sufficient to fill up all her time, and, as her constitution is strong, she is much employed in out-door work.

Booterstown finished. There is a good garden for the weak ones. I will find it difficult to add this to the present charge. When quite overwhelmed, I reanimate myself with the words of the dear, saintly Dr. Nolan: "It is my lot."

Charity sermon for our poor—bad. Bazaar—unpromising.

All unite in love with your ever fondly attached Mother in Christ.

IX.

St. Mary's Convent, Baggot-street, April 9, 1838.

I feel very grateful, indeed, for Father Maher's kindness in writing to me, but afflicted to find such powerful remedies necessary for you. Our dear Sister Teresa is much better, Sister Cecilia very delicate; but we must live and die between Baggot-street, Booterstown, and poor Kingstown. No Sister can go to Carlow who is not to remain. They all get too fond of it. We are likely to have the long-desired public laundry built this season. Through the providence of God and the kindness of Father O'Hanlon, we have got a legacy nearly equal to the expense. What a comfort, if I am permitted to see some secure way of supporting our poor women and children established! not to be depending on daily exertions so difficult to keep up. I look forward with joy to the time when I hope to see you again. Remember me respectfully to the clergymen I have the pleasure to know, and affectionately to the Sisters. Let me soon have a letter from your dear self. Father Carroll was surprised to hear you were ill; he thought you looked so well. Sister Elizabeth was delighted with the new convent. She says it is quite irresistible—a regular trap. It is gratifying to hear you are to have the comfort of it so soon.

X.

Convent of Mercy, Dublin, May 15, 1838.

We have been looking for franks, but I could not wait any longer. We had some days of real summer, which had a most beneficial effect on our

* A young lady who had entered a few months previous. She painted exquisitely, but was so slow that the Foundress often complained of her.

invalids. Sharp cold yesterday, and sleet this morning—and they have felt the change already. I expect to hear, please God, that you have improved very much. I did hope to have our weak ones in Booterstown this week, but am afraid to venture, though it is very sheltered, and Father Doyle most pressing. We are too full here for hot weather, and we expect two more. Thus we go on, my dear Sister, flourishing in the midst of the cross, a more than common share of which has lately fallen to my lot. I humbly trust it is the Cross of Christ. I endeavor to make it in some way like His by silence and resignation.

I hope you hear from our dear Sister M. Josephine sometimes. Each of her letters to me is more expressive of gratitude and affection than the former. This is consoling, as it shows that her happiness is evidently increasing, thank God. I scarcely ever felt more surprised than on reading a letter from Sister M. Teresa to Sister Cecilia, on "Geraldine" joining the Order. Indeed, if you saw it, you would say she improved. All here were astonished. Sister M. Di Pazzi should have it in her own hand. I regretted very much that the packet was going out before I could show it to her mamma. I have been often severe to her on that subject, so I lost no time in thanking her for this first creditable production. She is never troublesome, or complaining of any thing, or pressing me to go to Kingstown, and all with her are most happy, even my perverse C——. I fear poor Sister Jane will have to leave, she often looks like poor Maria—quite blue. Her mother has made a settlement on her, or, as we now term it, "settled for the bread and butter." For Booterstown we have marked out Sister M. Cecilia, Superior: Sister M. Aloysia, to manage the collection business and servants. Sister Marmion must be off duty, except a little walking in good air. Sister Mary is quite strong and useful, has the whole house on her shoulders—infirmarian and cell regulator, etc.—quite a dear, valuable little Sister.

All goes on well in Tullamore. Mrs. F. has not fulfilled her engagement for Charleville, perhaps she may. I did hope to have our laundry commenced by this; but delays are innumerable. By Dr. Fitzgerald's particular advice, we are leaving it to Mr. Mullen, though he charges higher than others. What would I not give to see it at full work! We must give up all our garden for drying-ground and grass-plot; but there can be a walk around it. Remember me to all the dear Sisters, and to all you wish I should remember. Believe me at all times, and under all circumstances, the very same fondly attached

MARY C. MCAULEY.

XI.

ST. ANNE'S, BOOTERSTOWN, June 16, 1838.

Yesterday I received your note, dated 3d instant. The music was ready; but, as usual, I was left to guess all about it. We have a sad practice of not mentioning in time what is to be forwarded. I feel mortified that

you should be disappointed. I hurried out here to get my poor Teresa change of air. She is better already: but fretting so much at being taken from her employment, that I fear the good effects will be neutralized. She annoyed us by her gloomy manner. The business goes on just as well with Sister Scott, though I was alarmed enough on seeing how constantly she attended to it. Teresa distressed me much yesterday. It looked as though she was sorry to hear the business went on as usual. Please God, she will triumph over these human weaknesses, and I rejoice in the good which will result from her seeing that those things do not depend on any one in particular, but only on the continuance of God's blessing. This house is better than I expected. The cells are uncomfortable, doors so very large, and in the centre, so that the head of the bed would not fit at either side, and the windows as large, opposite the door. The only way with room is across, which scarcely leaves a pass at the foot—thus [here is an explanatory drawing]. My poor Teresa is coughing now. She has that cough more than seven months, but not the expectoration. Her appetite is better, thank God.

I had a note from Sister M. Josephine; she always writes such satisfactory notes. Dr. Murphy likes her very much. His Lordship has been here. There is too much *caution* in Cork to build in a hurry, but they have a good residence for their number. I trust your cells will not have too much *door*, and will have a good place for a bed, which might have been here had the doors been put to one end; thus— [here is another drawing], in place of which we have a great wide door in the centre, opposite a large window. "Mrs. Duffy"* is very bold—she has the whooping-cough. This is a queer mixture, but she is just making a great noise. We brought her here for change of air. We have troublesome neighbors, and feel it. Bishop Murphy was here twice. We have a majority of Bishops, at all events. Take care not to let this nonsense be subject to any eye but your own. May God bless and protect you, and make you the instrument of His glory. May He prepare you all to enter the new convent with a heart entirely devoted to Himself.

P. S.—I went to town and forgot this letter. I am so confused—and never dressed so neat as my *dear, darling Fanny* used to fix her old Mother. I am at this moment in a fuss at being obliged to appear in disorder.

XII.

To Very Rev. Andrew Fitzgerald, D. D.

Convent, Booterstown, July 3, 1838.

My dear Reverend Sir:

I had the pleasure of receiving your kind letter, and have admitted the

* "Mrs. Duffy" was a pet name for one of the orphans. If the little one alluded to under this title be still living, she must find a safeguard in the memory of the sweet spirit that watched over her wayward childhood.

poor girl for whom you are so interested. When I return to Baggot-street I shall give every attention to your wishes respecting her. Every thing here is much more satisfactory than we expected. I know you will be pleased to hear that Father Ennis* is remarkably kind, and anxious to do all in his power to promote our comfort. He regrets the past, and says if he lives seven years more, it will be atoned for. When you were in town I mentioned to you a young widow from Madras, who seemed disposed to unite with us. Her director recommended Rathfarnam Convent.† She entered there, but has left, saying she felt a strong preference for the Order of Mercy. I hope I shall have her to introduce to you when I have the happiness to see you again. Mr. Mullen's estimate for the laundry is five hundred pounds less than the other, which greatly surprised us. He is quite interested, and thinks it will give much value to the Institute. The sincere, affectionate concern which, my dear sir, you have ever manifested, makes me desirous to communicate every thing to you.

The delightful description I get of Carlow Convent makes me anxious to see it. My innocent Sister M. Frances says the poplars are in full bloom, with evergreens between, and roses growing on the mound.

I am almost afraid to hear of the Limerick foundation, lest it should come in the way of my visit to Carlow. I have reason to expect conclusive arrangements, but we must put it off a little. Father Cooke, of Charleville, has been here. He comforted me greatly by the account he gave of the Sisters. He said if he were obliged to go to England to beg for the erection of a convent, they should be at no loss by Miss C——'s marriage. This was very strong language from rather a cold character.

We have a striking example before us of the power we possess of exercising unwearied efforts of mind and body, in the perpetual movements of the steam-carriages which seem just passing our windows.

I know you do not forget me, and remain, my dear Rev. Sir,

Your ever-grateful and affectionate M. C. McAuley.

P. S. My brother came to see me, and I find that the apprehensions I expressed to you about religious influence with James and Robert, were, thank God, without foundation."

XIII.

St. Mary's, Dublin, August, 1838.

As to my delay in writing to you, I have been tortured with my ulcerated mouth, only just getting a little better; and, in the midst of other

* Father Ennis was a particular friend of Mother McAuley's, and as he had much influence with Dr. Meyler, she reasonably expected he would use it in her favor when the chaplaincy difficulties occurred. In this she was disappointed.

† Rathfarnam Convent, the mother House of the Loretto Nuns in Ireland, an Order founded by Mrs. Aloysia Ball, for the education of the upper and middle classes.

matters, the Limerick Foundation was pressed and concluded for the first week in September. You may be sure this is sorrowful news for me if I cannot go to Carlow, but it is impossible to put it off. The season does not admit of delay—we are too late as it is. We have not yet determined who will go besides Sisters Elizabeth Moore and M. Vincent Hartnett. The account given of all our dear Sisters who have gone forth is so satisfactory, that our invitations are endless. Father O'Hanlon has just returned from Cork, Charleville, and Tullamore. He was never such an advocate for founding Houses as he is now. I do not mention to him our invitations, lest he should be pressing what cannot be done. We are near a stop—I should say a full stop. *Hands* and *feet* are plentiful enough, but the *heads* are nearly all gone. Get all the prayers you can that we may get well through this business. I need not pity you and myself for our mutual disappointment, but, please God, I will avail myself, on my return, of the permission I got, and if I cannot see the convent *blessing*, I hope to see it *blest*, which is as good. Remember me to all the dear Sisters, now a fine flock, thank God. Your fond and faithful Sister Teresa is doing a great deal for the poor of Kingstown.

XIV.

St. Mary's Convent, Limerick, November 17, 1838.

I would have written sooner, but waited to tell you when we expect to leave this, which was not decided till yesterday. I hope to be with you on the Feast of the Conception, but am not yet sure that circumstances will admit of it. Poor Sister M. Di Pazzi has been ill so frequently since I left Dublin that I dread every account. She writes to me, but is not aware I have been told. I did not stay one day for rest or recreation, but extreme caution was necessary in selecting Sisters likely to make a good steady beginning, and I trust we have succeeded. The House of Mercy opens on Monday.

XV.

Baggot-street, December, 1838.

We got through our ceremony under painful circumstances. Poor Mrs. Marmion* got her last illness just when retreat commenced. We concealed it from Sister Frances, but on the third day, as she passed through the hall, she heard a message given. She remained perfectly quiet, till the day of her profession. She merely read her vows, then went immediately to her dear mamma, who was in great joy to see her a nun. She lived four days, her children all about her. "I wonder is there a woman in the world dying so happily as I," said she. Indeed, she was highly favored by God!

* Three of Mrs. Marmion's daughters were Sisters of Mercy.

The illumination is very nicely done. I think the printing remarkably good. The *Judge** says the etching would be very good, if it were not so heavy; but I do not mind half what she says on these scientific points, which she delights in unfolding.

XVI.

Baggot-street, February, 1839.

I cannot describe the joy your letter afforded me. I fear I am in danger of getting a little jealous. Poor Baggot-street is outdone. If you make a Foundation already, I may retire from business, and certainly without having made a fortune. Dr. Fitzgerald is delighted. The school exceeds all he hoped for. He is really gratified, which is a great comfort to me. Bishop Murphy celebrated Mass here, Dr. Fitzgerald attending him. You could not think of anything more venerable than the two white heads. Right Rev. Dr. Murphy will visit you. I hope he may see all together.

Mr. Boylan told me he never saw anything prettier than your choir, and rejoiced that he was just in time to prevent the same mistake that was made here—that of putting on colors too soon.

In separating from the sisters for Naas, you have a trial to go through. Remember the venerated *Dr. Nolan's words, "It is my lot."* To reflect that it is the lot or portion God has marked out for us, will be sufficient in every emergency, and that in the cheerful performance of every part of our "lot," our sanctification consists. There is reason to believe you have been an obedient child, since to the obedient victory is given. May God continue his blessings to you, and render you every day more deserving of them.

I suppose you have seen *Geraldine's* third volume; something about the Order of Mercy in it. She is getting the three fancifully bound for her *grandmother*. I wish my dear respected eldest son† would come to her profession; that would make me feel quite a charming young woman again.

Give my most affectionate love to all my dear grandchildren

Father O'Hanlon was delighted with your letter. There was scarcely ever a more disinterested friend. Always remember him *distinctly*. No *Mrs.* Bridgman entered in Limerick. They have not the honor of a widow yet. Sister Teresa continues most ardent in all her employments. Our last, a sweet young creature, reminds me of our *first flock*.

XVII.

Dublin, January, 1839.

I have come back to my old corner to write to you after all are gone to bed; we are exactly as you left us. We expect a postulant, not twenty

*The Judge—a Sister skilled in painting, illumination, &c.

† Rev. Mr. Nolan, of Carlow.

yet, very pleasing and very musical. It is past ten; the fire is out, and the windows are making an awful noise; so I must have done. I could not describe the extreme kindness of Bishop Haly. He was afraid I might be uneasy lest the little arrangements he made should cause you any uneasiness, and he gave the most full and unquestionably faithful assurance of deepest interest and regard. You all have a true father in him.

May God bless, guide, and protect you and your charge. Good-night, my dearest child. Your fond,

MARY C. MCAULEY.

XVIII.

ST. MARY'S, January 10, 1839.

I have been uneasy since I heard how you were affected, though I am aware there may be no serious cause. Let me entreat you not to be going out in the garden the mildest days in this month without careful lapping up. Have your shawl crossed on your chest, and your feet very warm. I charge you, if you have any affection for me, not to be looking after the building at present.

Our poor Sisters White are in great affliction. An account of their brother William's death, without priest or friend, came on Monday. We have just returned from a visit to his poor little widow. I never witnessed such a scene; she seems nearly deranged, and her mother almost as bad. They say he was so good and amiable. The poor Sisters here are as sorrowful as they can be—a quiet, silent sorrow, of course. I suppose you heard of Father Carroll's death. Since it was the holy will of God to call him, there is every reason to rejoice in the pity and mercy which rescued him from sudden death and protracted decline. Dr. Crampton said he would linger some months. His death is considered a happy one, and if so, that his journey should be shortened is a blessing indeed.

Many circumstances unite to keep me from you. It would not do well to desert the poor old House just now. My poor James and Robert are gone from me. My poor Sister Teresa C—— in the same state. How little we thought she would see our dear Father Carroll gone. He was most anxious about her latterly. I have been so much interrupted with inquiries about "*Geraldine*," that this will not be in time for the post.

XIX.

ST. MARY'S, January 30, 1839.

Thank God, you are all safe after the storm. The accounts from Limerick were as usual much exaggerated; but we heard the convent was safe. We remained in our cells all night—some in a tremor, others sleeping. The morning presented an altered scene indeed. The community-room a complete ruin in appearance, though not much injured in

reality. The prints and pictures all on the ground—only two broken; the maps and blinds flying like the sails of a ship; the bookstand down, the cabinet removed from its place, and the chairs all upset; sixteen panes of glass broken, and such a body of air in the room that we could scarcely stand. The windows are still boarded up. It is almost impossible to get a glazier. Several houses were blown down, and many lives lost; your friends and Sister M. Vincent's are safe. The Sisters in Carlow passed the night in the choir; part of their very old roof blown down; the beautiful Cathedral much injured. The chimneys of the new convent in Tullamore were blown down; the old one and the Sisters safe, thank God.

XX.

St. Mary's, January 30, 1840.

As to the application to Rome, I did exactly what was marked out for me—a petition from the Mother House, a memorial from the Archbishop of Dublin, praying a Confirmation of the Rules to which his Approbation is attached; letters of recommendation from the Bishops in whose dioceses branches of the Order are established. This has been fully executed. The episcopal letters were as favorable as possible. I am sure very Rev. Father Maher is sufficiently interested in us to do all in his power. I think a private letter to his nephew in Rome would have more effect than one obtained through influence, and I am certain he has done whatever he thought likely to promote success.

I had a long letter from Sister M. Josephine. She says: Sister M. Francis is in deep decline; only for this we should be too happy. Our House of Mercy is opened; all our debts are paid, though the addition cost five hundred pounds. The day we commenced, our dear Bishop Murphy gave us fifty pounds. He is delighted to see the poor young women protected. I think this is the best branch of our Institute.

XXI.

"Not fit to appear."

Perplexed and weary—out of conceit with everything, I sit down to talk with my dear old companion and affectionate child. Your letter was read again and again, as a solace which God sent me. To hear you were recovering was the happiest communication I could receive, though I did not for a moment let myself think otherwise. Our dear Sister Teresa C—— continues most delicate the least breeze brings a return of the cough. She is to try Booterstown next week, provided there is no blast. You would be surprised to see how anxious Father O'Hanlon is about her. He has just lost his own favorite sister by decline, and he notices the change in my poor Teresa from week to week.

A parcel came for Sister Catherine. The books not fit for her present

state some very objectionable poetry. When I take that out, I will send the rest, which is amusing. The *sugar-sticks* are for her. Tell all the dear children I feel most grateful for their kind notes, and will soon reply.

Poor Sister M. Frances goes on the same hopeless way. Most melancholy are their protracted maladies—six fevers would, in my opinion, be preferable. But God's holy will be done in all things—may He never leave the choice to us. We cannot be unhappy while we love and serve Him faithfully.

Sister M. Teresa and I felt disappointed that Father Maher did not call to see us when in town. Remember us most respectfully to him, and to all the kind fathers.

XXII.

Galway, June 30, 1840.

I enclosed your letter relative to Sister M. Aloysia. Dr. Corrigan thinks Booterstown air as good as any other for her. She is gone there.

You may judge how poor Sister Mary Anne feels at being obliged to *decline* Father Mathew's offer to preach at the ceremony. The Bishop would think it imprudent to excite the distillers just now. I suppose he hopes the good work of temperance may go on quietly. It was a little presuming, but we are certain her intention was pure. She writes, "It was too much for me to ask."

Thank God, the Sisters here are very comfortable before I leave them. I had a letter from London. Bishop Murphy has written to Sister M. Clare to say he will go for her in August, though he adds, "your place here is well supplied." The Bishop of London wishes her to stay another year. "Let their Lordships settle it between them," she says, "I feel no anxiety."

XXIII.

St. Mary's, Baggot-street, July 3, 1840.

Such a number of persons to be instructed in Kingstown that we have not seats for them. All the delicate flock in Booterstown, except my poor Sister Teresa C——, who clings to her charitable employment. I wish very much Sister Aloysia was in Carlow for a while. She does not improve much. Her loss would be felt indeed. She is so much beloved by all. After retreat I will urge her going. She is afraid of giving trouble, though indeed she never gives any that could be avoided. In her present state she requires assistance.

XXIV.

Dublin, August, 1840.

I am quite uneasy at not getting a few lines to say how our dear Sister M. Aloysia is. Mother Di Pazzi thinks she is confined to bed, and that you wait till she is better. I trust in God it is not so. Will you tell me how she is, and if her appetite is improving. All well here, making

great resolutions to profit of the excellent instructions we received in retreat.

Very Rev. Dr. Butler has arrived here to conduct Sisters M. Xavier and De Sales to London. His health is so bad that he is quite impatient to return lest the weather should change. He is in great trouble lest the Irish air should disagree with him. Poor man, he is in a very precarious state. It is providential I do not go to Carlow, lest I should be tempted to take Sister Aloysius away. Mother Di Pazzi is anxious for her return. Father O'Hanlon desires me positively not to think of it. This month will be most useful to her. We are scattering our nice professed. Sister M. Teresa, *the Less*, we left in Limerick, almost native air. She has evident signs of deep enlargement of the liver. The Bishop of Limerick knows her mamma, and was quite pleased at her being left.

Our postulants' white satin dresses were cut up for copes, etc. The convent was crowded after the ceremony—all anxious to see Father Mathew. The young ladies' families would do anything for religion.

XXV.

St. Mary's, October 26, 1840.

Thank God, I am at rest again. I think the name of another Foundation would make me sick, but the Sisters say I would get up again. Indeed, the thought of one at present would greatly distress me. On the late occasion I travelled a hundred miles a day, which is very fatiguing except on railroads. Poor Dr. Fitzgerald is much altered, but looks better than I expected. His mind seems as sound as ever. He says our English Sisters are not at all to be compared to his Sisters in Carlow.

I feel quite anxious to do any thing in my power to forward the pious wishes of Miss M——. I rejoice in seeing a good Sister added to our Order anywhere, but I would think it imprudent to press what Father Croke is opposed to. He never took more interest than he does now. It is most fortunate, and a blessing, indeed, that he takes the part of a guardian in full authority. I forget the lady, but if she is nice, I think they would take her in Galway, provided what is promised be secured. Father Daly requires that. If she is plain, she would not be acceptable there. He would not admit a County Galway person on the same terms,* but from a quarter where it will not be known, I think I can induce him to take her. You would not bring discredit on me with him, and if the little creature is too plain, you will tell me, I know.

Sister M. Aloysia must soon try what she can do, so tell her to prepare, as she says she is quite well. Nothing more likely to keep her so than reasonable occupation of mind and body. She has got petting enough for one season. I believe we are retiring from business—no postulants

* With less fortune than £600.

on the way. When our sweet English Sisters go, we shall have plenty of vacant cells. Perhaps some may be thinking of us. Whatever God pleases.

The Apostle of Temperance will be in town till Wednesday; until then I must remain. I will bring one of our English novices, who has that kind of cough that a little change of air removes. She has it rather too long, but is otherwise in good health.

XXVI.

St. Mary's, December, 1840.

As usual, Sisters drop in here out of the sky. Two have concluded to enter on the Immaculate Conception, and three on the Octave. O'Connell's speeches have brought us into fashion.

There cannot be any objection to your wearing cashmere cloaks, if you prefer them. I believe the Sisters everywhere think they look more religious. It would be difficult to preserve them in winter; the frequent cleansing in Dublin would soon make them look badly.

The first prayer I offered on my arrival, was to return most grateful thanks to God for the sweet, heavenly consolation I received in my visit to Carlow, and implore His blessing and gracious protection for those who have been so instrumental in bringing that branch to its present flourishing and happy state. My anxiety about the opening in Wexford increases every hour. Commence the visitation of the sick as soon as possible. Let four go out at a time, and do not let the least difference appear in dress, shape of bonnet, etc. They are so long expected, that every eye will be turned on them, and *while we place all our confidence in God, we must always act as if all depended on our own exertions.* Get Father Maher to preach at the profession, and beg of him to assist you in forming this new branch—a good beginning is of great importance. I sincerely hope Father Lacy will not furnish the convent in a worldly style. A few days since I heard "the fashions of N——" spoken of.

Sister M. Teresa, *the Less*,* is on her way from Limerick. I am distressed to find the good parish priest taking the trouble to accompany her, at such a busy season. A thousand loves to all.

XXVII.

St. Mary's, December, 1840.

From what you say of the Orphan House, in Wexford, I should think it quite suitable. I recollect one of the objections started here was, that the engraved stone, with "Orphan House," could not be removed, and that the Sisters might be regarded as matrons of the establishment. This, I think, could never be. I am certain the title would be changed

* There were so many Sisters of the name of Teresa, that Mother McAuley distinguishes them, sometimes by their secular names, and sometimes by their stature, as above.

immediately, whatever stone was up. You might propose having "Institution of Mercy" substituted, as some public tribute is necessary to the memory of the benefactors.

We got another Sister this morning—a nice little creature—(light purse). I am fonder of Sister M. Aloysius, since she came home, than ever I was; she shows such affectionate gratitude for your kindness to her.

I wish Sister N—— had gone to Naas, but now she would not think of it. God forbid that I should ever get a Sister by disappointing the hopes of another House. Do not speak to Sister M. J—— of her letter, which I enclose. She would reasonably conclude it was not sent as a mark of approbation; but I think it well to let you know that Mr. and Mrs. B—— are her agents in endeavoring to procure subjects. You might say that I was mortified on hearing that Mrs. B—— promised to bring the Sister in question, and that *she* acceded without taking any part. This is disedifying, and will create much talk. Father Hume was here to-day. I pressed the Sister to go to Naas, but she would not consent. Did you ever hear such a strange proceeding? Sister M. J—— will never advance the good work this way.

The truly charitable Mr. Devereux was so kind as to call on us, and, as usual, it was not a mere visit of compliment. He always brings what Sister Teresa C—— calls "good luck." O'Connell came next day with ten pounds for the poor, and an unknown benefactor with five. We remark something of this kind always after Mr. Devereux, of Wexford, visits us.

I had a strong remonstrance from Dr. Butler, of London, about the new branches being dedicated under any other title than that of "Of our Lady of Mercy." He says: "The Order will in time degenerate if this is let to pass. We shall soon seek in vain for a convent of Sisters of Mercy." If he hears of the Orphan House I will get another lecture. His pious pride is quite wounded.* Bishop Fleming is urging the Newfoundland mission. We announced that whoever could do without milk in her tea should go there, and M. Di Pazzi has so far offered herself an efficient candidate.

XXVIII.

CONVENT, Baggot-street.

I am most anxious to hear of the dear Sister in fever; please God, it will not end in death. Father O'Hanlon will expect me to let him know. His care and anxiety for us all increase every day. He said, yesterday, "This is my fourteenth year among you." Sister Mary C—— is a char-

* Dr. Butler was a firm friend and liberal benefactor to the rising Order. He did not wish that new Houses should be dedicated under any title but that of "*Our Lady of Mercy*," but this Mother McAuley left to the Sisters who founded them. He was opposed to pension day-schools, and wanted the Foundress to insert a clause against them in her Rule. But in this she did not yield to him, as the poor might be benefited, directly or indirectly, by these schools: and the authorities who confirmed the Rule were aware that these day-schools were established in Carlow, Cork, Galway, etc., and yet made no objection to them.

acter not suited to my ability to govern, though possessing many most estimable qualities. She teased and perplexed me so much about the difficulty of copying the two pages, that I was really obliged to give up, unwilling to command lest it should produce disedifying consequences. She said it would take the whole Lent. She is very slow; you can have no idea how little she does in a week—as to a day's work, it is laughable. She will sometimes show me three leaves, saying, "I finished these to-day." Three rose or lily leaves!*

The little girl I wrote about annoyed me somewhat. She let her married sister till Wednesday, when both called. She did not like to go to Wexford; and the very reason her sister had for desiring it, was the chief cause of her objection—a long connexion of her brother-in-law's. She is not half alive, and wishes to hide her little head. I really scolded her. I told her it was no matter the Wexford Superioress and myself had the trouble of writing, but it was quite too bad that the Bishop should have been spoken to. She has the holy art of keeping custody of the eyes, for she seldom opens them. She applied to come here, but her means not being sufficient, I declined. Her sister now says she will forego some portion of her own property to get her settled here—her husband being willing she should do so. If it is arranged, I shall have a nice task opening the eyes of the little recluse. I shall have all the talk, however, for she is as meek as a dove. I did hope she would have fancied poor Birr, which I represented as it deserves, but carefully avoided recommending any in particular. I think a little girl won't give me so much to do in future. I read the whole of Father Maher's sermon for the Sisters, so you may say my lungs are good yet; it is spoken of as an excellent explanation of the two states, and is equally instructive to both.

XXIX.

St. John's, Birr, February 14, 1841.

What comfort it gives me to hear of your continued happiness in Galway. I could not express the gratitude I feel for the parish priest's affectionate kindness to you all; and, next to the glory given to God, I rejoice that his expectations have not been disappointed. Your little Institute is much spoken of. Please God, one year will forward it greatly.

XXX.

St. Mary's, Baggot-street, February, 1841.

I have just received your letter, and am rejoiced to hear you are going

* A day's work, in conventual parlance, means the work one does at the lectures and recreations—the rest of the time being generally occupied by the duties of the Institute. Though the Foundress could draw ground-plans, etc., she was evidently no artist, else she would not blame her spiritual daughter's slowness. Even three rose or lily leaves is not so little, if well done, for a conventual day's work. Good artists are slow.

to Wexford. I often meditated writing a petition to Bishop Haly to that effect, but was afraid of being a busybody. I have found a second visit to a branch exceedingly useful—not for what we can say or do, for our experience in Religious life has been so short, that a good, faithful Sister, to whom God has imparted grace, may be said to know as much of the spiritual life as we. Yet it is most useful to give assistance for some time. It animates beginners, and gives confidence to others. I have been told that it made parents and guardians give countenance, and say that they could not fear failure where such attention was given, not only by their own Bishop, but also by the Bishop from whose diocese the Sisters came. It bespeaks a warm interest in the success of the new branch, and will be found conducive thereto. It was not thought we could succeed in Galway, where there were five old-established nunneries. On our second visit, Bishop Browne said, from the altar: "It is impossible that the Order of Mercy should fail, where such unity and such affectionate interest are maintained, as bring its members hundreds of miles to encourage and aid one another. It is their established practice to look after what has been newly commenced." Several persons told me that these words were more useful to us than I could suppose. We were thinking of each other just at the same time. I got your letter the day you got mine.

I am surprised that some Sisters have added *our* name to their own; but, as I hear "the affair of honor" will be settled by Very Rev. Mr. Maher, I refrain from all further remarks.

XXXI.

Baggot-street, May, 1841.

Sister M. Cecilia is better, but still very weak, getting exactly the same treatment as you gave Sister M. Aloysius. She writes: "I can eat, drink, sleep, and pray, only as directed, and seeing that each of us cannot have her own way, I seek refuge in submission." We have got a darling little Sister, granddaughter to Dr. Furlong. Though she has been a constant visitor for two years, I did not think she was what I find her. I am agreeably surprised in her. I have called her the Queen of the Order—she is just her majesty's size and age. If ever a human being was formed without gall, it is she. The other little one is coming to life, and we get a third from England soon. These would not do for foundations. You could not avoid making a pet of Sister D——, she is such a dovelike creature. The Sisters in Wexford are to get the Parochial House. Mr. Devereux gave eighty pounds towards preparing it for them. God will ever bless him.

Thanks for the nice picture of St. Catherine. We had no folly here on her day, so many in retreat—indeed, I was very glad. Lady Barbara

Ayr is fixed at last, an humble Sister of Mercy. She is the first titled lady that became a nun in England for centuries. There have been honorables, but not an earl's daughter.

XXXII.

St. Marys, May 28, 1841.

God has sent you an affliction; but rest assured He will send you some distinguished consolation. You remember what Father Gaffney said to us in retreat: "If the entire cross upon which Jesus died was sent to this house, how eager would each Sister be to carry it; and she who was permitted to keep it longest, would be esteemed the most favored. Far better and more profitable to receive with all your heart, the cross which God sends you in any shape or form he pleases." I earnestly hope you will receive this trial, so as to make it valuable to you.

Bernard Kavanagh called here lately, and asked to see the nuns. Sister Magdalen appeared. The following dialogue took place:

"Did you ever hear of Bernard Kavanagh?"

"Yes."

"What did you hear of him? What do the public say of him?"

"We know very little of public opinion."

"Would you like to see him?"

"I am not very anxious."

"I am Bernard Kavanagh."*

He asked to see the schools, and said many spiritual things. He is thin, but not wasted; features good, but expression of countenance weak and simple, or foolish. Father Mathew says he is not an impostor, but a lunatic.

The Bishop of Killaloe went through the ceremony as if he performed it every week. He is a nice celebrant, and very kind and pleasing. The Apostle received thousands into the Temperance Society. When the people surround him, he has a most plaintive way of saying, "Ah! don't pull me, please."

XXXIII.

St. Mary's, June 19, 1841.

Our old beloved companion, Sister M. Clare, leaves this on Monday, accompanied by V. R. Dr. Butler, who goes to Carlow, on Dr. Taylor's invitation. Sister avails herself of this opportunity of visiting you. The house in London is, thank God, well established. I am quite renovated by a delightful addition to the flock, a sweet Scotch Sister, we got through Mrs. Captain Osborn, a Scotch lady, who goes to Edinburgh every year. The variety of accent at recreation is now quite amusing. We get a

* Bernard Kavanagh created much excitement at that time, by maintaining he could live without food. He belonged to a town in Mayo, which bears the unpoetic name of Swinford.

niece of the Archbishop's on Wednesday, daughter to his favorite brother. I was delighted to hear from Father O'Hanlon that you had grand breakfast for the LIBERATOR.* We are constantly hearing of the Carlow election, and we cannot forget to say: "God bless and protect Father Maher." We expect Bishop Walsh, of Birmingham, to come to Ireland to receive his spiritual children, and profess some of them. Dr. Wiseman is to preach. It is impossible that more interest could be manifested than there is on the other side of the Channel. May God bring us through this business. His divine help alone can.

As we shall want all our little exhibitions, I hope you will send the Register.† I felt a great want in not having it to show to Dr. Pusey, the Hebrew Professor at Oxford, who spoke much of illuminated works. These little affairs are a good fill up, and spare the trouble of talking much.

XXXIV.

ST. MARY'S, July, 1841.

A few days before V. R. Dr. Youens came to Ireland, Sister Fanny had a letter from her Bishop, Dr. Brown, who wishes to make arrangements here for the Liverpool foundation. Dr. Youens is so anxious, that it is a pity to have any impediment. He is endeavoring to get more ladies to come here for preparation. Sister G—— would join at once. She is a treasure—a sweet, docile, animated creature—all alive and delighted with her duties. Sister Cecilia, you know, is a general favorite. This morning, the sweet little Scotch sister said to me: "What shall I do when Mother Cecilia is gone?" I am so much confined to one room, that they seldom see me till recreation.

Sister Juliana's father is in a dying state, and her family pressing her return. We hope they will not have much more delay. Speaking does not injure me; I have been giving the novices instructions daily for more than a month. Thanks to God, they love instruction, and are most anxious to profit by it.

Poor Sister Justina, a fine young creature, has every symptom of decline. If possible, I will get her to go home for a while; she would have more chance of recovery. Dr. Stokes is attending her, at her father's request.

Sister M. de Sales (Lady Ayr) is now quite strong, and able to visit the sick. Miss Kelly is about to join them. She takes her "dear Jane's" cell. I am sure they will go on in Bermondsey now. May God bless you all."

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* O'Connell was elected member of Parliament for Carlow, 1841. Every morning during the election he assisted at Mass, and received Holy Communion in the chapel of the Convent of Mercy, after which he honored the Sisters by remaining for breakfast.

† The Register, in conventual parlance, means a large book, in which are written or printed the names of the Sisters, of their parents, and other particulars. That of Baggot-street is exquisitely illuminated—a perfect gem. It was lent to Carlow, that the Sisters there might copy some of the designs.

XXXV.

I never for one moment forgot you, or ceased to feel the most sincere interest and affection, so forgive all my past neglect, and I will atone in due season. A thousand thanks for the really nice articles contributed for the bazaar. Tell my dear sisters I did not expect any this time. We are to have five postulants from England this week, which puts me unavoidably under arrest. After their arrival, we start for Galway, go by Tullamore, and proceed to Limerick with our whole heart. Mother Di Pazzi sends her love, and is delighted you like the things she sent. A new child enters on Thursday—our third since the last ceremony, so we shall have a nice lot again, just when I thought we were retiring from business.

I beg you to thank each dear Sister for the nice contributions. Dublin seems completely tired of these little works. The spirit has fled to Limerick, Galway, Cork, etc. For seven years we were wonderfully successful, but we are so no longer. You have enriched our little store very much. My poor Sister Teresa is as usual indefatigable, indeed she is all we have acting in the matter. It seems very long to me since last I wrote to you, but if you knew all the weary writing I have to do, you would fully excuse me. God bless you, my own dearest child and sister.

On the eve of the feast of Our Lady of Mercy, 1845, his Holiness Pope Gregory XVI. was graciously pleased to mark his approbation of the Sisters of Mercy by granting to the whole Congregaton an Octave to the Feast of Our Lady of Mercy, and a plenary indulgence, on the usual conditions, to all the faithful who visit the Churches belonging to the Order in Ireland.

The following is translated from the Rescript sent to Baggot-street:

From an audience, twenty-third of September, 1845, Pope Gregory XVI. has graciously granted to all the faithful who are truly penitent, have confessed their sins, received the Holy Communion, and visit the Churches of the Sisters of Mercy, erected or to be erected in Ireland, on the twenty-fourth of September, the feast of the Blessed Virgin Mary of Mercy, and on the days of Octave of the same feast, and who then pray for the propagation of the Faith, a plenary indulgence that is available forever, and applicable by way of suffrage to the souls in purgatory. Signed N. N.

N. B.—The indulgences granted 1830, and other like privileges since granted to the Order, are restricted to the Sisters of Mercy in Ireland, and have to be specially applied for by those residing in other countries.

LIST OF THE CONVENTS, ETC.,

FOUNDED BY MOTHER McAULEY.

Convent of Our Lady of Mercy, Baggot-street*—founded 1827.

Poor-Schools, Industrial, Literary, Infant, Juvenile Boys'.† Pupils, 2,000. Distressed women supported, 80. Hospital, Jervis-street. Monster Hospital, *Mater Misericordiæ*. This latter is exclusively under the control of the Sisters, and was established in compliance with Mother McAuley's desires, who was often grieved to observe that poor convalescents were dismissed from similar institutions before they were strong enough to work.

Adult Reformatory, 50. Juvenile Reformatory, 36. Poor children at the Golden Bridge Branch, 504. Visitation of the Sick, Prisons, Workhouses, etc. Religious, 57.

St. Patrick's, Kingstown. Glasthule. 1834.

Magdalen Asylum, Poor-Schools, Literary and Industrial. Pupils, nearly 300. Instruction Classes for Adults, Visitation, etc. Religious, 10.

St. Joseph's, Tullamore. 1836.

Poor-Schools, Visitation, Distressed Women, etc., Select Day-School. Pupils, 1,000. Religious, 34.

St. Joseph's, Charleville. 1836.

Poor-Schools, Industrial, Infant, Distressed Women, Visitation of the Sick, etc., Orphan Asylum, Select Day-School. Pupils, 300. Religious, 24.

St. Leo's, Carlow. 1837.

Servants' Asylum, Visitation of the Sick, Prisons, etc. Schools, Day-School for the Middle Classes, etc. Religious, 36.

St. Marie's of the Isle, Cork, 1837. Religious, 44.

Poor-Schools, Industrial, Male and Female Infant-School. Pupils, 1,000. Day-School for Middle Classes. Pupils, 50. Male and Female Schools for the Deaf and Dumb, Hospital, House of Mercy for one hundred poor women. Orphans, 150. Visitation, Prisons, Workhouses, the Sick, etc., Blind Asylum.

St. Anne's, Booterstown. 1838.

Poor-Schools. Pupils, nearly three hundred. Orphans, 42. Visitation, etc. Religious, 9.

St. Mary's, Limerick. 1838. Religious, 60.

Infant, Industrial, Literary, Poor-Schools. Pupils, 5,000. Hospital for the Poor—patients, 1,000. Orphans, 100. Widows' Asylum, Servants' Asylum, Visitation, etc., etc.

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* Called St. Catherine's, since 1841, in memory of the Patroness of the Foundress.

† Under ten years of age.

Our Lady of Mercy, Bermondsey, London. 1839.

Infant, Industrial, Literary, Poor-Schools. Hospitals,—Guy's, St. Thomas', Great Ormond-street,—House of Mercy, Instruction Classes for Converts, Visitation of Poor-Houses, Prisons, the Sick, etc. Pupils, about 1,000. Religious, 40.

St. Teresa's, Galway. 1840. Religious, 30.

Poor-Schools, Select Day-School, Magdalen Asylum, Widow and Orphan Asylums, Visitation of the Sick, Hospitals, Prisons, &c. Pupils, 500.

St. John's, Birr. 1840. Religious, 25.

Poor-Schools. Pupils, 500. Select Day-School, Visitation, &c., Orphanage.

St. Marie's, Birmingham. 1841.

Poor-Schools, Select Day-School, House of Mercy, Visitation of the Sick, Prisons, Hospitals, &c. Pupils, about 600. Religious, 39.

R. I. P.

OBITUARY.

Dublin	Sister Caroline Murphy	June 28, 1831.
"	S. Aloysia O'Grady	Feb. 8, 1832.
"	S. M. Elizabeth Harley	April 25, 1832.
"	S. M. Teresa McAuley	Nov. 11, 1833.
"	S. M. Mechtildes Gaffney	June 14, 1835.
"	S. M. Agnes Marmion	Feb. 10, 1836.
"	S. Veronica Carrigan	Feb. 9, 1837.
"	S. M. Rose Lubé	Mar. 11, 1837.
"	S. M. Aloysia Thorpe	June 30, 1837.
"	S. M. Agnes McAuley	Aug. 7, 1837.
"	S. M. de Chantal McCann	Oct. 27, 1837.
"	S. M. Gertrude Jones	May 9, 1839.
Carlow	S. Catherine Coffey	" "
Cork	S. M. Francis Mahony	March 8, 1840.
Dublin	S. M. Francis Marmion	" 10, "
Limerick	S. M. Teresa Potter	" 20, "
Galway	S. Mary Burke	June 11, "
Bermondsey	S. M. Ursula O'Connor	Nov. 1, "
"	S. M. Scholastica Boroughs	" 5, "
DUBLIN	THE FOUNDRESS, REV. MOTHER MARY CATHERINE MCAULEY.	Nov. 11, 1841
"	S. M. Justina Fleming	Dec. 10, "
"	S. Agatha Brennan	" 27, "

Dublin	S. M. Monica Murphy	May 26, 1842.
Carlow	S. M. Xavier Peppard	Dec. 25, "
Cork	S. M. Frances Prendergast	June 29, 1843.
Tullamore	S. M. Josephine Teresa Green	Sept. 11, "
Limerick	S. M. Aloysia Griffin	Dec. 27, "
"	S. M. Gertrude Hedderman	April 3, 1844.
Wexford	S. M. Josephine Walsh	" 14, "
Birr	R. M. M. Aloysia Scott	May 31, "
Carlow	S. M. Vincent Kenny	Feb. 6, 1845.
Galway	S. M. Magdalen Blake	March 3, "
"	S. M. Aloysia Deverell	" 7, "
Limerick	S. M. Teresa Bolls	May 14, "
Killarney	S. M. Joseph Tobin	Sept. 26, "
Wexford	S. Brigid Hackett	Nov. 14, "
Dublin	S. M. Camillus Butler	Dec. 31, "
"	S. M. De Chantal Markey	Jan. 9, 1846.
Perth	S. M. Catherine Gogarty	July 30, "
Pittsburgh, Pa	S. M. Aloysius Strange	" "
Chicago, Ill	S. M. Gertrude Maguire	Dec., 10, "
"	S. M. Josephine Corbett	" "
Dublin	S. M. Clare Corbett	Oct. 19, "
Birmingham	S. M. Cecilia Edwards	Jan. 18, 1847.
Killarney	S. M. Baptist O'Grady	Feb. 15, "
Bermondsey	S. M. Frances Good	April 2, "
"	S. M. Frances Fallon	" 17, "
Westport	S. M. Angela Smyth	May 9, "
Wexford	S. M. Aloysia Redmond	" 11, "
Cork	S. M. Gertrude Hogan	" 9, "
Birr	S. M. Clare McEvoy	" " "
Mallow	S. M. Xavier Creagh	June 25, "
Cork	S. M. Aloysia O'Connor	July 1, "
Killarney	S. M. Teresa Griffin.	" 25, "
"	S. M. Gertrude Wilson	Aug. 17, "
"	S. M. Augustine McDonnell	Sept. 8, "
"	S. M. Aloysia Ryan	" 15, "
Wexford	S. M. Gertrude Kinsella	Oct. 27, "
"	S. M. Frances Jones	" 28, "
Pittsburgh, Pa	S. M. Anastasia McGauley	Dec. 29, "
Bermondsey	S. M. Catherine Caley	Jan. 26, 1848.
"	S. M. Catherine Corcoran	May 12, "
"	S. M. Joseph Cuddon	June 5, "
Tullamore	S. M. Gertrude Barnwell	July 12, "
Cork	M. M. Teresa Wildridge	Sept. 14, "

Queen's Square, London.	S. M. Vincent Talbot	Oct. 7,	1848.
Limerick	S. M. Joseph Clinton	Nov. 6,	"
Bermondsey	S. M. De Sales Eyre	April 13,	1849.
Limerick	S. M. Philomène Potter	" 19,	"
Pittsburgh, Pa.	S. M. Austin Goold		
"	S. M. Philomène Reid		
Carlow	S. M. Austin Maguire	Sept. 14,	"
Dublin	R. M. Cecilia Marmion	"	"
Galway	S. Agnes Smith	May 10,	"
"	S. M. Joseph Joyce	" 19,	"
Killarney	S. M. Agnes Rice	June 5,	"
Dublin	S. Anna Kelly	July 25,	"
Liverpool	R. M. M. De Sales White	Oct. 5,	"
Killarney	S. Teresa Ryan	" 21,	"
Dublin	S. M. Agnes Dennehy	April 28,	1850.
"	S. M. Aloysius Stocker	May 16,	"
"	S. M. De Sales Dillon	June 10,	"
Limerick	S. M. Xavier Barry	" 24,	"
Wolverhampton	R. M. M. Austin Cuddon	July 22,	"
"	S. M. Ignatia O'Brien	" 27,	"
Limerick	S. M. Aloysia Pearson	Oct. 6,	"
"	S. M. Rose Fox	" 19,	"
Dublin	S. M. Ignatius Flanagan	Nov. 29,	"
Killarney	S. Brigid Heffernan	Dec. 29,	"
Tuam	S. M. Gabriel Lynch	Feb. 15,	1851.
Killarney	S. M. De Sales O'Reardon	Mar. 16,	"
Carlow	R. M. M. Catherine Meagher	May 3,	"
Dublin	S. Veronica Duggan	" 16,	"
Birr	S. M. De Pazzi Collier	Oct. 26,	"
Liverpool	S. M. Vincent Gibson	" 27,	"
Naas	S. M. Cecilia Kenny	Nov. 8,	"
Queen's Square, London,	S. M. Stanislaus Tatchill	Feb. 22,	1852.
Pittsburgh, Pa., U. S.	M. M. Xavier Tiernan	" "	"
Bermondsey	S. M. Catherine Beste	Mar. 10,	"
Pittsburgh, Pa.	R. M. Mary Joseph Cullen	April 21,	"
Chicago, Ill.	S. M. Josephine Kinsella	" "	"
Castletown, Bere	R. M. Agnes Carroll	" 30,	"
Cork	S. M. Cecila Xavier Lynch	May 5,	"
Nottingham	S. M. Stanislaus Vavasour	June 3,	"
Bermondsey	S. M. Patricia Baxter	Nov. 13,	"
Nottingham	S. M. Joseph Perry	" "	"
Kinsale	S. M. Magdalen Murray	" 20,	"
Dublin	S. M. De Sales De Burgh	Dec. 23	"

Liverpool	S. M. Clare Cropper	Feb.	5,	1853.
Tullamore	S. M. Teresa Joseph Ryan	"	14,	"
Kinsale	S. M. Paula Murphy	Mar.	17,	"
Westport	S. M. Catherine Costello	"	22,	"
Bermondsey	S. M. Xavier Grimmer	"	25,	"
Tullamore	R. M. Teresa Purcell	"	28,	"
Cork	S. M. Gonzaga Murphy	"	"	"
Birr	S. M. Catherine Scott	May	3,	"
Limerick	S. M. Jane O'Brien	June	24,	"
Wexford	S. M. Alphonsa Roche	July	25,	"
Londonderry	S. M. Baptist O'Brien	Aug.	1,	"
Tuam	S. M. Monica Dowal	"	4,	"
Limerick	S. M. Brigid Davis	Oct.	9,	"
Westport	S. M. Aloysius Costello	"	18,	"
Killarney	S. M. Clare Rice	Jan.	23,	1854.
Galway	S. M. Joseph Macklin	"	30,	"
Tuam	S. M. Magdalen Maher	Feb.	4,	"
Cork	S. M. Xavier Hegarty	"	17,	"
Galway	S. M. Clare O'Malley	"	18,	"
Sligo	S. M. Clare Nolan	Mar.	25,	"
Roscommon	S. M. Aloysia Kilbride	May	14,	"
"	M. M. Joseph Ryan	"	"	"
Belfast	S. M. Augustine Welby	June	28,	"
Chicago, Ill.	R. M. Agatha O'Brien	July	8,	"
"	S. M. Bernard Hughes	"	"	"
"	S. M. Louisa O'Connor	"	"	"
"	S. M. Veronica Hickey	"	"	"
Sligo	R. M. De Sales McDonnell	"	13,	"
Limerick	S. M. Loyola Grant	"	23,	"
Liverpool	S. Martha O'Connell	Dec.	31,	"
Kells	S. M. Joseph Maginn	Jan.	13,	1855.
Limerick	S. M. Gonzaga Denham	"	28,	"
Killarney	S. Veronica Cussen	"	29,	"
Birr	S. M. Joseph Heenan	Mar.	9,	"
Maryvale, Staffordshire.	M. M. of the Cross Hardman	"	15,	"
Westport	S. M. Augustine Higgins	April	7,	"
Naas	S. M. Joseph Aloysia White	"	9,	"
Providence, R. I.	S. M. De Sales Kelly			
Birr	S. M. Aloysia Cleary	June	2,	"
At the Crimea	S. M. Winefrid Spry	Oct.	20,	"
Carlow	R. M. M. Josephine Cullen	Jan.	5,	"
Derry	S. M. Agatha Alwell	Feb.	1,	"
Galway	S. M. Elizabeth Rowe	"	20,	"

Balaklava	S. M. Elizabeth Butler	Feb. 23,	1855.
Kells	S. M. Agnes Donnelly	Mar. 14,	"
Drogheda	S. M. Joseph Flynn	May 2,	"
Tullamore	S. M. Elizabeth Joseph Doey	" 10,	"
Birr	S. M. Aloysia Carroll	Aug. 14,	"
Cork	S. M. Antonia Prendergast	" 23,	"
Chicago, Ill	R. M. Paula Ruth	" "	"
"	S. M. Borgia Hohn	" "	"
"	S. M. Lucy Donovan	" 30,	"
Tuam	R. M. Mary Alphonse Ryan	Sept. 2,	1856.
Naas	S. M. Xavier Mathews	" 4,	"
Derby	S. M. Vincent Regan	" 12,	"
Limerick	M. M. Justina Kane	Oct. 10,	"
Kinsale	S. M. Camillus De la Hide	Jan. 4,	1857.
Hartford, Conn	M. M. Camillus O'Neil	Nov. 20,	1856.
Providence, R. I.	M. M. Gertrude Bradley	" 21,	"
Naas	R. M. M. Angela Kenny	Jan. 5,	1857
Tullamore	S. M. Stanislaus Joseph Dunne	Feb. 19,	"
Galway	S. M. Alphonsus Duffy	April 22,	"
Newcastle-on-Tyne	S. M. Vincent Evans	May 3,	"
Nottingham	R. M. Aloysia Percy	" 17,	"
Limerick	Sister Anne Hewitt	" 18,	"
Charleville	S. M. Vincent Ball	June 18,	"
Limerick	S. M. Aquin McCormac	" 19,	"
Dundalk	S. M. Aloysia O'Sullivan	July 28,	"
Glasgow	S. Mary Kenny	" 28,	"
San Francisco	M. M. De Sales Redden	" 29,	"
Ballinasloe	S. M. Francis Farley	" 31,	"
Alton	S. M. Joseph Healy	Aug. 4,	"
Sunderland	S. M. Anne Smith	" 5,	"
Dublin	S. M. Cecilia Cassidy	" 14,	"
Tullamore	S. M. Catherine Mooney	Sept. 13,	"
Cork	S. M. Rose Doherty	Oct. 1,	"
Castlebar	S. M. Teresa Lynch	" 11,	"
Killarney	S. M. Joseph Bridgman	" 14,	"
Chicago, Ill	S. M. Frances Wall		
Hartford, Conn	S. M. Teresa Murray	Nov. 11,	"
" "	S. M. Martha Hennesy		
Chicago, Ill	S. M. Gabriel Fitzgibbons		
Galway	S. M. Aloysia Walsh	Dec. 10,	"
Tullamore	S. M. Austin Lyster	" 12,	"
Birmingham	S. M. Aloysia Mossell	" 19,	"
Athlone	S. M. Vincent Lysaght	Feb. 1,	1858.

Carlow	S. M. Ignatia Behan	Feb. 28,	1858.
Kells	S. M. Ignatius Leahy	Mar. 29,	"
Carlow	S. M. Augustine Mulhall	April 25,	"
Providence, R. I.	S. M. Teresa Kavanagh	" 25,	"
Queenstown	S. M. Josephine Hearn	May 1,	"
Galway	S. M. Francis Corrigan	" 13,	"
Fermense	R. M. M. Bernard Kirwan	" 13,	"
Dublin	S. M. Genevieve Jarmin	July 19,	"
Cork	S. M. Paula Rice	Aug. 3,	"
"	S. M. Evangelist Wyse	" 3,	"
Tullamore	S. M. Juliana Haran	" 18,	"
Westport	S. M. Agnes Corbett	Sept. 16,	"
Navan	S. M. Joseph Morgan	Oct. 13,	"
Derry	S. M. Aloysia Wheeler	" 13,	"
Athlone	S. M. Joseph Naish	Nov. 12,	"
Limerick	S. M. Assisium Pearson	" 30,	"
Pittsburgh, Penn.	S. M. Gonzaga O'Gorman		
Charleville	S. M. Clare Lalor	Dec. 29,	"
Limerick	S. Mary Shanahan	Jan. 5,	1859.
Tullamore	S. M. Ignatius O'Rafferty	Feb. 1,	"
Cork	S. M. Agnes Daly	March 1,	"
Londonderry	S. M. Stanislaus Griffiths	" 6,	"
Killarney	S. M. Evangelist Manning	May 2,	"
Birmingham	S. Mary Yates	Sept. 1,	"
Newport, R. I.	S. M. Aloysius Fitzpatrick		
Providence, R. I.	S. M. Louisa Curtin	" 11,	"
" "	S. M. Ursula Wright	" 21,	"
Hull, Yorkshire	S. M. Catherine Dixon	Oct. 16,	"
Sligo	S. M. Joseph Sweency	" 31,	"
"	S. M. Bernard Walker	Nov. 19,	"
New York	R. M. M. Agnes O'Connor	Dec. 20,	"
Kinsale	S. M. Camillus Brahan	Feb. 19,	1860.
Galway	S. M. Xavier Bourke	Mar. 19,	"
Killarney	S. M. Agnes O'Shea	" 20,	"
Tuam	S. M. Bernard Fox	April 7,	"
Newfoundland	S. M. Camillus Carroll	" 13,	"
Ballina	S. M. Paula Brennan	" 27,	"
Glasgow	S. M. Evangelista Rigg	May 15,	"
Ballina	S. M. Agnes Merrick	June 14,	"
New York	M. M. Stanislaus Wiley	" 14,	"
Mallow	S. M. Aloysia Dwyer	" 18,	"
Charleville	S. M. Xavier Nagle	" 28,	"
Roscommon	S. M. Patricia Galwey	Aug. 23,	"

Killarney	S. M. Bernard Byrne	Aug. 23, 1860.
Nenagh	S. Mary Weir	" 30, "
Tuam	S. Agatha Breene	Sept. 30, "
Liverpool	S. M. Cecilia Morgan	Oct. 3, "
Loughrea	S. M. Agnes Joseph Blake	" 21, "
Queenstown	R. M. M Josephine McCarthy	Dec. 29, "
"	S. M. Gonzaga Coleman	Nov. 15, "
Birr	R. M. M. Vincent Egan	Dec. 27, "
Drogheda	S. M. Ignatia Carolan	" 30, "
Liverpool	S. M. Evangelist Smith	Jan. 3, 1861.
Chicago, Ill.	S. M. Bonaventura Mahony	
Baltimore, Md.	S. M. Regina Browne	
Wexford	S. M. Teresa Cullen	Feb. 25, "
"	M. M. Elizabeth Cummings	March 4, "
Sligo	S. M. Aloysia Macdonald	Sept. 14, "
Swinford	S. M. Gabriel Dooley	Oct. 3, "
New York	S. M. Xavier Stuart	
"	M. M. Paula Lenahan	
Killarney	S. M. Aquin Walsh	Oct. 21, "
Birmingham	S. Mary of the Cross Hardman	" 25, "
Brooklyn, N. Y.	S. M. Joseph Shine	
" "	S. M. Frances McKenna	
Cincinnati, O.	S. M. Xavier Scully	Dec. 15, "
Abingdon	S. M. De Sales Payne	" 19, "
Kinsale	S. M. Xavier O'Dwyer	Jan. 1, 1862
Glasgow	S. M. Vincent Rigg	Feb. 2, "
East Road, London	S. M. Bridget Green	" 12, "
Brooklyn	S. M. Agnes Rooney	
Manchester, N. H.	S. Regina Sheady	
" "	S. M. De Sales Jennings	" "
Bantry, Cork	S. M. Joseph Xavier Murphy	" 15, "
Castlebar	S. M. De Sales Heney	March 28, "
Limerick	S. M. Josephine Mulcahy	May 5, "
Dublin	M. M. Austin Bourke	" 29, "
Roscommon	R. M. M. Xaveria Irwin	June 29, "
New York	S. M. Borgia Coleman	
"	S. M. Ignatius Murray	
Limerick	S. Zita Ryan	July 1, "
Sligo	S. M. Vincent Leonard	Aug. 2, "
Swinford	S. M. Stanislaus Dooley	" 25, "
"	S. M. Rose McGill	
Pittsburgh	S. M. Regis Dowling	
Naas	S. M. Ignatius O'Hanlon	Sept. 3, "

New York	S. Zita Mullen	Oct. 31, 1862.
"	S. M. Magdalen Murray	
Baltimore, Md.	S. M. Anna Connor	
" "	R. M. Catherine Wynne	Nov., 1861.
New York	S. M. Bernard Steele	
"	S. M. Stanislaus Ryan	
Navan	S. M. Angela Hilliard	Sept. 10, 1862.
Tralee	S. M. Clara O'Shea	Oct. 30, "
Drogheda	S. M. Baptist Finnegan	Nov. 4, "
"	S. M. Gabriel Flood	" 6, "
Manchester, N. H.	S. M. Catherine Slattery	" 28, "
Dundee	M. M. Joseph Stanislaus Preston.	" 30, "
Bellina	S. M. Augustine Joseph O'Dell	" " "
Dungarvan	S. M. Xavier Fitzgerald	Dec. 3, "
San Francisco	M. M. Paula Beechenor	" " "
Tralee	S. M. di Pazzi O'Connor	Feb. 20, 1863.
Brooklyn, N. Y.	S. M. Teresa Wissen	
Buenos Ayres	S. M. Dominica Nagle	
New Zealand	S. M. Xavier Franklin	
Little Rock, Ark.	S. M. Aloysius Fitzpatrick	
Tralee	S. M. Joseph Stack	Feb. 20, "
Cork	S. M. Joseph O'Farrell	" " "
Charleville	S. M. Baptist Keatinge	March 25, "
Limerick	S. Clara Crotty	May 15, "
Manchester	S. M. De Sales Leeson	June 20, "
Newcastle-on-Tyne	M. M. Baptist Geragty	May 30, "
Wolverhampton	S. M. Agnes Robinson	Aug. 11, "
Providence, R. I.	S. M. Josephine Lombard	" 31, "
" "	S. M. De Sale McCallion	Jan. 30, 1864.
Rochester, N. Y.	Sister M. Evangelist Markane	June, 4, 1864.
Manchester	M. M. Philomene Edwards	Aug. 14, "
Sligo	S. Columba Mee	" 21, 1863.
New Ross	M. M. Frances O'Farrell	Sept. 27, "
Enniskillen	S. M. Pauline Hogan	Oct. 5, "
Carlow	S. M. Agatha Roche	Nov. 3, "
Charleville	M. M. Angela Dunne	" 12, "
Dublin	S. M. Magdalen O'Flynn	
Newry	R. M. Catherine O'Connor	Dec. 19.
Cincinnati	S. M. Angela Keiley	" 28, "
Finsbury Squ'e, London.	Sister Martha Sinnott	" 29, "
Manchester	S. M. Gertrude Gleeson	Feb., 1864
Roscommon	R. M. Vincent Hartnett	" "
St. Louis, Mo.	Sister Martha Cummings	Aug. 10, "

St. Louis, Mo..... S. M. Augustine Davenport..... Sept. 4, 1865.
Chicago..... S. M. Thecla Grattan..... Oct, 10, "

NOTE.—The above obituary is not by any means complete, and a few of the names and dates are misplaced; but as this error is not of much importance, it is unnecessary to take the trouble of rectifying it, which would be no easy matter.

CONVENTS OF MERCY FOUNDED UP TO THE YEAR 1863.

IRELAND.

DATE OF FOUNDATION.	CONVENTS.	FILIATED FROM.
1827.	St. Catherine's, Dublin.....	
1834.	St. Patrick's, Kingstown, B*	*Dublin.*
1836.	St. Joseph's, Tullamore.....	"
"	St. Joseph's, Charleville.....	"
1837.	St. Leo's, Carlow.....	"
"	St. Marie's of the Isle, Cork.....	"
1838.	St. Anne's, Booterstown, B.....	"
"	St. Mary's, Limerick	"
1839.	St. Mary's, Naas	*Carlow.*
1840.	St. Teresa's, Galway.....	*Dublin.*
"	St. Michael's, Wexford.....	*Carlow.*
"	St. John's, Birr.....	*Dublin.*
1842.	Mount St. Mary's, Westport.....	*Carlow.*
1844.	St. Columba's, Kells.....	*Tullamore.*
"	St. Joseph's, Kinsale.....	*Limerick.*
"	The Holy Cross, Killarney	"
1845.	The Magdalen Asylum, Galway, B.....	*Galway.*
"	St. Patrick's, Mallow.....	*Limerick.*
1846.	St. Peter's, Tuam	*Carlow.*
"	St. Patrick's, Sligo.....	*Westport.*
1847.	St. Malachy's, Dundalk.....	*Dublin.*
1848.	St. Peter's, Londonderry.....	*Tullamore.*
1850.	Our Lady of Mercy, Tipperary	*Cork.*
"	Our Lady of Mercy, Doone.....	"
"	St. Mary's, Queenstown.....	"

* The convents marked "B" are branch houses, supplied from the chief house of the diocese in which they are located.

DATE OF FOUNDATION.	CONVENTS.	FILIATED FROM.
1850.	St. Raphael's, Loughrea	*Dublin.*
"	Mount St. Vincent, Limerick, B	*Limerick.*
"	St. Catherine's, Newcastle, B	"
'	St. Anne's, Rathkeale, B	
"	St. Teresa's, Cappoquin	*Wexford.*
1851.	St. Joseph's, Ballinrobe	*Westport.*
"	Asylum for Widows and Orphans, Galway, B	*Galway.*
"	All Hallow's, Ballina	*Sligo.*
1852.	St. Michael's, Athy	*Dublin.*
1853.	St. Joseph's, Navan	*Kells,*
"	St. Angela's, Castlebar	*Galway.*
"	St. Gabriel's, Ballinasloe	*Loughrea.*
"	Immaculate Conception, Roscommon	*Limerick.*
1854.	St. Paul's, Belfast	*Dublin.*
"	Our Lady's Abbey, Adare, B	*Limerick.*
"	St. Xavier's, Ennis	"
"	St. Mary's, Nenagh, B	*Birr.*
"	St. Paul's Hospital, Jervis-street, B	*Dublin.*
"	St. John Baptist's, Tralee	*Killarney*
"	St. Joseph's, New Ross	*Wexford.*
"	St. Mary's, Drogheda	*Tullamore.*
"	St. Gabriel's, Dungarvan, B	*Cappoquin.*
1855.	St. Vincent's Reformatory, Golden Bridge, B	*Dublin.*
"	St. Mary's of the Cross, Kilrush	*Birr.*
"	St. Liguori's, Swinford	*Tuam.*
"	St. Agne's, Castletown Bere	"
"	Most Sacred Heart, Newry	*Kinsale.*
1856.	Immaculate Heart of Mary, Clonakilty	"
"	Immaculate Conception, Enniskillen	*Sligo.*
1857.	The Annunciation, Athlone	*Roscommon.*
"	St. Patrick's, Gort	*Carlow.*
"	Our Lady of Mercy's Hospital, Cork, B	*Cork.*
1858.	St. Mary's, Ardee	*Dundalk.*
"	Immaculate Conception, Enniscorthy	*Wexford.*
"	St. Joseph's, Passage	*Cork.*
"	St. Catherine's, Dundee	*Londonderry.*
1860.	Immaculate Conception, Skibbereen	*Kinsale.*
"	Our Lady of Mercy, Outerard	*Galway.*
"	The Most Holy Trinity, Bantry	*Cork.*
"	St. Patrick's, Downpatrick	*Belfast.*
1861.	St. Joseph's, Longford	*Dublin.*
"	St. Camillus' Workhouse Hospital, Limerick, B	*Limerick.*

DATE OF FOUNDATION.	CONVENTS.	FILIATED FROM.
1861.	Mount Carmel, Moate	*Kells.*
1862.	St. Bridget's, Clara	*Tullamore.*
"	Immaculate Conception, Rochford Bridge	"
"	The Magdalen Asylum, Westport, B.	*Westport.*
"	Our Lady of Mercy, Moville	*Londonderry.*
"	St. Mary's, Templemore	*Cork.*
"	The Mercy Hospital, Ballinrohe, B.	*Ballinrohe.*
"	Our Lady of Mercy, Macroom	*Queenstown.*
"	Our Lady of Mercy, Cahir	*Cork.*
"	Mater Misericordiæ, Hospital, Eccles-street, B.	*Dublin.*
"	Our Lady of Mercy, Elphin	*Roscommon.*
"	" " Bankmore, Antrim	*Belfast.*

ENGLAND.

1839.	Our Lady of Mercy, Bermondsey	*Cork.*
1841.	St. Marie's, Birmingham	*Dublin.*
1843.	St. Ethelburga's, Liverpool	"
"	Our Lady of Mercy, Sunderland	*Cork.*
1844.	Our Lady's, Nottingham	*Birmingham.*
"	St. Edward's, Blandford Square, London	*Dublin.*
1845.	St. Joseph's, Cheadle	*Carlow.*
1846.	Our Lady of Mercy, Bristol	*Bermondsey.*
1847.	St. Anne's, Staffordshire	*Birmingham.*
1849.	St. Marie's, Wolverhampton	"
"	St. Augustine's, Cheadle, B.	*Carlow.*
"	" Bilston	"
	Our Lady of Mercy, Glossop, B.	*Nottingham.*
"	St. Joseph's, Derby	*Kinsale.*
1850.	St. Oswald's, Lancashire	*Liverpool.*
1852.	St. Mary's Vale, Oscott	*Birmingham.*
"	St. Joseph's, Brighton	*Bermondsey.*
1853.	St. Walburga's, Lancaster	*Liverpool*
1855.	St. John Baptist's, Alton	*Cheadle.*
"	St. Bede's, Newcastle-on-Tyne	*Liverpool.*
"	Immaculate Conception, Clifden	*Galway.*
1856.	St. Elizabeth's Hospital, Gt. Ormond-st., London	*Bermondsey.*
1857.	St. Mary's, Belper, B.	*Derby.*
"	Immaculate Conception, Hull	*Dublin.*
"	Our Lady of La Salette, Wigton	*Bermondsey.*
"	St. Cuthbert, Wigton	"
1858.	Immaculate Conception, Finsbury-sq., London	*Wexford.*

DATE OF FOUNDATION.	CONVENTS.	FILIATED FROM
1858.	St. Mary's, Hexham	*Sunderland.*
1859.	Immaculate Conception, East Road, London	*Tullamore.*
"	St. Austin's, Darlington	*Sunderland.*
"	St. Vincent's, Lancashire, B.	*Liverpool.*
1860.	St. John's, Nottinghamshire	*Nottingham.*
"	SS. Mary and Oswin, North Shields	*Newcastle-on-T.*
"	Our Lady of Mercy, Abingdon	*Bermondsey.*
"	St. Joseph's, Gravesend	"
"	St. Godric's, Durham	*Sunderland.*
1861.	St. Oswald's, Worcester	*Belfast.*
"	St. Monica's, Skipton	*Liverpool.*
1862.	Our Lady of Mercy, Coventry	*Chelsea.*
"	" " Willburne	*Dundee.*
"	" " Maryvale, Staffordshire	*Birmingham.*

SCOTLAND.

1849.	St. Mary's, Glasgow	*Limerick.*
1858.	St. Catherine's, Edinburgh	"
"	" Dundee	*Londonderry.*
"	" Wilborn	"

BRITISH AMERICA.

1842.	St. John's, Newfoundland	*Dublin.*
1857.	Our Lady of Mercy, Edinboro', N. Brunswick	*Limerick.*

UNITED STATES.

1843.	St. Mary's, Pittsburgh, Penn	*Carlow.*
1846.	St. Xavier's, Latrobe, Penn., B.	*Pittsburgh.*
"	Mercy Hospital, Pittsburgh, B.	"
"	St. Mary's, Chicago, Ill.	"
"	St. Catherine's, New York	*Dublin.*
1848.	Our Lady of Mercy, Holidaysburg, B.	*Pittsburgh.*
"	" " Birmingham, Penn., B.	"
"	" " Loretto, Penn., B.	"
"	" " Alleghany, near Pittsburgh, B.	"
1850.	" " Little Rock, Ark.	*Naas.*
"	St. Catherine's, Helena	"
1851.	St. Xavier's, Providence, R. I.	*Pittsburgh.*
1853.	St. Mary's, New Haven, Conn.	*Providence.*
1854.	St. Catherine's, Hartford Conn.	"

DATE OF FOUNDATION.	CONVENTS.	FILIATED FROM
1854.	St. Mary's, Newport, R. I.	*Providence.*
"	" Galena, B. (relinquished, 1859)	*Chicago, Ill.*
"	Divine Providence, San Francisco, Cal.	*Kinsale.*
1855.	St. Francis', Brooklyn	*New York.*
1856.	St. Joseph's, St. Louis, Mo.	"
1857.	St. Mary's, Rochester, N. Y.	*Providence.*
1858.	The Divine Will, Cincinnati, O.	*Kinsale.*
"	St. Joseph's, Buffalo.	*Rochester.*
"	Mount St. Mary's, Manchester, N. H.	*Providence.*
1860.	Mercy Hospital, Washington, D. C.	*Pittsburgh.*
1856.	Immaculate Conception, Baltimore, Md.	"
"	Our Lady of Mercy, Vicksburg, Miss.	*Baltimore.*
"	" " Pawtucket, B., R. I.	*Providence.*
1859.	St. Joseph's, Ottawa, Ill.	*Chicago.*
1860.	St. Augustine, Florida. (Relinquished during the late war.)	*Providence.*
1862.	St. Joseph's, Batavia, N. Y.	*Rochester.*
"	St. Bernard's, Cranston, R. I.	*Providence.*
"	Our Lady of Mercy, Columbus, Ga.	*St. Augustine.*
"	The Orphan Asylum, Providence	*Providence.*
"	St. Mary's Hospital, Beaufort, S. C. (Relinquished after the late war.)	*New York.*
"	Our Lady of Mercy, Albany, N. Y.	"
"	" " Worcester, Mass.	"
"	" " Bangor, Maine	*Manchester.*
"	The Orphan Asylum, Chicago	*Chicago.*
"	Grass Valley, Cal., B.	*San Francisco.*
"	Sacramento, Cal., B.	"
1850.	Mercy Hospital, Chicago, Ill.	*Chicago.*
1862	Staten Island, N. Y.	*New York.*
"	Fort Smith, Ark.	*Little Rock.*

OCEANICA.

1845.	The Holy Cross, Perth, Australia	*Dublin.*
1848.	Our Lady of Mercy, Guildford, Australia	*Perth.*
"	" " Freemantle, "	"
1849.	St. Patrick's, New Zealand	*Carlow.*
1855.	St. Anne's, B. "	*Auckland, N.Z.*
1859.	St. Patrick's, Goulbourne, Australia	*Westport.*
"	Most Sacred Heart, Geelong, "	*Dublin.*
1860.	Our Lady of Mercy, Brisbane, "	"

DATE OF FOUNDATION.	CONVENTS.	FILIATED FROM
1860.	Our Lady of Mercy, Queensland, Australia	*Dublin.*
" " "	Melbourne, "	"

SOUTH AMERICA.

1856.	Buenos Ayres, St. Joseph's	*Dublin.*
1859.	" Our Lady of Mercy, B.	"

TEMPORARY ESTABLISHMENTS.

1854. Hospital, Constantinople, Turkey.
" " Scutari, Turkey in Asia.
" " Kulilee, "
" " Balaklava, Russia.

These houses were supplied from Dublin, Cork, London, Liverpool, etc. They were relinquished on the cessation of the Crimean war, 1856.

SUMMARY.

Convents of Mercy founded in Ireland up to 1862	79
" " " in England " "	41
" " " in Scotland " "	4
" " " in United States "	43
" " " in British America	2
" " " in South America	2
" " " in Australia	9
" " " in New Zealand	3
	183
Number since founded in various places	20
Temporary establishments	9
Total	212

ADVERTISEMENTS.

I.

THE LIFE OF CATHERINE MCAULEY, Foundress and first Superior of the Religious Sisters of Mercy. By a Sister of Mercy.

II.

By the Same. A TREATISE ON THE KNOWLEDGE AND LOVE OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST. Translated from the French of Rev. J. B. Saint Jure, S. J. (5 vols. in 3.)

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AUTHOR
Life of Catherine McAuley

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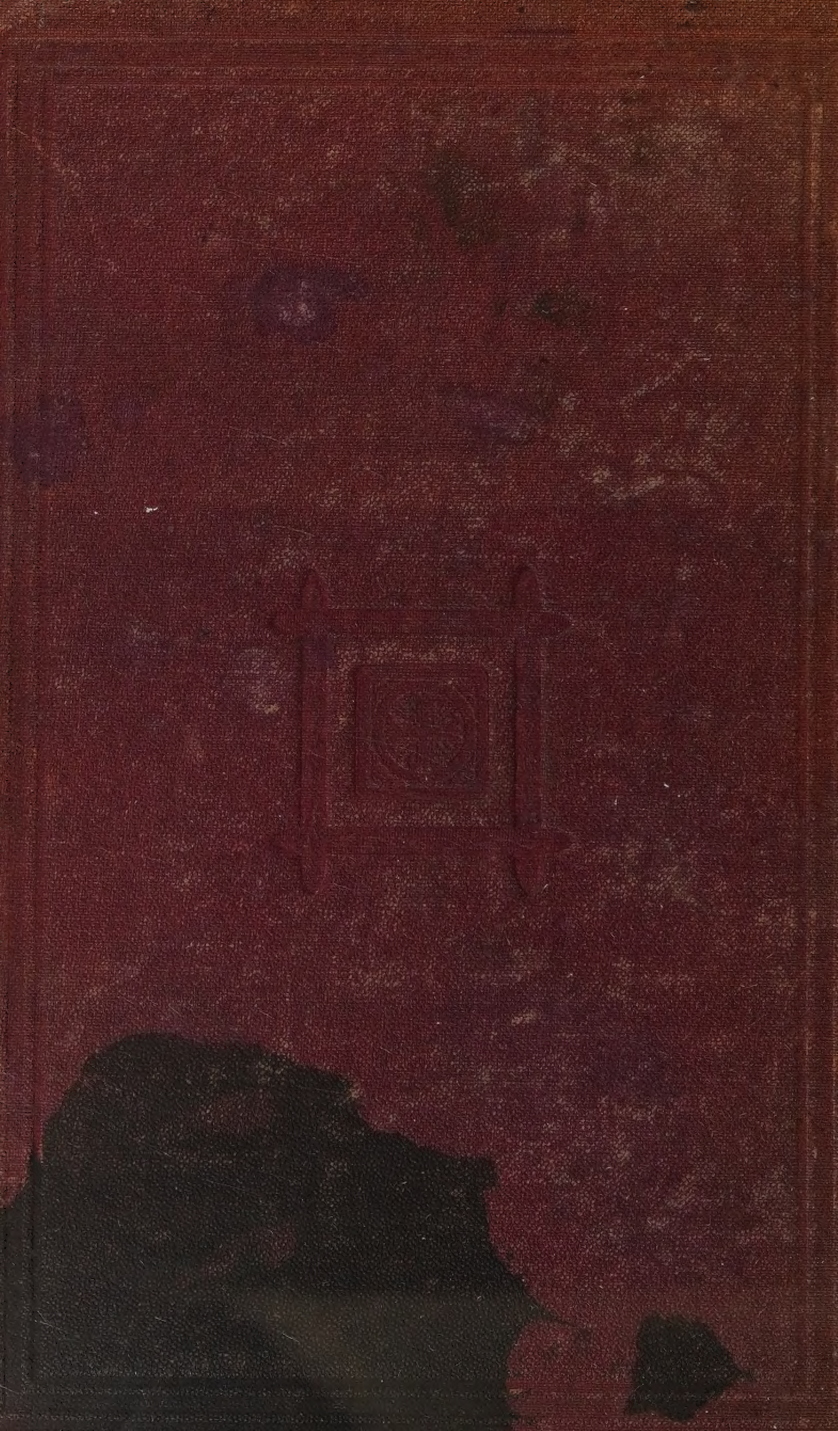
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